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THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF THE

HOLY ROSARY.

For Catholic Households and Readers of all Classes.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

THE DOMINICAN FATHERS.

SECOND ANNUAL VOLUME,

NEW SERIES.

AUGUST, 1873—JULY, 1874.

Sancte Pater Dominice, ora pro nobis.—LIT. SS.

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PREFACE

TO

THE SECOND ANNUAL VOLUME.

(New Series.)

During the period of time in which our Volume for the year (July, 1873, to August, 1874) has been attaining, month by month, to its completion, we have seen the growth of a persecution that is assuming a distinct organized form in the new Northern German Empire, being carried on there by means of legislative measures devised for the express purpose of embarrassing Catholic consciences. From the North of Germany the persecution has spread to portions of Switzerland; while in France, Spain, Italy, and South America Catholics are exposed to the hatred and ill-will of governing factions who hold the reins of civil and military power, and show themselves by their manner of acting to be little else than aliens from the light of faith.

By the mercy of God we Catholics enjoy in England comparative freedom from all unjust vexation, and are blessed with an administration of the civil affairs of the country, under which we enjoy a measure of personal security and freedom that, even if imperfect, contrasts most favourably with the treatment which our brethren of the faith receive in other lands nominally Catholic.

Perhaps it may be opportune here not to lose sight of a truth which is not without a certain monitory value. Among the spirits that are foremost to show the reigning bitter hostility against the Church, an immense proportion is an outcome of nominally Catholic populations. Now, the Christian doctrines do not undertake to make men into saints against their will; neither is there any guarantee that the numberless

persons whose office in the Church it is, in their various ranks and capacities, to be concerned with the instruction of others will at all times be animated with the unfailing vigilance and perseverance that ought to go with their calling. And when we see a signal change come over populations that bear the Catholic name, and that the Church and her ministers are treated with peculiar indignity amongst these very people, we may very legitimately come to the conclusion that except there had been much to deplore amongst them, such a state of things could not have been brought about.

But, on the other hand, if we see in our own country, amongst a population that has lost the faith of its ancestors, the growth of a very genuine and eager desire, though possibly a little self-willed, to recover the broken threads of its former Catholic traditions, a very commendable general spirit of fairness, a marked disapproval of the persecutions to which Catholics are being subjected on the Continent for conscience' sake, and a just resolve to be in no way participators in them, we may with very great thankfulness come to the conclusion that God is certainly so far showing His mercy and grace to England, and that He is so disposing events as that all things should be favourable for the growth and extension of the Holy Faith of the Church in this land.

We hope, then, that our humble labours as editors give proof, in their way, of our desire to co-operate with the mercy which God appears to be showing to our land, and we sincerely trust that all our readers will take new courage and cherish the conviction that a time when God is thus visibly showing His mercy to our country is a fitting occasion to renew a good resolve not to live shut up in ourselves and in our own little interests; but rather to show our thankfulness to God for the comparative peace and protection He is giving to us, by our greatly increased generosity and activity in His service.

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THE

Monthly Magazine of the Holy Rosary.

NEW SERIES.

No. 13.] AUGUST. [A.D. 1873.

THE FEAST OF SAINT DOMINIC:

SERMON PREACHED ON S. DOMINIC'S DAY, AUGUST 4th, 1869, AT HAVERSTOCK HILL, BY THE REV. THOS. HARPER, S.J.*

"By the three hundred men that lapped the water I will save you and deliver Madian into thy hand." (Judges c. vii., v. 7.)

THE entire volume of the sacred Scriptures, as the Divine Source of instruction for the Christian people, is founded on the existence of a close parallel between the action of God's good providence towards the Hebrew Synagogue and the action of that same Providence in behalf of the Catholic Church, the one spouse of Jesus Christ. The wonderful event recorded in the Book of Judges, from which my text is taken, supplies me with one element of this parallel, while the great feast of to-day furnishes me with the other. I invite your special attention, devout brethren in Jesus Christ, to the Hebrew story. Madian was gathered together in battle array against the people of God; as its enemies had so often been gathered before. An army of Israel was gathered together under the supreme command of Gideon, which numbered thirty thousand men. But the Lord of His people would not grant victory to such a host, "*lest,*" to use the Divine words as recorded in the sacred Scriptures, "*Israel should glory against me, and say, I was delivered by my own strength.*" So notice was given to all the faint-hearted that they should return to their own homes; whereupon twenty thousand returned to their own homes. Ten thousand only remained: but the omnipotent Lord and Captain of the hosts of Israel judged the ten thousand to be too large a force to become the fitting instrument of His wonders. So He Himself sifted

* In justice to the distinguished preacher, we must by no means omit to say that the sermon which was much more full in delivery, necessarily suffers some disadvantageous contraction from the narrow limits of our Magazine.

those who remained by a symbolical trial, which is referred to in my text. Gideon was instructed to lead his battalions down to the waters, and to give them to drink. Some—and they by far the greater number—went down on their knees, and, with thirsty impatience, applied their mouths to the running stream. All these, to the number of 9,700 men, were discarded. Three hundred there were alone who standing, gathered the water in the hollow of their hands, and temperately moistened their lips. These were the chosen few who by Divine appointment were to deliver Israel, and gain what was for themselves a bloodless victory. You see, my brethren, the moral. Those 9,700 were men attached to things sensual, careful of their own comforts; the three hundred were men of complete detachment—mortified men—whose one absorbing idea, which burned within them, was the honour and glory of the God of their Fathers. They were men of faith too; how else could they, a mere handful of soldiers, have ventured to go up to battle against the hosts of Madian? They were men of obedience besides; for all that Gideon told them to do they did. One thought more before I draw my parallel. They were enjoined to follow to the letter the example of Gideon: "*What you shall see me do, do you the same; I will go into one part of the camp, and do you as I shall do.*" You see, devout brethren, that theirs was not only obedience to command: it was obedience to a living model. This it was which made it at once more easy for them, and, nevertheless, more meritorious. Now, for the other part of the parallel. As civil history is always repeating itself, as we are told, so it is with ecclesiastical. But the festival of to-day leads me naturally to select a Christian counterpart to this event of Jewish history in the records of the thirteenth century. Withering heresies had passed like a deadly blight over the fairest fields of the Church. They had ravaged southern France: their votaries had overrun other provinces, pillaging, massacring the priests, and putting multitudes of the faithful to death under various forms of cruel torment. This was not their worst work: for by so doing, they only added to the glorious army of martyrs. But they were murdering the souls of men by the introduction of the worst doctrines of the Manichean heresy, and by the most abominable immorality hidden under the hypocritical cloak of an outward austerity. Such were the Waldenses and Albigenses, whom Protestant historians have, as a rule, taken under their undiscriminating protection.

The danger was imminent. The Sion of the Lord was assailed. Earthly monarchs were found, as usual, to protect the alien. All the vast multitude of the faithful, and at times Catholic princes, were ready to go out to battle against those enemies of religion, of morality, and social and political order. But these were not the chosen warriors of God's choice, so they were dismissed to their homes. There were also the ten thousand left; doctors of theology, bishops, priests, good and holy souls. But the emergency was great; and God would meet it in his own way. He purposed to choose a small band; men of self abnegation, consuming zeal, implicit faith, exemplary obedience; men nursed in the heavenly embrace of the evangelical counsels, men who should follow the footsteps of the heavenly Gideon; and, for His dear sake, of that Gideon of the age, type of Jesus Christ, the hero whom God had raised up to lead His elect children to victory. The time had at length come: the Christian hero appears with his chosen band to do the work and gain the destined victory. He was announced in mystic vision to his mother as the Lord's champion. For he appeared to her as the faithful watch-dog of the Lord's beautiful House: or as the shepherd's dog warning off the wolf from the fold, and driving back the wanderers by the sweet compulsion of his voice. And in his mouth was a flaming torch itself lit at the flames of the Sacred Heart, and which in turn should set the world on fire. He came upon the field of battle, and summoned, like Gideon of old, his three hundred around him. I see them arise and environ him, a white robed band of devoted soldiers of the Cross. He had learnt of His Divine Master, and, thus trained in his spiritual arms, he summons them to battle, and says to them: *What you shall see me do, do you the same; I will go into one part of the camp and do you as I shall do. When the trumpet shall sound in my hand, do you also blow the trumpet on every side of the camp.* Thus did S. Dominic select his little army, and instruct them to the encounter. They were to blow the trumpet in the camp. They were to do battle with the sword of the Lord, the everlasting Word of Truth. Friar-preachers were they to be; men who, themselves filled with the Spirit of the Lord, should subdue the army of Madian by that one source of truth. There were in another camp, fighting against another army of evil, the sweet, humble children of S. Francis. Theirs it was to put to flight the sensuality of the world, its love of ease and comfort, by the Poverty of

Bethlehem and Calvary. They were to be the poor of the Christian Republic; for, as our Lord had said from the beginning: "*The poor you shall have always with you.*" Their special weapon was the humility of the Cross. But in this war, of which I am now speaking, the pride of intellect with all its fearful aberrations from the faith once delivered to the saints was to be conquered and brought to nought by the wisdom which is from above. Not that the choice companions and followers of this Gideon of the thirteenth century were unversed in the humility and poverty of the Gospel. How could this be, if they were to fight the battles of the Lord? No: they were selected because they lapped hurriedly at the water of the flowing stream of life: not plunging in its delight, but barely satisfying the needs of the body. They were austere men, trained in the heroic virtues of the City of the Lamb. But this was not to be their distinguishing characteristic, if I may so say. The science, falsely so called, of the world, had inflicted deep wounds in the mystical Body of Jesus; it was their great task to heal those wounds by spreading the light of the true faith, the science of the saints.

The emergency was great. S. Dominic girded himself for his mighty task. He and his dear children gained the victory for Christ. But was the work done, and might the brave soldiers be dismissed to their homes after the toil of battle? Alas! not yet. Or, if they fall asleep in Christ, their ranks are filled up with new recruits. For, as the Church is destined to last to the end, so will the assaults against her continue. The pride of heresy, oppositions of science, falsely so called, have carried on the war of Waldenses and Albigenses under diverse forms until now, and they will do so to the end. Ever has the Church needed the sword of the Lord and of Gideon; and she needs it still. Still must the trumpets be blown in the camp; ever must the company of preachers be great; for the Church must be ever heralding the truth, till the last of the elect is gathered in; she must ever be marshalling her forces for battle till heresy and schism are finally destroyed. And that will not be till the end come, and the world shall have passed away in the flames of judgment. And of a truth, dear brethren in Jesus Christ, if we cast a glance back on the annals of the Dominican Order, what a glorious, what a consoling retrospect it is! It may have been the lot of some of you to visit the ancestral hall of some ancient and noble family, and to have been con-

ducted along the picture gallery, where the portraits of the departed chronicle the great events of our national history. The pride of birth rejoices in these mute testimonials; and I am not sure whether such a pride is not in itself the voice of nature, and a parent of good. But when that feeling is transferred to a spiritual ancestry, there can be little doubt of its excellency; for it is pride in the workings of the Holy Spirit, and in the wonderful heroism of the Saints. Go along with me, then, dear brethren, down the portrait gallery of the family of S. Dominic. There are too many pictures there for us to attempt them all at a single visit. The great Saint, you know too well; let us pass him by in devout silence. His noble features will appear plainly enough in the faces of his illustrious children. The modern Gideon summons his children to blow the trumpet in the camp of the crucified. Who is that, close beside him, whom he enrolled himself into his little army—the great preacher to the people of Poland? That is S. Hyacinth. There is another, further on, with a face beaming with the light of a supernatural charity. Who is he? That is the great S. Vincent Ferrer, the œcumenical preacher, who chose the world for his parish. Do you see that venerable face? He preaches still; for though dead, he yet speaketh. That is the Venerable Louis of Granada, whose ascetical writings are an unfailing treasure in the great library of the Christian Commonwealth.

But there is another way of blowing the trumpet in Sion, most important, most necessary; and, if at all times, surely, then, most necessary when Divine truth is assailed by the aberrations of private judgment. What does not the Church owe to her great theologians? Are there none in the Dominican gallery? Do you see that noble figure, stout of make, with his open, broad brow, and unaffected simplicity? That was the great bull of the Christian amphitheatre, whose voice was destined to startle the world, as his renowned master prophesied. There are two pillars of Hercules in the map of philosophy, one in the natural order, the other in the supernatural. The former was Aristotle, the latter S. Thomas. No one has there been to come near them. And now, in an age when unskilful men play with philosophy and theology, as though they were indian-rubber balls intended to be tossed about by children, the angelic Doctor stands alone like a granite light-house in the midst of eddying waves, or like a calm deep haven to the tempest-tossed. There is another

portrait close beside him. That is the blessed Albertus Magnus, the worthy preceptor of the great S. Thomas. A little further on, do you see that mitred figure? That is S. Antoninus, well known by all who treasure the riches of scholastic theology. And there is that Virgin, worn out with penance, and glittering in bright sheen of her aureola. Who is she? One, whose heaven-inspired theology confounded the wisdom of the wisest; and, as it dropped from her ecstatic lips, was treasured by the labour of attentive scribes for the service of the Church and after generations. She, it was, the illustrious S. Catherine of Sienna, whose counsels helped to steer the bark of Peter through the thick of the tempest, and brought back the exiled Popes to their heaven-selected see. And throughout the prolific gallery, from the twelfth century until now, I see a vast army of Doctors, marching in the dignity of their heavenly science through every age, fitting successors of S. Thomas, joint guardians of the Apostolic deposit. But the word of God is spoken, too, through the medium of material things. Art—esthetic—is an anthem of the creature, welling forth from the bosom of the Creator. Is our gallery no longer vocal of its Divine Original? Do you see that fair and beauteous form, kneeling with his paint-brush in his hand, who poured out his sanctified and sanctifying poetry on the walls of the Vatican, and on many a chapel in Italy—dreams of Paradise, and of the glory that shall be revealed? That is Fra-Angelico, the beatified constellation of the Pre-Raffaelite School. And close beside him is one—a worthy successor—Fra-Bartolomeo.

Once more survey that galaxy of saints. There is one, of rare virginal beauty, crowned with a self-plaited crown of thorns—one whose thirst it was to drink deep of the chalice of the agonizing Redeemer. That is S. Rose of Lima. There, too, in the later centuries, is one who grasps in his hands the keys of Peter. He it was who, on his high watch-tower, guided by the omnipotence of saintly prayer, the helm of the Christian squadron against the infidel, and saw in vision that victory of Lepanto—the fruit of his anxious supplications. It is S. Pius V. Run your eye along the walls; how many do you see whose saintly brows are surmounted by the tiara!

Yet once more. The Word of God is spoken by example more than by word, and never is it heard more clearly than in the generosity of bleeding martyrdom. Here, too, in wondrous

sort has the trumpet been sounded in the midst of the camp of S. Dominic. See S. Peter the Martyr, victim to the heretical rage of those Albigenses in the neighbourhood of Milan, whom he would have fain allured by his teaching to the sweet yoke of his crucified Master. I see a group, and they are most dear to me; for they tell me, spite of small theological differences, of a supernatural union between the venerable patriarchs of this great Order and the more recent children of the little Society to which I belong—between Dominican and Jesuit—a group of martyrs. They are together in prison at Omura, a city of Japan, awaiting the great day of sacrifice. And from their holy lips is intoned the sacred office of the Church, which is taken up with unfaltering response by my Jesuit brothers. Brethren in prison, they were brethren at the stake; and the black-robes and the white-robes ascended together, from their ashes of fraternal triumph, to receive their crown from the hand of the King and Queen of Martyrs.

And is the work of S. Dominic a thing of the past? Has the great and noble Order of Friar-Preachers collapsed? Is it a mere thing of the earth, which must follow the dial of time, and have its beginning, its climax, and its end? Has it seen its day; and is it now, in this nineteenth century, a body corporate, some guild of the middle ages, which has done its work, and is made ready for a respectful funeral? I trow not. "Let the dead bury their dead;" but it is against the natural order that the dead should lead out the living to burial. Are the Dominicans dead? Let this sanctuary of Jesus Christ, set up in our modern Babylon, give answer. But such an answer will not satisfy the affection of my heart towards this illustrious army of the Church militant. When last I was in Rome I went to the mother-house of these chosen ones of Jesus and Mary. It was redolent of the feast. There was the room of S. Dominic; there the room of S. Pius V. The sanctity of the past was blended with the sanctity of the present. Amid those venerable cloisters I saw passing along novices, the future hope of the family of preachers. It was a dream of heaven. With downcast eye, and mien of sanctity, I saw, as it seemed to me, a company of angels passing noiselessly amid the haunts of their holy Founder and of the great Pius V. But why should I appeal to this, my personal experience, to prove to this nineteenth century that S. Dominic is still alive and active at his work? Methinks I hear now the echoes of a voice which was

heard so often in the historic aisles of Notre Dame, at Paris; and which defended the principles of Christian right, even in the senate of a newly formed republic. I speak of a man who knew how to combine what was true in political liberalism with heartfelt devotion to the See of Peter. I speak of one whose authoritative eloquence awakened the youth of France from its unwholesome slumber. I speak of one who, by the aid of a heavenly philosophy, pierced through and through the superficial so-called philosophy of a godless age. I speak of one honest in his purposes, high and noble in his aim—one with vast breadth of intellect, cosmopolitan in his sympathies, nobly reckless in the defence of truth, no bigot, no narrow-browed partisan, great in aim, great in execution—the immortal Lacordaire. He it was who drew the young intellect of France beneath the banner of the Cross, and raised it from the abyss of a sensual scepticism into which it had been plunged. He arose—the sweet hope of a new generation of faith; and his white habit, floating as with the air of a spirit amid the throng of men, awakened a new life, inaugurated a new era.

Say not, then, that the work of S. Dominic is over. No, it is not yet completed. Still, in the midst of the bustle of life, the life of this nineteenth century, his still small voice is heard, summoning his three hundred chosen ones to his side. There is ever work to do; and so long as the world lasts, S. Dominic will do it. But they must be men who lap the waters—men whose hearts are fixed on the battle—men of mortification and of prayer—men of faith and of obedience—above all, men of an unfeigned charity. He summons; and, thank God, he calls not in vain! His warriors gather round him, ready to imitate his great example. Now, as of old, his children, with their divinely taught Rosary in their hands, their lives a cross, are ready for the work; and greater shall be the glory of the second Temple than that of the first. A wondrous triumph awaits the Church of these latter days. I do not say it will be without conflict. It may not be without the effusion of martyrs' blood. The Church may arise, like the fabled Sphynx, from the ashes of her devoted children. Dying, she shall live; weak, she shall be strong. But in this, perchance, the last victory of faith before the end, of one thing I am sure, that the white-robed children of S. Dominic, warriors of Christ, will be still in their place, sounding the

evangelical trumpet on the heights of Sion, preparing a people who shall be made ready in the day of the Lord!

O incomparable Patriarch of the Church of God, great beyond compare, in the excellency of thy merits and in the victories of thy children! intercede for us all, on this thine own day, before the Throne of God! Place thy Rosary in the hands of Mary; it is an invincible prayer of impetration. Christendom is touching, as with the master-hand of a great musician, each bead interwoven in its sacred mysteries. Pray for a Christian world, now plunging into war, that soon the sword may be turned into the ploughshare, and the lion may lie down with the lamb. Pray for England, that the Ave of the olden time may once more awake from hill and valley, and consecrated plain. Pray for religious, that they may be indeed men who lap the waters, satisfying nature, not indulging it. Pray more especially for thy own dearly loved children, that the army may be filled. And while thy all-effectual prayer goes up to Heaven, the answer of the ever-peaceful, ever-blessed Trinity shall at once be known by the result.

"*The Lord spake the word; great was the company of the preachers.*"

No. III.—FATHER IGNATIUS SPENCER.

"THERE goes three thousand a year," was Mr. Spencer's exclamation, as he wrote a few lines to the Protestant Bishop to resign his cure. This was done at Hinckley, where he had gone to consult the Dominican Fathers a few days after being received into the Church. His one human dread had been the fear of the pain and shock this news would give his father; but Earl Spencer, whatever he may have felt, received his son with unaltered kindness, and settled a liberal allowance upon him at once. He was unconsciously receiving the reward which has been so strikingly exemplified in other instances of his own steady devotion to the cause of Catholic emancipation.

George Spencer began his Catholic life by the hearty sacrifice of his own will. His own wish was to be ordained Priest with as little delay as possible, and to return to labour among his old parishioners. In his simplicity and strong faith, he

believed all requisite ecclesiastical knowledge would be infused into his soul with the Sacrament of Holy Orders. But he yielded to the wish of his Bishop, Dr. Walsh, and started for Rome, where he entered the English college, of which Dr. Wiseman was at that time President. "I could not," he writes to Mr. Phillipps, about a week after, "have believed in the existence of a society for education such as this half a year ago. Such discipline and obedience, united with perfect freedom and cordiality, is the fruit of the Catholic religion alone, in which we learn really to look on men as bearing rule in God's name, so that they need not keep up their influence by affectation of superiority and mysterious reserve. . . . . I do not go with the others to the public schools, but am to study at home under Dr. Wiseman and Dr. Errington. The rules of the house I observe, and indeed so do the rectors as the rest."

By degrees George Spencer became thoroughly imbued with the Catholic spirit and tone of the place. But the very increase of his own graces and happiness brought more vividly to his mind the spiritual darkness of his beloved country. His heart was pierced with the thought of the multitudes in the bondage of heresy, from which he had been so mercifully delivered, and his grief began at last to affect his health. He spat blood, and, for a time, consumption was feared. Both Dr. Wiseman and Cardinal Weld believed that he had a religious vocation, but as his own bishop, Dr. Walsh, considered he would be more useful in England as a secular priest, he determined to obey his wishes, at least at first, though the idea of becoming a religious eventually never left his mind. He was ordained priest on the 26th of May, 1832, by Cardinal Zurla, and left immediately for England, with the blessing of Pope Gregory XVI.

Shortly before his ordination he had become acquainted with the celebrated passionist, Father Dominic, then in Rome, and he spent a week with him at Lucca, on his way home. The intercourse of these two men is of the highest and most thrilling interest to us. One, an Italian monk, the other an English convert, both burning with zeal for what seemed to nearly all men the most hopeless of pious Utopian ideas—the conversion of England.

They then began together the first outlines of the plan of the Association of Prayer for this object. It was a simple beginning enough. Two holy men undertaking to pray them-

selves every day, and to get as many devout souls as possible to join them. But they had the faith which it is promised will move mountains: *and mountains were moved!* Before the end of the next year, 1833, the first number of the "Tracts for the Times" appeared. The "little cloud no bigger than a man's foot" had risen from the sea, and the great Oxford movement began.

The Reverend George Spencer was determined to practise evangelical poverty to its fullest extent in the opening of his priestly career. He placed all his property in the bishop's hands, and begged to be sent to the poorest mission in the diocese. He was placed at West Bromwich, where he spent 7 years of arduous labour. Such was the sanctity of his life that it was believed that several miraculous cures took place from his blessing. His burning zeal and charity were consoled by receiving many converts, and he had to engage in controversy and bear a good deal of persecution.

He built a pretty gothic church at Dudley, for which he had begged subscriptions from his old aristocratic friends. He went to London for this purpose, and called on the Duchess of Kent, who received him very kindly, and desired that her daughter the Princess Victoria might be present at their conversation. Mr. Spencer spoke about the lamentable state of England on account of its religious divisions, and gave a short account of his own conversion.

In describing this incident late in life, Father Spencer said once, "I considered the Princess very sensible and thoughtful. She listened with great attention to everything I said, and maintained a respectful silence, because she sat by her mother. I had great hopes of her then, and, so far, they have not been disappointed. I hope you will all pray for her, and we may one day have the pleasure of seeing her a Catholic." He said this in 1863, and was then firmly convinced that the Duchess had died a Catholic.

In November, 1838, he began the great work to which the rest of his life was devoted—the moving of Catholics in all countries to pray for the conversion of England. Providence ordained a special opportunity for this purpose. His health having broken down under his arduous labours, he was ordered rest and change of air, and he and Mr. Phillipps proceeded to Paris, both filled with the same zeal. He had an interview with the Archbishop of Paris, Mgr. Quelen, who warmly encouraged the idea of the Association of Prayer.

He appointed a meeting at S. Sulpice with a large body of the clergy of Paris, who undertook to pray for this object on all Thursdays. He next visited the superiors of twenty religious houses in Paris, who all promised to pray themselves, and to get prayers from all the branches of their Orders throughout France. The General of the Lazarists and Provincial of the Jesuits joined the holy league with all their influence, and several archbishops and bishops undertook to extend it through their dioceses and provinces. France was now fairly launched in the great work of intercession, and it spread rapidly. A Dutch journal soon reached him with the announcement that all the seminaries and convents in Holland had given their Thursday devotions to England. A good priest wrote from Geneva to propose that all heretics and schismatics should be included in the intention of the prayers, and, after some demur, Mr. Spencer consented. "In the space of six months, all the Continent was sending up prayers for England's conversion." So public was the movement that the English newspaper press took it up with mingled emotions of alarm, anger, and contempt, and it was thus spread to every part of the world in which the English language prevails.

Mr. Spencer now applied to the Irish Archbishops, from whom he received great encouragement. The subject was proposed at a meeting of the Irish Episcopate in Dublin, fully discussed, and approved. "This," says his life, "he accounted great gain. It was the prayer of the martyr for his persecutor, of Stephen for Saul, and of our Lord for the Jews. Poor Ireland had groaned and writhed in Saxon bondage for centuries. . . . At the voice of a Saxon priest she turned round, wiped the tear from her eye, pitied the blindness of her oppressor, and offered up her sufferings to heaven to plead for mercy for her persecutor. The cry was a solemn universal prayer, framed by her spiritual leaders, and carried to every fireside, where the voice of the Church could drown the utterings of complaint. Father Spencer thought more of the prayers of the Irish than of all the continent put together. These were good, but those were heroic. He began to love Ireland thenceforward with an ever-increasing love, and trusted chiefly to the faith and sanctity of her children for the fulfilment of his zealous intentions."

Dr. Wiseman, by whose influence the Association met with similar success in Rome, wrote an interesting letter to Mr.

Spencer about this time. He says that his daily prayer for a year had been to be instrumental "in bringing back devotion to the Blessed Eucharist, its daily celebration, frequent communion, and public worship in England; and at the same time devotion to the Blessed Virgin, chiefly through the propagation of the Rosary." These two great souls, so united in their aspirations, were once more about to reside under the same roof. Mr. Spencer was summoned by Dr. Walsh to Oscott College, to undertake the spiritual training of the students, in May, 1839. The following year, to his great joy, Dr. Wiseman was created coadjutor bishop to Dr. Walsh, and came to take up his residence at Oscott.

To be continued.

THOUGHTS AFTER BENEDICTION.

"Et clausa est janua."

THEY close the door! They hide from sight
The Lord of life and love and light—
That God who, risen, took His place,
Full oft midst friends that loved His Cross,
Then in a moment hid His face,
And left them mourning o'er His loss.
Yes! He awhile was here in view,
Amongst us all—His chosen few—
Now He is gone, and leaves us sad,
Half sorry that we were so glad;
For all is o'er,
They close the door,
And we with Mary, in the gloom,
Weep by our Love within the tomb.

They close the door: now all depart,
And leave the church with swelling heart;
And I as from a trance awake
From out the dream in which I slept,
And once again my place I take
'Mid those on earth I deemed were left;

For I had thought me in the sky,
With angels, worshipping on high,
And some with harp made joyous sound,
And some sweet incense waved around.
My dream is o'er,
They close the door;
But music's echoes, fragrance rare,
To show what was, still haunt the air.

They close the door! I see too late
How hidden blessings round us wait;
For He was here, who is alway
Our hope on earth, our bliss above;
Nor did I beg of Him to stay,
Nor thank Him for excess of love.
My speech was not, "The day wanes fast;"
My house, sweet Jesu, go not past;
With burning words my heart inflame;
In breaking bread, teach me Thy Name.
No; all is o'er,
They close the door;
My God has vanished from my sight,
My sun is set, and all is night.

They close the door! Oh, how I long
For that glad day when I, among
Thy countless lovers, Jesu blest!
Shall touch Thee, see Thee, without veil,
And, leaning on Thy loving breast,
That presence praise which may not fail—
When thou hast opened Heaven's gate,
And all the saved shall on Thee wait,
To gaze on Thee for evermore,
For no one there shall close the door!
No, nevermore
Shall close the door!
And we shall see Thee as Thou art,
And love for aye Thy Sacred Heart.

Domine, Domine, aperi nobis. E.

No. I.—THE MISSIONARY WORK OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

We must see that we take care not to allow ourselves either to shut our eyes to the truth, or to become beguiled through a certain love of ease and quiet into ignobly forgetting that the Catholic faith is the only one really authorised missionary power of God for the wants of the whole world. We must, we say, see that we take due care not to do this. These are not words said lightly, for the reason that it is quite possible, considering the vast variety of conditions in which the people of the faith are liable to find themselves in the various countries of the world, for the Catholics of a particular country to hear but very little said about the missionary work which the Catholic Church is carrying on in different parts of the world. In short, to confess the truth, it is quite possible for them to look upon this as a sort of thing that may be very proper, but still as one that either altogether concerns other people, or at any rate, is no very particular business of theirs.

It is possible for the Catholics of a particular country to become like the Jews were in their captivity in Babylon, such a mere handful compared with the rest of the multitude, and so mixed up with the affairs of the people with whom they live, that it will be about as much as they can possibly attend to, to preserve themselves from being swallowed up in the ways of the people that surround them. In this predicament their religion will take quite a domestic and patriarchal turn. It will be looked upon as something that can only follow the fortunes of particular families and their dependents, having perhaps, at most, a few little local centres, in particular populous districts. In such a condition, any remarkable conversion to their faith from the midst of the surrounding population will occasion the Catholics quite a sensation of embarrassment, and everyone will look with a certain degree of anxious foreboding as to what will be the outcome of an event so unusual and so unexpected.

Again, Catholics may be, as they were in the days of Henry VIII. in England, the national religion, and then, like the prodigal son in the parable, they may take a strong fancy to claim their portion of goods, and to set up for themselves in separation as the National Religion and the National Church; in which case they will only once more resemble what the

Jews were in their best days of prosperity, who never at any time showed the least thought for Lazarus the beggar, who lay full of sores and wounds at the door of the rich man's house, glad to be fed with the crumbs that fell from his table. The religion of Solomon, notwithstanding that his reign is a type of that of Christ, as the reign of the King of Peace, never understood itself to be in any way concerned with the work of calling on the surrounding nations either to abandon their idols, in order to learn the worship of the true God, or to mend the evil of their manners.

It is not, then, either the domestic and patriarchal form of religion, neither, again, is it the religion of a national church that has the missionary spirit. Yet there is nothing to forbid the life of either the family or of the nation being in an eminent sense Christian. Only, in order to have a missionary spirit, something more is needed than either a domestic or a national religion. The Catholic Church indeed preaches to the family that it should be religious and Christian; and to the nation in like manner it says, "Do you also be Christian. Take care that all your laws are in agreement with the doctrines of the Gospel, and let the Cross be the highest emblem of your power." Yet, were the Catholic Church to stop here, it is plain it would not and could not be what in truth it is—the one sole authorised missionary power for the people of the entire earth.

There must be something, then, in the constitution and foundation of the Catholic Church which is prior in order of time and precedence to the work of providing either the particular family or the particular nation with what they require, and this is the Divine commission given to the Catholic Church, to go and teach all the nations and people of the earth—in a word, to be that one missionary religion which knows no restriction or limitation of place or nation whatsoever to the sphere of its operations. Wherever on the face of the entire earth there are people wandering in ignorance, or in what the Scripture speaks of as the "shadow of death," there is the work of the Catholic Church, and inasmuch as the harvest is very great, and the labourers are comparatively only very few, our Lord's words are, "Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that He would send labourers into His harvest."

If the particular family and nation should become Christian in consequence of the labours of those who have commenced

the work of teaching them, in virtue of their universal commission to be missionaries to the whole world, it will be for both the family and the nation to remember that they have become Christian, not in the way of a mere domestic or national religion, but as a living part or portion of the universal Church, or Christian society, whose function it is to be the teacher of all the nations and tribes of people of the whole world, and to be incessantly at work providing and sending missionaries to them.

This is a truth of no little practical importance, because it shows us that the Catholic religion is in the very first place a missionary religion, taught and preached by missionaries; and it is only in a secondary way, after the manner of a certain growth or consequence in the particular case, that it comes to be either a domestic or a national religion. It does not prevent families being religious in a domestic way, or nations being religious in a national way—God forbid! On the contrary, it takes the very greatest pains to teach the family how to have a true domestic religion, and the nation how to have a true national religion; but it is not itself either simply a domestic or simply a national religion; it is the one true religion that is sent to all the nations of the world.

The Catholic religion is, therefore, first and foremost a missionary religion. Here we cannot but see how very blind and ungrateful a thing it must be either on the part of the family or the nation which have acquired the one their domestic and the other their national religion from the missionary zeal and labours of those who were first sent to teach them, if they were to take no account of the sad fact that there are still large multitudes of people in the world by whom the services of the missionary are required in exactly the same degree as they were by those through whom they have come into possession of what they enjoy.

All great and fundamental truths in the Catholic religion have their formal expression by which they are known, and this truth, that the Catholic religion is in the first place *missionary*, and only in a secondary way permitted to have its domestic and national character, could not fail to be among the number of those which thus have their formal expression, if indeed it be the fundamental truth which we have represented it as being. Now, it has in truth such a formal expression of itself, though it may be questioned how far we are all equally aware of the fact. We say, however, as we must

well remember, in the Creed of the Mass, "I believe in an Apostolic Church." We well understand the *unity* of the Church, that it is one and not two. We equally well understand its *sanctity*, that it teaches us to deny "impiety and worldly desires," as the Apostle says. We again understand that, as a *Catholic* Church, it comprises and claims all the nations and people of the earth. But what do we understand by an "*Apostolic* Church?"

An Apostle is, in other words, a "Missionary," that is, "one who is sent." An Apostolic Church, in other words, is a Missionary Church, that is to say, a Church which is the inheritor, by legitimate succession, of the commission given by Jesus Christ to the original twelve Apostles, "Go ye and teach all nations." Zeal and desire to make known the glad tidings of the Gospel to heathen people, may perfectly well exist and be found outside the authorization from Jesus Christ, which is the prerogative transmitted in the Catholic Church alone, whose supreme head being the Roman Pontiff, is commonly known as the "Roman Catholic Church;" but no missionary work can prosper and bear fruit except it be undertaken in obedience to the authority of the Roman Pontiff, the sole living inheritor of the commission given to the Apostles.

However, we have now said enough to show how dear the work of evangelising the heathen should be to all who publicly profess, as we do in our churches, that our faith is in an Apostolic or Missionary Church, and the words of whose Creed are "*I believe in an Apostolic Church.*" It is not by any means certain that notwithstanding the very wonderful array of self-denying men who have in every age served God as "missionaries," in obedience to the Supreme Roman Pontiff, and who have esteemed their ease and comfort, and their safety of life and limb, as nothing compared with fidelity to the work to which they were sent, that what has been done in this way might not have been even much greater. Our Lord says, "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that He would send labourers into His harvest." "The harvest is great," He says, "and the labourers are few." We must remember that our Lord is served in His Church by the labours of men, and that He Himself looks upon the labourers as "few." And inasmuch as it is His pleasure that we should all pray to Him to increase their number and send more labourers into His harvest, let it be our part not to fail to do this, and to promote in every other possible way the real work of the missions of the Church.

We propose, then, as opportunity may serve, to give our readers through our magazine a body of information which they may perhaps not find easily accessible in any other publication, respecting some of the principal missionary works that are in active operation at the present time in the Catholic Church, and we shall make our beginning with a particular work, the first rise and growth of which fall in our own country and time—the Missionary College of S. Joseph, at Mill Hill, in Middlesex. Not because this work claims attention on account of its greatness, for its greatness is entirely prospective owing to its extremely recent rise, but out of honour to a certain good and wise saying—"*Charity begins at home*,"—very often sadly misquoted for purposes to which it is totally and radically inapplicable, whereas it really means that when charity is feeble and weak, and has to make, so to speak, its beginning, it is wise and prudent that it should make its beginning with things near home. As, therefore, our charity for the great Catholic Work of Missions is, as yet, owing to circumstances easily understood, only in a state of infancy and far from come to the full vigour and strength of its manhood, it may be prudently and reasonably presented, in the first outset, with an account of what has been done close at home; so that our order of progress may be from that which, under no ordinary difficulties, has been accomplished with home resources, to the far larger and older works, to which it falls to sustain the main burden of the great work of the Catholic Missions to the heathen.

To be continued.

No. I.—THE WIDOW PALMA OF ORIA,

VISITED BY THE DR. IMBERT GOURBEYRE, PROFESSOR OF THE SCHOOL OF MEDICINE OF CLERMONT FERRAND, BELGIUM.

"EXCEPT you see signs and wonders," said Jesus Christ to the ruler of the Synagogue, "you do not believe" (John iv. 48). The Catholic religion has continued from age to age, the same standing miracle in the world it was at the beginning, not compelling any at the present time, any more than at first, to believe it against their will, and not forcing any to open their eyes to see the evidences of its truth, if they prefer not to see them. Nothing, therefore, can appear more strictly reasonable, (if in the beginning it was found necessary for people to see signs and wonders in order to bring them to believe,) than that they should continue to see and hear of them, as time goes on, in order that they may be better induced to continue to believe. It requires, indeed, but little reflection to see that no greater improbability can be found than a religion devoid of signs and wonders. It would not be a religion if it were so devoid. Signs and wonders accompanied God's dealings with men before the Flood, as witness the miraculous disappearance of the Prophet Enoch. Signs and wonders accompanied the course of God's dealings with the children of Noe, as witness the miraculous confusion of tongues. Still more did signs and wonders attend upon the whole course of God's government and guidance of the Patriarchs and the chosen Hebrew people. And when the long expected and long promised Messias came, He did not ask for the belief of the people in His mission, except on the terms of proving the truth of His mission by signs and wonders. "If you will not believe me, believe the works" (John x. 38). "The works that I do in the name of my Father, they bear testimony to me." That His religion, then long prepared beforehand, in the preceding ages, by miracles, proved and accredited in His own person when He came by miracles, should to the end of the world continue to be further confirmed and accredited by miracles, is only precisely what all sound judging persons ought, if they wish to be reasonable, to be prepared to expect.

That there should be those who say that the age of miracles has ceased, proves nothing really against miracles, but is merely a proof that the class of persons who are ready to make gratuitous assertions does not die out in the world. The chief people in the city of Jerusalem,

who were hostile to our Lord, only so far admitted the truth of the resurrection of Lazarus from the dead as it was out of their power to deny it. Great as was this miracle, it totally failed to convert them; and if they did not actually proceed to murder Lazarus, in order to remove the evidences of a miracle by which they were so greatly disconcerted, this was neither for want of thinking about doing it, nor for want of calculating whether there was any way by which it could be done with the requisite safety to themselves, but solely because they could not satisfy themselves that it was a safe thing to try. Why, then, should there be any substantial difference now in the case of a miracle happening at the present time? The reasonable inference from it is but to confirm and invite a continuance of faith in the Divine mission of the same religion, faith in which has never rested on any other ground than that of miracles. And if the very self-same resurrection of Lazarus from the dead both so greatly confirmed the faith of the holy women and, at the same time, only provoked the hatred and cavilling of the chief priests and scribes in Jerusalem, why should it not be equally possible now that the remarkable testimony, of which we are going to give our readers an epitome, abridged from the published volume by Dr. Imbert Gourbeyre, relative to the marvels that God is now manifesting in the person of the aged widow Palma, of Oria, in the far south of Italy, have a like effect to the raising of Lazarus—namely, that it should console and edify the faithful among the Catholics, while it provokes the derision and ill-will of people who regard the Catholic religion with the same eyes and mind with which the chief priests and scribes looked upon the person of our Lord?

The particular feature in the present case, however, it should be noted, is the circumstance that the witness whose published narrative of the miraculous phenomena to be related comes before us is a medical man of sufficient eminence in his profession to hold the position of a professor of medicine in a public institution in France, and one who is favourably known to the public as the author of more than one esteemed literary publication. Persons of this character cannot come before the public with impunity, particularly in a language like the French so current among other nations, as authors of narratives that are, not to say fabrications, but even loosely and inaccurately written. What such a person as Dr. Gourbeyre thus deliberately and publicly testifies to having seen

with his own eyes, in the presence of others, and under conditions in which his narrative is perfectly capable of being easily verified if true and easily exposed as a falsehood if false, must obviously be received as worthy of all the credit that it is customary to give to competent and trustworthy human testimony.

Thus much premised, we proceed to the facts of the narrative, which must now speak for themselves. The undoubted circumstance that phenomena such as these must naturally provoke and give rise to curiosity is no prejudice whatever to their truth. It was curiosity to see a strange sight, much more than to hear a remarkable preacher, that led immense numbers to leave the city and go out into the wilderness to S. John the Baptist; and our Lord does not ask the multitudes what kind of a preacher they went to listen to, but what kind of a sight it was they went out to see. That which, in the first instance, was curiosity and nothing more, hereafter led numbers to be baptised in the Jordan, confessing their sins. And there is, in the same manner, no reason whatever why curiosity, as regards the wonders manifested in the person of the widow Palma, should not be, in the case of sincere doubters, the first beginning of those studious inquiries which can but end in the conviction that truth must be where there are found such miraculous attestations of it.

Fr. Seraphin (Guardian of the House of the Capuchin Fathers in Antwerp), having heard of the existence of a celebrated Estatica of the South of Italy, placed himself in correspondence with one of her directors. About the latter end of April, 1871, he received the following reply:—

"You will certainly be surprised, my reverend Father, to learn from me that on the subject of Louise Lateau we are better informed than you. It is now fully three years since Palma has been acquainted with Louise. She sees her and calls her by name in her ecstasies, only she had not mentioned the name of her village (Bois d'Haine), which we now know, thanks to you; she had only named 'Belgium of France' (Bois d'Haine is on the Hainaut, a French portion of Belgium).

"Palma does not only know Louise Lateau, she is also acquainted with the noble souls whom God has scattered up and down here and there by whose means He designs to renovate poor Europe, so demoralised by impiety, and to reinvigorate faith in the truth of the passion of Jesus Christ, whose Divinity Renan and his followers have denied. On Good Friday in last year Palma was greatly surprised to see Louise, exactly like Jesus Christ in His passion, His lips swollen, His face livid, and His wounds bleeding, &c. . . . . She sees her on the ground, in her ecstasies, and in conflict with Satan.

"I have been Palma's director since January, 1849, and it has been the will of God that two others should be associated with me. Owing to circumstances, Palma at the present moment is in the hands of a director extraordinary, so that we are now four distinct witnesses, and the record keepers of the marvels exhibited in her. I cannot open this book, the record of her conscience, because it is the will of God that, for the present, it should be sealed. I may, however, tell you that all that is said of her falls very short indeed of the reality. I do not include certain minor inexactitudes or over-statements that have got currency, as for example the statement, which is not true, that every Friday her hand becomes transparent.

"I will relate to you only a few among the marvels which manifest themselves outwardly, and are well known to several persons. Palma has passed through the last Lent in a course of sufferings far exceeding those of preceding years. Every Friday she parted with more than a pound of blood (the Italian pound is of twelve ounces), from the stigmata of the Crown of Thorns. What is above all things marvellous in this blood is that wherever it falls it leaves an impress of some one or other of the sacred emblems of the Passion, which causes the greatest wonder and admiration. She is also subject to attacks of supernatural burning, the heat of which, as measured by the thermometer, exceeds that of boiling water, and her pulse gives 150 pulsations in a minute. She often goes into ecstacies in which she speaks without being questioned, or she sings like S. Magdalene of Pazzi, at other times she answers our questions. She always in her ecstacy receives Holy Communion, which is given to her by an invisible hand, with hosts taken from different churches; she also often receives Communion in the same supernatural way when she is not in ecstasy. Formerly she used to receive the Sacred Host without our being able to perceive it, but on the sign she gave of this by saying the Confiteor, we commanded her by obedience to let us see the host which she had received. At present the Sacred Host shows itself upon her lips, and we all see it before Palma receives it. She has now never eaten any ordinary food for more than six years, but only each day about 19 o'clock (the Italians reckon 24 hours—some time between noon and 3 o'clock) she receives a celestial manna, which at the same moment melts in her mouth, and this we have never been able to see. At certain times there is exhaled from her person the perfume, as it were, of an aromatic oil, which is very agreeable, but cannot be described. This perfume proceeds from her blood, her mouth, her heart, and her whole body, often also from her handkerchiefs covered with blood. Rome for some time has been cognisant of all that passes, but how is the world at large to believe things so outside all common experience without sending masters in theology and moral science, as well as in medicine, to verify them and prove them with their own hands?"

On the 8th of August, 1871, says Dr. Gourbeyre, M. Dechamps wrote me the following letter:—

"On Friday last I made the acquaintance of the Abbot Dom Gueranger. He had travelled here on purpose to see Louise Lateau, and was accompanied by his secretary and by the Superior of the Benedictines of Arras. He has had a conversation with Louise Lateau on the Thursday, which edified him much. He found her simple, humble, reserved in her words,

just such a person as he expected. He came away on the Friday from her cottage quite overcome and astonished. For his part, he has not the slightest doubt of the presence of a supernatural power from God. I do not think I have ever said anything to you about Palma the estatica of the kingdom of Naples, and of the intercommunion of soul that exists between her and Louise. Dom Gueranger had read in the house of the parish priest the letter from Oria on the subject. He wished, therefore, to try whether Louise, who has never heard the name of Palma mentioned, participates in this communion of soul. During the prostration, when Louise lies stretched out on the ground in the form of a cross, in a complete state of insensibility, he requested to be left alone, and after having asked her one or two indifferent questions, during which she continued quite insensible, he said, 'Louise, do you know Palma?' Louise immediately raised herself up about the height of two feet, and began to smile, and then fell into her former state of insensibility. After this, Dom Gueranger said, 'Louise, do you love your sister Palma?' The same scene was renewed: she rose up in a still more marked manner, and smiled with a more marked expression."

This letter decided Dr. Imbert Gourbeyre to undertake a journey to the south of Naples to see the Widow Palma, and his testimony, as an eye-witness to the marvels which he beheld when there, we must reserve for a succeeding number.

To be continued.

MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.

RECITING THE ROSARY IN THE RIGGING OF THE "ATLANTIC."—Incidents without number have been related of the wreck of the *Atlantic*, and the manner of rescue; but the following, which was told me by a passenger, has not, so far as I am aware, been made public:—"During the weary hours on the rigging that morning, when some thirty or forty men tenaciously clung to the shrouds, many partly naked, with the lower limbs frozen and stiff with the cold, the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin was recited by an Irish emigrant passenger, and all who surrounded him—Catholics and Protestants alike—responded fervently and devoutly. Some of the Protestants—one gentleman in particular, who was a cabin passenger, belonging, I believe, to New Ross, Ireland—said it was the first time he had ever heard the Rosary recited, and standing there in the presence of death, with many stouter than himself dying around him, he thought the prayer of that humble emigrant, who supplicated the Virgin Mother for pro-

tection, was the most beautiful he had ever listened to. The supplication to the Holy Mother of God by these almost exhausted men was not unheeded. The heroic fishermen of Prospect came to their rescue, and landed them safely upon the island."

HUMILITY.—The Rosary is the badge of the humble. It is the outward profession of an inward submission to belief in Mystery, and in the existence of a Revelation from God through the agency not of angels but of men. Humility, then, loves the Rosary, while pride always stumbles at it. The curé of Ars being once asked, "What must we do to become good?" replied, "We must, my friend, love God very much." "Well, father, but what must we do in order to be able to love Him?" To which the good priest answered, "Practise humility, my friend; practise humility." It is our pride that hinders us from becoming saints. Pride is the chain in the chaplet of vices; humility is the chain in the chaplet of virtues. Alas! it is incomprehensible how so weak and shortlived a creature as man can be proud. The Devil appeared one day to S. Macarius, armed with a discipline, and thus addressed him:—"All that you are doing I do likewise. You fast, and I too do not eat. You keep the vigils, and I likewise never sleep. But there is one thing that you practise, which I can never do." "Indeed, what can that be?" "Humble myself," replied Satan, and disappeared.

CURRENT EVENTS.

ROME AND THE POPE.—The health of the Pope continues completely re-established. On the 27th anniversary of his Coronation (June 21st), there was a constant stream of visitors to the Vatican, which continued the whole day, including large numbers of both Cardinals and Prelates. At half-past eleven, the representatives of the Catholic Young Men (La Gioventu Cattolica) were admitted to an audience, when Dr. Acquadermi made an address to the Pope in their name. His Holiness replied, at length, in terms encouraging the young men to exhibit an increased firmness and fortitude in setting a good example, in opposition to the numerous scandals with which they were surrounded.

It is well known that all the Infidel and so-called Liberal Press in Italy is in the hands of the Jews, which, in some degree, accounts for its general hostility to Christianity. For instance, Jacob Dina, a Jew, conducts the *Opinione*, "officious" if not official; M. Arbib directs the *Libertà*, organ of the so-called Moderate party; M. Levi, the *Nuova Roma;* and M. Artom, *L'Italie*. These papers have all been in pay of the Government, and if not official, they have all been the organs of official ideas. It is universally known that no Pontiff up to the time of Pius IX. ever treated the Jews with so much indulgence, and it is certain no Pontiff has ever been so much insulted and maligned by them; nevertheless, his feelings towards them are a proof of his inexhaustible charity. Last Friday the brothers Lemann, converted Jews, now priests of the Diocese of Lyons, were received in audience by his Holiness, who on seeing them exclaimed, "Ah, my sons, come here, let us talk about the Israelites." "Holy Father," said one of the brothers, "Your Holiness, in one of your admirable discourses, said a little while ago: 'We should prostrate ourselves before God, as Jacob bowed himself before Isaac;' and we, the sons of Jacob, come to bow ourselves before you, who represent to us Isaac, who was the figure of Christ." "Ah, that is true," said his Holiness, "and I bless you as Isaac did; but thank God, the Pope is not as blind as Isaac was, and the Pope is not sick; your visit gives me much pleasure, my sons, because in these latter times the Israelites of Rome have given me much sorrow and affliction. They direct against me and against the Church all the bad journals of Rome." "Holy Father," was the reply, "the many Israelites mixed up with the Revolutionary movement resemble, at this moment, S. Paul, who went up to Damascus to persecute the Infant Church." "They will fall from their horses . . . . . "but," added the Pope, after a moment's pause, and in a gentle voice, "let us pray for the poor Israelites, that they may be made partakers in the triumph of the Church," and proceeded to recite in a very earnest manner the Collect of the Church on Good Friday.

The *Provincia* of Bellano gives a terrible description of an earthquake that happened in Italy. It commenced at 5 a.m., when most people were asleep. Subterranean sounds of an awful nature were heard, which grew louder and louder, and weresoon followed by an undulating motion of the ground from N.E. to S.W., which brought down houses and churches

in all directions. At the cathedral a portion of the balustrade of the tower fell, and killed instantly a poor old woman who was passing. A congregation was hearing early Mass in the nave, when the *terremoto* began; they all rushed to the doors, and being but few in number, effected their exit without any tragical consequences. Arrived in the streets, the scene baffled description. The cries of the women and the groans of the wounded were heartrending. In many cases the disturbances of the foundations made it impossible to open the doors of the houses, so that exit was precluded to the terrified inmates, who were thus imprisoned under fear of instant death in their own dwellings. The first shock was the most violent, the second came on after about half an hour's interval, and was much weaker; in another ten minutes a third shock, which was scarcely felt; at 12.30 p.m., a fourth shock, but of very brief duration, took place.

In a reply to the address of the College of the Prelatura and the Tribunals, the Holy Father said: "I think you must have observed how, in our day, God is displaying His justice in the plagues with which He is smiting Italy. First, there is the Revolution, which destroys but does not build up, and aggravates but does not alleviate; which enters the mansion to impoverish, and the cottage to oppress. With effrontery it enters the sanctuary, prying everywhere that it may get everything into its own possession. The Tiber began with its inundations, and then the volcanic fires caused heavy losses in the South of Italy. And now a pestilence, fatal to the young, though it has lasted but a few days, has already cut off its numerous victims, chiefly as if God wished to preserve a large number of children from the moral corruption of the age: *ne malitia mutaret intellectum eorum.* There have been destructive hailstorms in many places, and the Asiatic cholera has come as a warning to bring men to penance: *ut fugiant a facie arcûs.* And, as if these things were not motives enough to turn to God, behold the Lord Himself is looking upon the earth with an angry countenance and—*facit eam tremere.* There is no doubt but that these chastisements are coming down by reason of the enormous sins of injustice that are being committed in the land by those who abuse their power. I will not say that the cholera and the earthquake represent the two sections of *Right* and *Left*, but I will say that these plagues descend on the land, and specially on Rome, by reason of the sins of those men. They smite indis-

criminately, and they, perhaps, harden the hearts of some, but they ought to open the eyes of the oppressed and turn them towards God."

THE HAND OF GOD IN THE REVOLUTION.—The Italians have a proverb which says that "God does not pay on a Saturday night." If evil doers invariably escaped scot free from all punishment, people would be induced to think that the speaking about the Hand of God in the affairs of the world was a mere conventional pious phrase and nothing more; and again, if all evil doers, without exception, were seen to be invariably punished, this would naturally lead to the conclusion that their punishment must be a thing complete and done with, and that there would be nothing more to be expected to happen to them in another world. In the beginning of the year 1871, a journal, a supporter of the Italian Government, which is published in Rome, *La Liberta*, wrote, on the occasion of the election of Amadeus to the throne of Spain: "Excommunication does no harm to the House of Savoy; on the contrary, it brings it a crown: see we have now Amadeus king of Spain." This Amadeus, however, now only adds one more to the long list of excommunicated men who warn the world by their fall. Where is his crown now in 1873? The *Voce della Verita*, a Catholic paper, published in Rome, affirms that Victor Emmanuel has had a premonitory stroke of apoplexy, and that the three Paters and Ave which he says regularly three times a day in honour of S. Andrew of Avellino, to be preserved from sudden death, may very possibly not be heard. You remember what a poor man said of him: "He will die with his shoes on." Prince Humbert is the worst off of all as regards health, for in his case his intellectual faculties are in danger, and the poor Princess Margaret is greatly to be pitied. "I shall be the first victim of the excommunication" is what she says in her moments of pain. The young prince, the son of Humbert and Margaret, is paralysed in his legs: and this is the child whom they taught to declaim the words of his grandfather in the Italian Parliament, "We are in Rome, and we mean to stay in it" (*Siamo in Roma e ci resteremmo*). Things do not look very promising for him.

THE

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NEW SERIES.

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No. IV.—THE SOCIAL DEVOTION OF THE ROSARY:

A School of Christian Improvement for all Catholic People, both Rich and Poor.

We must now suppose the case of a number of people into whose regular order of life it has entered to assemble themselves, say once a week, or oftener, for the recitation of the Rosary in common. The Rosary Evening has begun to be known to them, and there is a weekly gathering of people who look forward to it, and who, allowing for current interruptions caused by what may happen in the ordinary course of their daily avocations, will be tolerably regular in their attendance at it. What has been gained?

There is first the general substantial gain contemplated and intended by the Apostle who has laid down the doctrine about not forsaking the assembling of ourselves, which it is not necessary to repeat here, and which is common to and accompanies all legitimate public assemblies of the Christian people for the purposes of prayer. "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there," says our Lord, "am I in the midst of them" (Matt. xviii. 20).

Then there is the special charitable benefit for the particular class of our people already described, to whom there is in this way continually offered a sort of plank to the shipwrecked, to prevent them from being entirely lost, and altogether ceasing to frequent the public religious assemblies of their brethren in the faith.

Then there is the favouring circumstance that the principle of the particular gathering together is entirely voluntary, and whenever a number of people consent to do anything entirely of their own free will, they are generally glad to have it made as specially beneficial to themselves as is reasonably possible; and in proportion as anything can be done for them with a view to their benefit in connection with that which they agree to do by common consent, they will be sure to

enjoy and appreciate it the more on this account, and in the end to become all the more solidly attached to it.

From this will follow an additional gain, on the nature of which, particularly as we make no secret of our being *ex professo* advocates of the Holy Rosary, we may very reasonably claim the permission to offer the requisite explanation.

Nothing is more in harmony with the mind of the Church in a missionary country—where, in addition to those who need instruction in the fold, there are multitudes of people outside the fold, to whom it is the greatest possible charity to offer all the opportunities that loving ingenuity can devise for assisting them to come into the way of instruction in the doctrines of the faith—than to multiply voluntary gatherings of people in the Church, and to seek to combine public instruction with the prayers which are then said in common.

The great difficulty that besets these instructions in the Church is that the three separate regions of (1) moral duty, (2) revealed doctrine, and (3) the history of the dealings of God with men through his saints, to one or more of which classes all public instruction is to be referred, constitute when taken together so extremely vast a territory that it is by no means a very easy matter to make such a selection out of it as would help to simplify the matter of the instruction, and thereby better adapt it to the capacity of the audience. There is always a happy willingness, on the part of the people, to listen to instruction in a church, and no matter whether the instructions given follow or do not follow a system, they will, ordinarily speaking, by no means be likely to lack a certain interest; only it will also be true that this general interest which attaches to all Christian instruction as warmth accompanies sunlight, may be profitably increased by its gaining a defined and a special character. The starved vagrant is thankful to get, and rejoices in, the warmth of any kind of cast-off, ill-fitting garment that is given to him in charity, but the citizen rejoices in the warmth of the comfortable and well-fitting coat and cloak that befits his condition, and which he looks upon, in a certain way, as part of himself. So in the same way if, as we have supposed, we have now in existence a multitude of people who have formed themselves into the good and praiseworthy practice of meeting together for the recitation of the Rosary in common, it will be within easy range of possibility to make their devotion the foundation on which to frame for them a course of instruction, that they can,

in a certain sense, be encouraged to look upon as their own, and to call and know it by the name of the "Rosary Course." There is in human nature a natural and reasonable love of acquiring and appropriating, the due and legitimate exercise of which is honest industry and praiseworthy progress, and only the excess of which it is that leads to robbery and injustice. The industrious, honest man will, as a rule, feel far warmer and more comfortable in his own coat than in one which does not belong to him, and which he knows will not long remain in his possession. If, then, we have already in existence a society formed upon the Devotion of the Rosary, and the practice tolerably firmly established of assembling together in the Church for its recitation (if the confraternity of the Rosary be canonically established all the better still), it will not require a great deal of argument to show that the most welcome and profitable course of instruction for these persons will be one to which they can give themselves up with the most hearty good will, as the Rosary course that is as something which, in a certain sense, is to be their own.

The only doubt here would be, as the church is the house of God for all people, and not the private chapel or peculiar oratory of a particular class of devout persons, who may have some special devotional tastes of their own, which, however laudable they may be, are not to be imposed on all indiscriminately—whether that which might be termed a Rosary course, would not be in danger of becoming too confined and too peculiar to be fitted to minister for the general good of all. Here, however, the peculiar glory of the Rosary is brought only the more into the light of day.

There is in the devotion of the Holy Rosary nothing whatever of that which may be called "clannish." It is founded upon, and is the expression of, truth, which is the common inheritance of all the Christian people. It is, of course, possible to be a good Christian without the particular use of the Rosary beads, but it is impossible to be even a Christian at all without knowing and accepting the doctrines on which the Devotion of the Rosary is founded.

A Christian, to be a Christian, must acknowledge Jesus Christ to be the second Person of the ever Blessed Trinity, who became Man in the womb of the blessed Virgin Mary, who died on the Cross as a ransom for sin, and who rose again from the dead for the justification of all who believe in Him; and in these three doctrines and their adjuncts we have pre-

cisely the substance or pith of what a "Rosary Course of Instruction" could not do otherwise than comprise.

Thus, upon the proposed plan of a "Course of Public Instructions on the Rosary," there would be a real two-fold gain. Those who had become already attached to the Rosary as a devotion would take to it at once with a peculiar zest, looking upon it with favour, as in a certain real and appreciable sense their own. They would be, so to speak, warmed with it in the special way in which an honest man enjoys and rejoices in the warmth of the coat which he knows to be his own; and it would do them the good that often comes to particular persons from a diet that they look upon as a something of their own—as, for example, children in Scotland often become particularly rosy and clear in complexion upon the national diet of oatmeal-porridge and milk—while to all others it would have an immense advantage of another kind, in the circumstance that an Instruction which followed the course of the Fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary would thereby naturally fall into a brief and lucid system, and offer the very superior attraction that a sustained and consecutive course invariably possesses over any desultory selection of subjects at haphazard, precluding all possibility of the audience knowing beforehand what they have to expect, and all chance of the memory of what has gone before assisting them to the comprehension of, and the taking an interest in, that which succeeds. But of this character of the "Rosary" as affording a ready and beautiful way for systematising public instruction, we may promise more in a succeeding number.

(To be continued.)

No. IV.—FATHER IGNATIUS SPENCER.

THE seven years which Mr. Spencer passed at Oscott may be considered the intermediate stage of his Catholic career. His own earnest wish had been to lead a life hidden and unknown to the world; but, as we have seen, through the apparently accidental circumstance of the encouragement of a French Bishop, his name was now known throughout Europe as the leader of the great crusade of prayer for England. We are not surprised that many good English Catholics were at first totally opposed to what appeared to them visionary, imprudent, and fraught with peril from its publicity.

One eminent Bishop took this view so strongly that he published a pastoral at the end of 1839, actually forbidding public prayer to be made for England. What is really astounding is that people were not more impressed with the fact that the multitude of conversions, which soon began to ring through England, seemed actually to keep pace with the progress of the association. Mr. Spencer had many heavy discouragements to bear, but they were compensated by the extraordinary fervour with which multitudes of religious houses and individuals in all countries continued to respond to his efforts. This was especially the case during tours which he made through Ireland and on the Continent. Much as he valued the prayers of religious orders, he did not, in the beginning, enter warmly into Dr. Wiseman's views about their introduction into England. His hope was in secular priests leading the lives of religious, and he at one time formed a plan for extending to the secular clergy in England the observance of the Evangelical Counsels, which, like many others of his schemes, did not meet with approval. On these occasions he always submitted at once, and thanked God for having superiors who were able to know and correct his faults.

It was in 1844 that, during a foreign tour advised by his physicians, he made a retreat at the Jesuit house at Louvain, and went through the exercises of S. Ignatius; for the first time, the idea of entering the religious state himself occurred strongly to him, but the experienced Jesuit Father who conducted his retreat advised him to dismiss the idea for some time to come. Two years later, he made a second retreat at the Jesuit house at Hodder Place, under the direction of Father Clarke, Master of the Novices. He was then wavering between the Jesuits and

Order of Charity. During the very last Meditation it occurred to him that, before deciding, he would consult his old friend Father Dominic, and at that moment he was impressed with the idea that he must join his Order, and all his doubts vanished. Father Clarke at once confirmed his choice in the most decided manner, and went to London to meet Father Dominic, and solicit admission to the Order of Passionists. To his great joy, he was received as a pauper. The money he had inherited from his father had been long ago spent in building churches at his country missions, and in the purchase of land for the new college at Oscott. It was now settled that his annuity of £300 a year was to be left to Dr. Wiseman; his father had left an additional £300 a year to be paid at the pleasure of his brother, but on his second brother's succeeding to the title, it was withdrawn and devoted to charitable purposes more congenial to Protestant ideas. Lord Spencer, however, undertook to provide for his former pensioners. On the 21st of December, 1846, he entered the Passionist noviciate at Aston Hall, in Staffordshire, and on the following 5th of January he received the habit, taking the name of Father Ignatius of S. Paul.

It was the year of the terrible Irish famine. Numbers of the poor emigrants from Ireland settled near Aston and Stone, and a terrible fever broke out among them.

The Fathers were constant in their ministrations to them, and all except Father Dominic were struck down by the pestilence. It brought Father Ignatius down to the gates of death. He received the last Sacraments and made his profession, as he was supposed to be dying; his recovery was attributed to a Novena which was made for him. He was sent afterwards on various missions; his first being to his old parishioners at West Bromwich.

Dr. Wiseman, who had first brought the Passionists to England, was now anxious to have them in the London diocese, to which he had been lately translated. Father Dominic and Father Ignatius took possession of Poplar House, Hampstead, in June, 1848. After many changes, this Community is now settled at Highgate. Father Ignatius, however, was soon sent back to take charge of the House at Aston, where he was made Rector.

In September, 1848, he visited Ireland, and writes thus to his cousin, Mrs. Canning:—"My journey was, in the first place, to preach a retreat at Carlow College, which was the

first and only retreat I have been on alone; secondly, to beg in Dublin for our Church and House; thirdly, I got full into the pursuit of prayers for England again. I hardly expected anything could be done in this last way under the excited state of feelings in Ireland against England.

"I began, however, speaking in a convent in Carlow, and so warm and beautiful was the way in which these nuns took it up that I lost no occasion after of saying Mass in some convent every morning, and preaching to them upon it; and the zeal which they showed has given me a new spring to push it on in England. . . . I only ask now *one Hail Mary* a day to be said by every Catholic for the conversion of England. Here is a great field to work upon. You want to be doing something for England, I know; why not take up this object, and in every letter you write abroad or at home, make people promise to do this, and make every man, woman, and child do it too. If millions would do as much as this, we should have thousands who would offer themselves up as victims to be immolated for the object, and we should have grand results. Above all, let it be done in schools at home; so that all the young may be trained to pant for this object, as young Hannibal for the destruction of Rome; and a foundation will be laid for the work to go on after we are all dead, if no fruit appears before."

It seems a special dispensation of Providence that his efforts for the work of the Association, which had somewhat slumbered during the last four years, for want of opportunity, should have been revived during this visit to Ireland. The only change in the crusade was that the prayer he asked was defined—one Hail Mary daily. This had been suggested to him by the devotion of the Irish people to the Blessed Virgin. From this time he never slackened or relaxed in his endeavours for this great cause, to the end of his life.

The following year a heavy blow fell on the Passionist Fathers, in the loss of their saintly head, Father Dominic. He was taken suddenly ill at Reading, on his way from London to Aston, on the 27th January, 1849. He was taken out on the platform, and, for fear of infection, no one would receive him into their house. "There lay the worn-out missionary, who had prayed and toiled so long for the conversion of England, on that bleak, desolate plain, abandoned by all for whose salvation he thirsted, with only a companion kneeling by his side to prepare him for Eternity. A few

minutes he suffered, and in these few he made his preparation. He gave his last instructions to his companion, invoked a blessing on England, and then placidly closed his eyes for ever upon this wicked world, to open them in a brighter one." Father Ignatius, who was in Holland, hurried back at the news, and the first thing he heard from Dr. Wiseman was that Father Dominic had appointed him his successor.

To be continued.

TU SOLUS ALTISSIMUS.

OTHER hands are dust and ashes,
  Other lips are mute and cold,
Once so mighty and so wondrous
  In the storied days of old;
Other eyes have seen corruption,
  Eyes which promised glorious things—
All are dead, unknown, forgotten,
  Heroes, beauties, conquerors, kings.

One alone is always living,
  Slain two thousand years ago;
One alone is raising millions
  Daily from their deepest woe;
One alone makes endless conquest
  O'er the countless tribes of men,
And when times and worlds are nothing
  He shall still be living then.

A. W. EDGELL.

No. II.—MISSIONARY WORK.

S. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE OF THE SACRED HEART, FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS, MILL-HILL, LONDON, N.

WE insisted in our last that the right understanding of the Catholic faith, which, to say the very least that possibly can be said, it is plainly becoming that every Catholic should possess, cannot exist apart from the knowledge that the Catholic religion is, first and foremost, simply a missionary religion. It is not, directly, any part of its Divine constitution that it should come in any particular place to be the religion of a State, represented by the person of a local Archbishop or Primate, still less that it should be the religion of a family, represented by the person of the domestic chaplain. It is simply the missionary religion of the one Apostolic Church, under the government of S. Peter and his successors, on which devolves the duty of sending duly qualified teachers to all the various tribes of people found dispersed over the whole earth. Its Divine constitution, indeed, admits of its coming in particular places to be the State religion, with the person of the local Primate or Archbishop; as also equally the domestic religion, represented by the person of the domestic chaplain; but this can never be anything more than a something purely local, flowing out of, and sanctioned by, the Divine power, which primarily accredits and sends the religion to all the tribes and people of the entire earth.

This universal mission, then, of the Catholic religion to all the people of the earth being thus clearly understood on all hands, it follows as a consequence that, in whatever country, and among whatever people, this missionary religion is truly present, it will always evince the consciousness of its essentially missionary constitution by being seen to enter largely into missionary undertakings, as various indeed as possible in the circumstances of their rise, growth, aims, and the means at their command of realizing their aims; but all having one and the same end—to gather together, to train and form suitable subjects, in order to their being sent as missionaries up and down the world. The Apostolic Church must be continually at work, sending those who are to perform the service of laborious preachers and teachers of the Catholic religion, under the jurisdiction of the various missionary prelates and superiors having the spiritual care of the territories to which they are destined.

The following brief address of the founder (now Bishop of Salford) of the first Missionary College erected in England, both happily verifies the truth of what we have above urged, as regards England in particular, and furnishes the requisite proof that the recently-established Hierarchy of England fully participates, for its part, in the universal missionary spirit of the Catholic Church, notwithstanding the laborious task it has continually to discharge at home, in labouring to rebuild the social and religious ruins which three centuries of schism and persecution have not failed to accumulate:—

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.—THE BUILDING FUND.

"ON Tuesday, the 29th of June, 1869, being the Feast of S. Peter and S. Paul, on a bright summer's day, a little procession, chanting litanies, closed by the Archbishop of Westminster carrying a relic of S. Peter the Apostle, was seen wending its way through pleasant fields to a rising ground, not very far from the Mill-Hill Railway Station. There it paused; and, after a few words of prayer, the first stone was laid of the first Missionary College in England.

"The work for which we have been pleading for these last few months is, then, fairly begun; but only a small portion of the sum necessary for its completion has yet been raised. . . . . We are the possessors of between 40 and 50 acres of freehold land, on which there is, in every respect, an admirable building site. A certain number of bursas are already founded, so that the permanency of the work may be considered secured. In answer, therefore, to the somewhat selfish objection already alluded to, I would remark that, as to the men, those who have a vocation for the foreign missions would not stay at home; and that, as to the means, the Archbishop has spoken, on three separate occasions, in terms which admit of no reply. 'It is because we have need of men and means at home, that I am convinced we ought to send both men and means abroad.' 'In exact proportion as we freely give what we have freely received, will our works at home prosper, and the zeal and number of our priests be multiplied.' And again, another person speaks: 'This is the test and the measure of Catholic life amongst us. The missionary spirit is the condition of growth; and if the faith is to be extended at home, it must be by our aiding to carry it abroad. To say that we are overwhelmed with local claims and with home wants, and that the money expended for the Foreign Missionary College had better be spent on the spiritual destitution at our own doors, is the most shallow and the most miserable of delusions.' Let me ask, then, are there none among those who read this burning appeal with zeal for the salvation of 200,000,000 of heathens subject to the British flag, for the 600,000,000 or 900,000,000 of heathens and infidels who are said to people the largest portion of the globe? Are there none who will take up the cause of the most miserable and neglected beings upon the earth, make it their own, and fly with generous alms to their assistance? It is certain that whatever you may do for this Foreign Missionary College will return upon you and upon your country with interest, fifty, aye, a hundredfold. The very gold and silver that you give, the generosity, the zeal, the pure and disinterested love with which you give them, will return to you, be

sure of it, with the certainty of a Divine law of grace and charity, in an outpouring flood of gifts and graces upon yourselves, your homes, and the country which has reared you.

"HERBERT VAUGHAN,
"S. Joseph's College, Mill Hill,
"Hendon, London, N.W.

"July 15, 1869."

The rise and growth of the College of S. Joseph for Foreign Missions may be in part related in the following eloquent words of Lady Herbert, of Lea:—

"A man of middle age is passing quickly under the doorway of the English College in Rome. His countenance is troubled; he returns with an air of absent courtesy the demonstrations of respect with which he is met as he threads his way through the tortuous streets leading to the Via dei Pettinari. Doubts and difficulties have assailed him; and he is going to seek their solution at the feet of one whom all Rome looks upon as a saint —the venerable Padre Palotta. What passed between those chosen souls is known but to God. But one thing has been revealed to us—the answer given to the perplexities which so greatly disturbed the inward peace of the questioner. He was told that trials and temptations of this kind would be his portion until such time as he was enabled in England to start a Foreign Missionary College; that for this object he was unceasingly to hope and pray; that the plan would encounter endless opposition—an opposition bearing on its surface an appearance of truth and wisdom, or, at any rate, of common sense; that years would elapse before he would be permitted to see the commencement of the work; but that he was neither to lose heart, nor cease from besieging heaven for its accomplishment.

"A few years later, in a little county of South Wales, a man still young, destined to fill a high position in the world, and possessed of all those qualities which made that position an enviable one, suddenly resolved to quit all, and become a humble follower of Him whom alone he loved and wished to serve. From the hour he became a priest, one only thought filled his mind—the desire to preach the Gospel to the heathen, and to found a seminary for the training of Missionary Priests. His love of Missions sprang out of that spirit of piety which made him look on souls as images of God, bearing the fair stamp of His likeness, and redeemed by the blood of His Son; and these thoughts filled him with a sensible grief at their ruin, and a burning desire for their salvation. But these thoughts met with no encouragement from his superiors. One and all represented to him that the present state of England was such that no funds could possibly be obtained for extraneous works; that the crying evil throughout the land was the lack of priests; and that, in fact, 'London must be his Japan.' Still, he was not convinced. He replied, humbly but confidently, that Rome was not converted in S. Paul's time; but yet that that Apostle left it to preach to the Gentiles, and to the heathen world outside. He pleaded the millions of British subjects who were perishing from want of knowledge; that Catholic France was sowing the seed and watering the ground with the blood of her martyrs, while England stood by, or left the work to men out of the Church's unity, and therefore deprived of guide or compass. He admitted that the calls on English Catholics were heavy, and at times almost overwhelming; but that, in the words applied by the

Holy Father himself to the project, 'Oportet unum facere, et aliud non omittere.'

"And so years passed by—years of waiting and preparation for the work which it appeared that God had given him to do—years when hope alternated with despondency, and at times almost with despair; yet the one wish of his heart gaining day by day in strength and importance, and assuming at last a definite form and purpose. In vain he tried to believe the idea was a delusion; in vain he endeavoured to put the subject from him. The first three petitions in the Lord's Prayer—'Sanctificetur nomen tuum; adveniat regnum tuum; fiat voluntas tua'—were perpetually recurring to his mind; and, in spite of the suffering and trial which he foresaw would be inseparable from such a work, he had no peace or rest when he left it alone. At last he summoned courage to open his mind to him who, at that time, was the supreme authority in England; the very man who, twenty-five years before, on the eve of his episcopal consecration, had sought the fatherly counsel of the venerable servant of God, Padre Palotta. The result may be imagined. Cardinal Wiseman (for he it was of whom we speak) looked upon the man before him as the instrument whom God had placed in his hands to carry out the work which had been the object of his ceaseless prayers. From that moment the conflict which had so long been permitted to assail him vanished—a fresh confirmation, as it seemed, of the manifest will of God in the matter.* It remained, now, but to decide on the best means of carrying out the work. To obtain sufficient funds in England was at that moment simply impossible. Catholics of the rich middle class are few amongst us, and we have comparatively none of those merchant-princes who are the mainstay of the noble charitable institutions with which our country abound. Our co-religionists may, in fact, be very fairly described as consisting simply of poor and poor rich—*i.e.*, those who, even when not mulcted by the operation of the penal laws of past ages, are yet so drained by the incessant calls made upon them for the maintenance of the innumerable churches, schools, and religious houses which, thank God, are springing up throughout the land, that they have

* The following extract from the reply of Cardinal Wiseman, dated London, July 18th, 1863, throws an instructive light on the providential chain of circumstances which have conspired together to bring about the realization of the plan:—"I informed you that many years ago, when on the eve of receiving Episcopal Consecration, one who has since obtained the title of '*Servant of God*' in the Church, in remarkable terms urged me to labour for the formation of a College in England for that very purpose. The desire of seeing this carried out never passed out of my mind; but I had seen no means of attempting its commencement till your proposal to devote yourself to it seemed to me to open a way to the fulfilment of my hopes. Hence you appeared almost surprised at the willing and ready encouragement which you received from me. I record these preliminaries in order that those whose assistance you may require in following out your proposed plan may know that it is one not wholly devised by you, and acceded to by me from personal kindness or from over-eager zeal, but that, so far as time for mature consideration goes, it is an old and often meditated idea, suggested, or even pressed on me, by a higher and holier mind than yours and mine. This common thought is what you now wish to have my sanction in endeavouring to carry out. How could I refuse it, or feel cold in granting it?"

little left for extraneous works. It was therefore decided that assistance should be sought for abroad, the approbation being first obtained of him whose apostolical benediction is ever ready to accompany works undertaken for the love and honour of Our Lord. The Cardinal accordingly sent his ardent missioner to Rome, where he received not only every kindness and encouragement from the Holy Father, but a special blessing on all co-operators in the work; while fresh strength and hope were imparted to him who knelt before him by the words: 'Et ego mitte te, et Dominus perficiat opus tuum.'* (*'I too send thee, and may the Lord perfect thy work.'*)

"Full of confidence and joy at the blessing and approval thus obtained, Dr. Herbert Vaughan started for South America, there to beg painfully from door to door the means to accomplish his life's purpose. Arrived at Panama, he found the people dying by hundreds of fever and small-pox, their souls untended and uncared for; the President having banished the priests who would not take the oath to the new constitution, and the administration of the Sacraments being reckoned a criminal offence.

"Pausing in his missionary career, and nothing daunted either by the fear of infection, or by the threats held out to him by the authorities, this zealous pastor of souls stayed among them, baptising, visiting the sick, and administering to the dying the last rites of the Church. Dragged before the courts, and convicted of this infraction of the law, he was released only on heavy bail, and with difficulty escaped out of their hands. Pursuing his way to San Francisco, he began his arduous and uncongenial labours, and at first with no encouragement whatever. Although his health had always been delicate, he never spared himself in the least, labouring unceasingly despite the trying nature of the climate, to promote the two ends he had in view—God's glory, and the salvation of souls. Fervour of spirit made up for feebleness of body, and so bore him onwards and upwards that he seemed insensible to suffering and fatigue. His only resource was in prayer; he went to all the convents and religious houses he could find, to ask for and obtain novenas for his object. The result was as supernatural as had been the whole origin and progress of the work. When all hearts seemed cold, and all hope over, large and unexpected sums poured in, and in many cases from unknown donors: and the same occurred throughout his weary two years' pilgrimage in South America. In some dioceses, the Bishops refused their consent to his preaching or begging in any town under their jurisdiction, alleging their own ecclesiastical wants as an excuse. But God, who holds in His hand the hearts of men, would not suffer His faithful servant to labour in vain: money was forthcoming on all sides; and he realised the fulfilment of the promise: 'According to your faith, so it shall be done unto you.'

* At a later date (November 9, 1869), His Holiness not only accorded the fulness of his Apostolic Benediction to all who should take part in this work, but also wrote with his own hands words which may be rendered as follows:—"Do indeed your works of charity at home, but do not neglect the other work of charity in favour of the Foreign Missions.—*Oportet unum facere et aliud non omittere.*—May the blessing of God descend upon those, who, with the Divine assistance, illumine the blind who sit in the darkness of infidelity," &c.

"In the midst of this ceaseless travel and toil by land and sea, events occurred in England which changed Dr. Vaughan's plans. The good Cardinal died; and he was recalled home by the orders of his successor in the archiepiscopal chair."

SUBSEQUENT PROGRESS OF THE WORK.

If the task of collecting funds was trying to patience, the first beginnings of the work were not less so. The founder of the college had to remain for some considerable time in the building which had been purchased for a commencement, with only a single pupil, cheerfully performing all the humblest duties of the institution, with the settled conviction, however, that God would be sure to bless and give increase to his work. In this he was not disappointed, for before long several students joined themselves to him.

The sacred congregation of the Propaganda has now also finally assigned to the College the mission to the negroes of North America, pending the time when it may be in a condition to undertake to send missionaries to the negroes in their own country of Africa, or to the natives of Australia.

In the course of the month of November, 1871, the first departure of missionaries took place to Baltimore. They were accompanied by Dr. Vaughan in person, and were received with open arms in the diocese of Baltimore, all the necessary facilities being freely given to them for prosecuting the work of their mission. The good effect produced may be best gathered from the following passage, found in the report of the Freedman's Aid Society for 1872:—

"The Catholics have inaugurated a movement in behalf of 4,000,000 of freedmen. A superintendent and four missionaries from England have entered upon the work: forty more will soon follow; and these are soon to be reinforced by 400. This is the most formidable movement inaugurated *against the welfare* of our country by Rome during the present century, and the condition of the freedmen will render them an easy prey to the wily priests.

"There is no agency so well adapted to confront this foe as the Freedman's Aid Society. Give it the necessary funds for its work, and, in connection with other Protestant societies, it will *save the South from the triumph of Romanism*, and pre-empt it for all coming time for Christian free institutions."

This beginning, thus happily made, was destined to experience a sad check, by the death of the Superior, who soon afterwards died of typhus fever, a martyr to his zeal in behalf of the poor negroes. The founder of the college, also, Dr. Herbert Vaughan, was called by the Holy Father to the

burden of the Episcopate, having been appointed to the see of Salford, in Lancashire. This dignity, however, was not to separate him from his work, as he was also created, at the same time, Superior General of S. Joseph's Congregation of the Sacred Heart for the Foreign Mission.

Our readers may gain an interesting glimpse into the manner in which the Holy See proceeds, in order to direct and sustain the work which has now been inaugurated in the College of S. Joseph, by glancing at the following rules, which have been given to it, and on which it is formed:—

(1). The college is under the absolute jurisdiction of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, for the work of evangelizing unbelievers outside the limits of Europe; and the missionaries quit Europe, never more to return to it, except they are recalled by their superiors.

(2). Each member is bound by the vow of obedience to the superior of the house where he is placed, and he is promoted to Holy Orders on the title of "Mission to the Heathen," by an express license from the Pope.

(3). The missionaries who are sent to the negroes make the following vow:—"In order to the procuring more abundant fruit, I promise and vow that I will show myself the father and servant of the black men, and that I will never undertake anything whereby I may be in any way whatsoever exposed to the danger of neglecting or abandoning the particular care of the blacks.

(4). Missionaries must always go not less than two and two together.

(5). The college admits as members priests, to be employed as professors, and for the service of the house.

How great is the field of missionary labour which is now thrown open to the missionaries whom the college may be able to send out, may be learned from the following extract from a letter written to Dr. Vaughan by the Archbishop of New Orleans:—

"I shall be happy to see you devoting yourself to the Catholic education of our coloured population. I have done what I could for this portion of my flock, which has always been dear to me. But success has not corresponded with our desires and our exertions, for several reasons; but mainly from want of help from our Catholic brethren of the Northern States. While the Protestants of the North are continually sending large sums of money for Protestant schools, and Protestant churches, for the coloured population of the South, Catholics have done nothing. And yet our state has been so deeply ruined, and we are so much involved in debt, that we

can do almost nothing, unless we be helped. If you can arouse our Catholic brethren of the North to generous and substantial dispositions towards our Catholic coloured population, you will have rendered a great service to the country at large."

The negroes of the United States are about five millions in number, of whom about three millions are to be classed as entirely illiterate. Of these a large number still cling to Voodooism, or the horrible fetisch worship which they brought with them from their native Africa, while others have learned an imperfect and a fragmentary knowledge of Christianity from the various sects with which America abounds.

Here is, indeed, a missionary harvest to be reaped and gathered in, and one, it would seem, of great promise. The Bishop of Mobile writes :—

"As the delirium of their suddenly acquired freedom is fast passing away from the coloured people, leaving them in cooler and better dispositions to hear the words of eternal life, no more favourable time to begin their conversion could, in God's good providence, be afforded than the present."

In promoting this good work all our readers may take their part by sending their names, accompanied with an offering, to the Rev. Superior of S. Joseph's College for Foreign Missions, asking to be enrolled as members of S. Joseph's Society of the Sacred Heart for Foreign Missions.

No. II.—THE WIDOW PALMA, OF ORIA IN THE SOUTH OF NAPLES.

An Abridged Narrative of the Personal Visit of Dr. Imbert Gourbeyre.

Oria is about five or six chilometres (ten miles) from Francavilla, and the road is both beautiful and well macadamized. The Canon Vincenzo de Angelis had been made aware of my coming by a letter of Fr. Seraphin, and I was received with the greatest kindness. He is an old man with silver-white hair, and I had the honour of dining with him.

In the afternoon we went together to pay a visit to the Rev. Fr. de Pace, Superior of the Minor Conventuals of Oria, as it was particularly important that I should see him, owing to his

being for the moment the principal director of Palma. He was 66 years old, and had lived in Oria since the year 1827. As I wished to see Palma before it grew dark, I signified my desire to Fr. de Pace, and on quitting his cell I observed him turn himself in the direction of the widow's abode and give her his benediction. What was to be the effect of this benediction, given at the distance of a mile or more, remains among the many marvels of which I can give you no explanation.

Palma occupies a lodging in the house of a citizen of the town—one Signor Federico Marzella. The house is situated in a confined place on the slope of a hill, and the ascent to it is up a number of steps. Having reached the platform, we found ourselves in face of a door which opens into a room with two beds. It is here that Palma has had her lodging for nineteen years, probably ever since she became a widow. This modest little apartment forms part of a large house, the principal door of which opens upon the same platform. It is now eleven years since this house has been bought by Signor Marzella. Palma passes her days here; she has her Oratory in it and the use of some other rooms, to which she is often removed to spend days and nights. Marzella's family have received her with the greatest delight. It consists of the father, mother, and an only daughter, Antonietta, of whom I shall hereafter have occasion to say more.

On our arrival, we were introduced into the house of Signor Federico, and ushered into a large room in which were several women seated round close to the walls; among them was Palma, without my knowing her. We then passed into the Oratory, where, by-and-by, they carried her in an arm-chair. For many years she has been totally unable to walk, in consequence of her sufferings. From time to time, indeed, she is able to walk a few steps, leaning on a crutch. In her youth she was very strong and active. She is now a little emaciated woman, with a hump back. Her dark eyes are very expressive, and rather sunken under deeply arched eyebrows. They are full of fire, and her face is remarkably intelligent. After the usual ceremonious preliminaries, our conversation turned upon Louise Lateau, the Canon de Angelis serving me as interpreter. Palma knows her sister estatica only as "Louise," and says that she is animated by a good spirit, but that she suffers many rude assaults from the devil.

Whilst this conversation was going on, I was to be witness of her miraculous communion. I was at the moment turned round,

speaking on the subject of bilocation to the canon, when I felt a tap on the shoulder from the hand of Palma. At the same moment Canon de Angelis threw himself on his knees. I turned round towards Palma, and saw her with her eyes shut, her hands joined together, her mouth open, and on her tongue the sacred host. I immediately dropped down on my knees, making an act of adoration, and fixing my eyes upon her. Palma put out her tongue, as if she wished me to see the sacred host as distinctly as possible, after which she swallowed it, and remained in a state of profound recollection in her chair. It might have been about half-past four o'clock in the afternoon; the light was on the wane, and the Oratory was imperfectly lighted by a small window, rather high up. The miraculous host appeared to me of the colour of white wax, and rather thick. Considering that twilight had set in, and the very short time that this miraculous communion lasted, I had no means of ascertaining whether the host bore the impress of the customary stamps.

Canon de Angelis invited me to retire into the antechamber, to leave Palma free to make her thanksgiving. We were not there more than a few minutes, when we heard Palma call for Antonietta, the daughter of Signor Marzella, who ran in to her, and soon returned, requesting us to come in. The marks of the stigmata had begun to show themselves on Palma. I saw a long mark of blood trickle down her forehead between the nose and the cheek, which presently began to drop rather briskly. Antonietta brought a white linen handkerchief, Palma held it for a few instants at her nose. The flow of blood continued for barely two minutes and then ceased abruptly. I touched and smelt the blood whilst it was flowing, and certify that it possesses the usual ordinary temperature and smell. I took the handkerchief and examined it. In addition to numerous round spots of blood, I noticed others that had an emblematic form, such as that of a heart, from whence proceeded rays or flames. All this appeared extremely singular. I had often in my lifetime seen people bleeding at the nose, but never before an instance of such bleeding as in the present case.

After this incident, Palma appeared to continue absorbed in her thanksgiving, and at the expiration of some minutes, she rubbed her hands, made the sign of the cross, and resumed quite naturally her conversation. I was allowed to examine her forehead, from which I had seen the blood flow, and I

found the skin perfectly intact and not exhibiting the slightest sign of injury.

The time was come for taking our leave, and I asked permission to return the following day; Palma consented, but begged me to come with the Sister Superioress of the hospital, who is a French lady, that we might be able to converse more at our ease. I took my departure very greatly affected. In the space of but a few minutes, I had seen three different miracles: (1) *the miraculous communion*; (2) *the blood of the stigmata*; (3) *the emblematic blood stains.* An hour previous I had seen at the house of Canon de Pace, the emblematic marks of flames, and the singular liquid which produces a deposit in the form of hosts. I had reason to think myself fairly transported into fairyland.

On my return to the house of the Canon, I found there an Italian Monsignor of the town of Lecca, accompanied by three young ladies, his nieces, who looked at me with no little curiosity and sympathy. Monsignor was in a great state of enthusiasm; he had seen the evening before, together with his nieces, the miraculous communion, and we interchanged on this subject several shakes of the hand. I begged him to give me in writing an account of what it was that he had seen, and his story greatly abridged runs in substance as follows:—

"My niece Gaetanina de Giorgio, in the year 1865, lay in an extreme state of sickness from a complaint pronounced by two medical professors of Lecca, Signor Guiseppe Leone, and Signor Luigi Vocoli, to be 'tubercles,' which could be cured in no other way except by a miracle. We therefore set ourselves to the task of asking the grace of a miraculous cure, having recourse in addition to our own prayers to the prayers and intercession of Palma. My niece received the grace of being cured miraculously, and we went according to a vow we had made to Oria, on the 23rd of October, 1871, to attend a solemn mass of thanksgiving which we had caused to be offered. The evening of the same day we went to the house of Palma, and when there, suddenly we saw a bright light in Palma's room, and heard a voice distinctly saying, 'Jesus Christ is coming.' Palma was striking her breast, and we saw the sacred host move in the air round the lips of Palma. We immediately fell on our knees asking the pardon of our sins, and saw the sacred host three several times on the tongue of Palma, who after having at last received it remained for a long time with her hands crossed on her breast. She told us afterwards that she had obtained a great grace for us, and that we ought to turn it to good account, for all priests came from the wounded side of Jesus, but only a few re-entered it through want of thought and caprice."

AN EXAMPLE OF THE JUSTICE OF GOD IN THE FIRST FRENCH REVOLUTION.

"In fact," replied the Royalist, "that is the name she is known by (the Child of Vengeance). She is the terror of the country. I have often come across her when I have been out late, on the high roads, and the very thought of her makes me feel queer, the same as it does to you. I have ascertained who she is."

"Oh, then, tell us her history," was the general cry.

We all immediately came round the table, the women left their work, the deepest silence prevailed in the room, and the Vendean told us the story which I am going to repeat to you, word for word, as I heard him relate it.

"A family of *patands** lives in these parts. I shall take good care not to say whether at two or twenty miles' distance from hence, whether east or west, on the hill side, or in the valley; a good man may be safely pointed out, that he may be imitated; but of the bad man we had best say nothing, for fear of stirring up his malice. Let us leave the work of finding him out and punishing him to God and public justice. It should be enough for us if we can sufficiently abhor his crime.

"This family consisted of the husband, the wife, and a son. They did not think themselves sufficiently safe in the new property, of which they had just acquired possession. The vicinity of our soldiers inspired them with fear, and they moved off to Nantes, to increase the number of families which sought an asylum there. Every now and then the wife quitted the town, and came in disguise to visit their new property. In these excursions she used to act the spy against the Royalists, who trusted themselves at a distance from the army; and, with a cruel cunning, she managed to discover a considerable number of refugees, who were hiding themselves, of whom, without delay, she gave information to the Committee of Public Safety. It is said, also, that more than once she was instrumental in the seizure of Vendean women.

"Whilst she was at Nantes it was her greatest delight—in short, her daily delight—to go and pass her mornings on the Place du Bouffay. From the first hour of daybreak she used

* A local term of reproach, the precise meaning of which it is not easy to ascertain.

to send money to secure herself a place, which she would not quit until the executioner, tired out, had quitted his fatal instrument to take his rest.

"This woman (I blush to give her the name of woman) continued to feast herself with these bloody spectacles, and she, too, in a state of pregnancy.

"Our executioners were very few days without furnishing her with her pleasure; and during the whole of her pregnancy she never failed to come with her work to her accustomed post. She watched with the greatest satisfaction all the preliminaries of the execution, and took a pleasure in insulting the victims to the very foot of the scaffold, and whenever they came to utter their last cry of agony, this was her moment for exhibiting the most infernal delight. She then rose up, and, her eyes glancing like those of the tiger about to seize its prey, she appeared wild with delirium, loudly crying out, '*Death, death to the aristocrats!*'

"But God repaid her her deserts. She gave birth to a child, this 'child of vengeance.' This was the monster that you saw—this very same girl, as hideous as the soul of her mother, and as horrible as the memory of sin. An idiot from her childhood, she has never been able to learn anything useful; she knows nothing except the cry of the murdered; this she learnt at her mother's breast, and a frightful impulse makes her continually repeat it at every hour of the day. When her parents want to forget the past, and invite their friends together for sociability, this 'child of vengeance' is there, like some incarnate fiend, to spoil all their enjoyment with her frightful cry. Day and night, at meals, and during rest, they are condemned to hear it; and, beat and maltreat her as they will, nothing they can do stops her from uttering the cry. She does not dare to run away to avoid their blows, for she knows how much she is a general object of horror: so she passes the day in some obscure corner of the house, and it is only by night that she ventures outside the limits of her wretched home.

"This 'child of vengeance' had a brother, who was born before the Revolution, and who, when he was of age to pass the ordeal of conscription, asked his father to purchase a substitute. This the father could easily have done, as he was quite well enough to do in the world. He had come into his property without working for it, but was not inclined to make the least sacrifice of it. He thought, in short, far more of his

money than of his son; so, as it happened to the young man to be drawn as a soldier, he was obliged to march. After being in several compaigns that were without success, he came back, worn out with fatigue, want, and vicious excesses, to die in his father's house.

"One evening, as his father was standing before the door, he saw a man advancing towards him, dragging himself along, apparently in pain, to whom he cried, 'Stranger, pass on your way; beggars get nothing here.'

"'I know that very well,' said the man, at the same time coming still nearer.

"The woman coming downstairs at this moment, cried, in an angry tone, 'What does the beggar want here?' The stranger continued still to come nearer, saying, 'Do you not know me, your son?' 'Why, we thought you were dead,' said the father, coolly, and the mother joined in, 'So you have leave of absence, then; for how long, pray?' 'For good and all,' said the son. 'Impossible,' said the father; 'we are become poor: we shall never be able to keep you.' 'Oh, well,' said the son, 'you will not have to keep me; you will only have to send me to the cemetery. I am not come to live with you; I am only come to die. Mother, I am thirsty.'

"The mother called the daughter, who did not recognize her brother.

"At the end of some days, the soldier felt himself growing worse, and knew that he must be near death. His parents had never spoken to him of God. He called them near him, and said, 'I have wished you to witness my death, for it is you who have killed me. For the sake of a bit of gold, you left me to the mercy of a soldier's life; and what sort of counsels did you give me to keep out of the ways of vice? No; you were glad enough to drive me away from home, that you might have one child the less to provide for. Well, this child comes back to you now, not to die the more peaceably in his home, but to be a burden to you. You, mother, have often taken your delight in seeing blood shed, and there is my sister to keep you continually in mind of the cry of the executed. And as for you, father, I have wished to have you kept in mind also, and my grave will be close by you, to make you understand that you sacrificed your son for a few pieces of silver.'

"Whilst he was talking in this strain, the guilty pair stood upright, not trusting themselves to say a word. The sick

man moved about restlessly to and fro, and, from time to time, cried out, 'Is there, then, a God after all?' His parents remained speechless. 'A priest! a priest!' cried the dying man; 'bring me a priest!' Hereupon the father said to the mother, 'Come away, wife; you see now plainly that he is raving!' They both went out, and when they came back they found their daughter seated on the bed of her brother—she was singing, and he was dead."

Letters from La Vendée

MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.

During the month of May, a sermon on duty to parents was preached in the University Church, at Vienna. The preacher, a Jesuit, gave the following anecdote of the Prince of Wales: —"In his recent visit to the Vienna Exhibition, where he became more popular than any of the other royal visitors, he was invited to attend some races which took place on the Sunday. He declined; and, on great pressure being put upon him, candidly owned that he would not go, because it would displease the Queen, his mother. He said he had on one occasion attended such Sunday amusements, and that she had *so put it to his heart*, using the German idiom, that he was determined never again to grieve her in such a manner. This incident caused the Prince to win golden opinions in Vienna.

From Maxims and Examples of the Saints.—If, when thou recitest the holy office, or any other vocal prayer, thou art more intent on the majesty and holiness of Him to whom thou speakest, than on the sense of the words thou utterest, thou dost well, and thou prayest both mentally and vocally at the same time, which will greatly benefit thy soul. But if thou attendest not to whom thou speakest, nor yet to what thou sayest, be very sure that, however much thy lips may move, thou prayest not at all (S. Teresa). Now it happened that a holy bishop was in church, in profound recollection before God, and he saw in spirit an angel gathering up the tears of a poor woman, who was praying in a retired corner of the

church, and presenting them before the Lord in the heavenly court. At this heavenly vision, the bishop felt his soul melt within him, and when he saw the poor woman leave the church, he followed her to the door, and asked her how she had been entertaining herself with God. "Most holy father," she replied, "I have been reciting the Lord's Prayer, the Angelical Salutation, and the Creed."

CURRENT EVENTS.

PAPAL AUDIENCES.—On the 17th of July the Holy Father gave audience to the President and Secretaries of the Confederated Catholic Societies, who came to present their congratulations to his Holiness on the twenty-eighth anniversary of his glorious coronation. The address was read by the Cavaliere Paolo Menacci, President in rotation of the Confederation. In reply, the Holy Father spoke as follows:—"Yes, it is true, as you have said, that hell is let loose against us; but, nevertheless, I shall conquer. *Io vincero.* I shall conquer, not by my virtue, but through the intercession of Mary most holy, and through you, who are—I say it with the Apostle—*Gaudium meum et corona mea.* Let us, then, combat fearlessly the hostile powers. Their arms cannot resist very long, because they are fighting for falsehood and iniquity. We uphold truth and justice. God does not yet vouchsafe to grant our prayers. Be it so. Yet remember, He did not hear the Centurion's prayer at once. He did not instantly grant the petition of the woman who besought Him to come and heal her daughter. And yet, when Jesus told her that it was not good to take the children's bread and cast it to the dogs, the humble and courageous woman replied: 'Yet, Lord, the dogs gather up the crumbs which fall under the master's table.' Jesus then, as if struck with admiration, took up her words, so full of faith, and inspired by the Spirit of God, by which the woman was actuated; and, although He had just before said to the Centurion, *Non inveni tantam fidem in Israel,* He exclaimed to the woman, *O mulier, magna est fides tua;* and He granted her prayer. We also, being full of faith, have confidence. Let us not allow this faith to grow weak. It is admirably

symbolized by the fish which remains quiet amidst the billows of the sea in a storm; it does not sink in the midst of trials and persecutions. Full of faith, let us wait and pray; let us ask of God perseveringly to grant us peace—peace for yourselves and for me; peace for so many millions of souls scattered over the world. Let us ask that peace for the Church and for society may come with the victory of truth and of justice." The Holy Father then gave his blessing in the accustomed form.

ALLOCUTION OF OUR MOST HOLY LORD PIUS IX., BY DIVINE PROVIDENCE POPE.—Venerable Brethren: When we addressed you at the end of last year, we said that we should perhaps have to speak again concerning the vexations of the Church, that are becoming daily more and more violent. And now our duty does call upon us to do so: for the work of iniquity then spoken of has been, for the present, consummated, and we seem to hear sounding in our ears the voice of Him who said, "Cry aloud." As soon as we learned that there was to be proposed to the Legislative Assembly a law by which—as has already been done in the rest of Italy—the religious establishments were to be suppressed, and ecclesiastical property put up to public auction, we, execrating the impious crime, denounced every provision of that nefarious law; and we declared null and void every acquisition whatsoever of the spoliated property; and we reminded men of the censures *ipso facto* incurred by the authors and abettors of such laws. But now that law, although not only condemned by the Church as repugnant to her law, and to the law of God, but also publicly reprobated even by legal science as opposed to every natural and human law, and therefore in its own nature null and void, has nevertheless been adopted by the votes both of the Legislative Assembly and of the Senate; and lastly has received the Royal sanction. Venerable brethren, we do not now intend to reiterate concerning the impiety, malice, evil intent, and enormous mischief of the proposed law, those statements which we have already made at great length, in order that we might deter the conductors of public affairs from their wicked attempt. But we are nevertheless constrained by our duty of vindicating the Church's rights, by our anxiety to warn the rash, and by our love even for the guilty, to lift up our voice and proclaim to all those who have dared to propose, to approve and to sanction the aforesaid

most iniquitous law, and all its enactors, abettors, consultors, adherents, and executors, and also the purchasers of ecclesiastical property, that not only is every act of theirs in this affair null and void, but that they all, and every one of them, lie under the sentence of the Major Excommunication, and other the censures and ecclesiastical penalties according to the sacred Canons, the Apostolical Constitutions, and those of the General Councils, and especially that of Trent, and are incurring the severest vengeance of Almighty God, and are in open peril of eternal damnation. Meanwhile, venerable brethren, whilst the aids necessary to our supreme ministry are daily more and more withdrawn, whilst injuries are heaped on injuries to sacred things and persons, whilst the home and foreign persecutors of the Church seem to unite their efforts and rally their forces to crush out every exercise of ecclesiastical jurisdiction; and especially to prevent the free election of him who is to sit as the Vicar of Christ in Saint Peter's Chair—what recourse have we but more earnestly to fly to Him, who is rich in mercy, and who does not desert His servants in time of tribulation? And in truth the mighty working of Divine Providence is manifestly shown in the perfect union of all the bishops with the Holy See, and in their very noble firmness against unjust laws and the usurpation of sacred rights; in the very earnest devotion of the entire Catholic household to this centre of unity; and in that lifegiving spirit, by which faith and charity are strengthened and enlarged in Christians, and everywhere exert themselves in works worthy of the best ages of the Church. Let us, therefore, strive to hasten the wished-for season of mercy; let us one and all, throughout the whole world, endeavour to do holy violence to our God. Let all the bishops stir up thereto the parish priests; let all the parish priests stir up each his own people, and let all kneel before the altars, and, bowing low, cry to God, "Come, O Lord, come; do not delay; forgive the sins of Thy people; behold our desolation. Not in our own justification do we offer up our prayers before Thy face, but trusting in Thy manifold mercies. Stir up Thy power and come; show us Thy face and we shall be saved." And albeit conscious of our own unworthiness, yet let us not shrink from approaching with confidence the Throne of mercy. That mercy let us implore, through all the saints in heaven, and especially through the holy Apostles, through the most pure Spouse, the Mother of God, and,

above all, through the Immaculate Virgin, whose prayers to her Son have, in some sense, the nature of a command. But first let us earnestly endeavour to cleanse our conscience from dead works; because "the eyes of the Lord are over the just, and His ears are upon their prayers." And, to the end that this may be done more carefully and more fully, we do by our apostolic authority grant to all the faithful, who, having duly confessed and communicated, shall pray earnestly thus for the necessities of the Church, a Plenary Indulgence, to be gained once, and applicable as a suffrage to the faithful departed, for the day which the ordinary in each diocese shall appoint. So, then, venerable brethren, however innumerable and heavy may be the tempests of persecutions and tribulations which lower upon us, let not our courage therefore fail; but let us put our trust in Him who permits not those that hope in Himself to be confounded. The promise is the promise of God, and it cannot pass away: "Forasmuch as he hath hoped in Me, I will deliver him."—*Delivered before the Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church in the Palace of the Vatican, July 25th*, 1873.

PILGRIMAGE FROM LONDON TO PARAY-LE-MONIAL.—A pilgrimage has been organized in England, to leave London, by way of Paris, to "Paray-le-Monial," a little town in Burgundy, where is the shrine of the blessed Marguerite Alacoque, and the house where she received the vision revealing to her the devotion to the "Sacred Heart of Our Lord." The public devotions at the shrine are fixed for Thursday, September the 4th. It will be of the nature of a national pilgrimage for France, and is consequently sure to attract an overflowing multitude of devout French people, who will resort to the shrine to pray for mercy for their country. Even in this partial respect, it may reasonably attract the devout people of other nations. For while the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Our Lord is the common Christian inheritance of all the Christian people, and all people alike may flock to the shrine to do honour to the Sacred Heart, all Christian people may also most reasonably unite in charity with the French people in praying for the good estate of their country. For, as France forms so large a part of the civilized world, all the world must suffer from its afflictions as well as benefit by its good estate. This pilgrimage has just received from the Archbishop and Bishops of England the most solemn sanction they could

accord to it, for, assembled in synod at S. Edmund's College, they have unitedly addressed the following important letter to those who are engaged in its organisation, and who intend taking part in it:—

To His Grace the Duke of Norfolk and others of the Faithful, the Archbishop and Bishops of England in Synod assembled.

HEALTH AND BENEDICTION IN THE LORD.

As soon as it became known to us, dearly beloved Son, that, with a numerous and distinguished company of the faithful of our country, you had resolved in honour of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to make a pilgrimage of devotion to the relics of Blessed Margaret Mary at Paray-le-Monial, we rejoiced with our whole heart, for it seemed unworthy of the faith of our country that the name and piety of England should be unrepresented in that wonderful concourse of the faithful, by which, in many sanctuaries of France, a resplendent testimony is now being given against the unbelief and wickedness of the world. In the cruel war which we see daily and everywhere breaking out, not only against the Church of God, but also against the civil life of men, against the truths of the natural order and the instinctive laws of morality, the only safe defence of mankind is to be found in the Most Sacred Heart of our Redeemer. When the flood of Divine wrath, which is now threatening the world, shall have come, he that shall be found in this ark shall be saved, he that shall be found out of it shall perish. The kingdoms also and the nations which, with an obstinate audacity, have long refused to serve God and His Christ shall, as the Holy Spirit has foretold, be destroyed by mutual slaughter, and by a just judgment be soon scattered like smoke before the face of the Lord. Go, then, dearly beloved Son, you and your companions, and in the sight of this world, which knows not how to pray, make supplication to the most Loving Heart of Jesus. Pray for our Pontiff Pius; for the whole Church throughout the world; for the Bishops, and Priests, and the Faithful of Christ, who in Germany and in Switzerland are gloriously striving against the tyranny of unbelievers and the wickedness of destroyers; for the nations once Christian, but which to-day are miserably fallen from the faith; and lastly, pray all of you with earnestness for our beloved England, that from the side of Jesus, which was opened for us with the lance, the fulness of all sanctity and fortitude may flow down upon us. Giving thanks, therefore, to you and your companions for the devout pilgrimage which, also in our name, you are about to undertake, we lovingly and from our hearts bestow our blessing on you: and we earnestly commend you all to the loving charity of our brethren the Bishops of the Catholic Church, and of all the Clergy and Faithful, that in every good service they may be at hand to help you.

Given in the Fourth Provincial Council of Westminster on the 23rd day of July, 1873.

(Signed by the Archbishop of Westminster and all the Bishops of England.)

THE

Monthly Magazine of the Holy Rosary.

NEW SERIES.

No. 15.] OCTOBER. [A.D. 1873.

THE ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF THE HOLY ROSARY,

OR ROSARY SUNDAY IN 1873.

If the barriers of nationality, which have split up the civilized world into so many different fields or gardens, so to speak, of humanity, the cultivation of which has now for some generations gone on very much after the particular national fashion of each, with a very moderate mutual interchange of their respective ideas—are now rapidly on all hands giving way—it is by no means the murderous cause of revolution and disorder that reaps the whole profit. That this evil cause, which is the scourge of God upon the nations of the world, actually benefits most *largely* by the superior facilities which the enemies of law and good order possess of conducting their counsels in common, is unhappily a fact only too apparent before the eyes of all. On the other hand, however, it is not the less true that the plotters of evil have no patent rights in the use of railways and telegraph communications, international postal services, and the like. Nor have they any monopoly of the recent extraordinary extension of international social intercourse through improved tourist arrangements, and, what is more important *still*, of the interchange of national literature.

This year of 1873 has happily inaugurated for the Catholics of our islands what may be hailed with joy as almost a kind of new era in their faith. By the pilgrimage to the shrine of the Sacred Heart, in Paray-le-Monial, of which we are able to give our readers an account from an eye-witness (see p. 412), we are seen to take our place visibly in the great family of the Catholic nations, among whom everywhere the spirit of making pilgrimages to favoured shrines and altars is largely manifesting itself. This is not the time or place, nor is it our purpose here to enter upon the subject of the special benefits for which the religious and time-honoured practice of going upon holy pilgrimages has been instituted and honourably

maintained in the Church; for the present we are content to see in it mainly the first signal happy instance of the popular breaking down of our long-standing insular isolation from the great arena of the Catholic life of the other nations. Great Britain was indeed adequately represented by her various prelates in the recent Œcumenical Senate of the Christian nations, and a vast amount of the spiritual ice and frost of our insular position was then broken up and has doubtless since melted away under the genial influence of that great act of participation in the general interests of Christendom. But this could only be regarded as a beginning. Long accumulations of frost and snow are not wont to yield to the first warmth of the approach of the fine season, and the "glacier of the Alps" can be proof against the summer suns of successive centuries. The example then given by the chief pastors needed to pass on to the whole body of the people, and this has now happily received its first inauguration among the body of our people in the pilgrimage from Great Britain to Paray-le-Monial.

We have, then, fairly now burst through our insular isolation, and we have given our first public pledge that we belong to the great Catholic family of nations, and that we are now free to imbibe the spirit of our brothers and sisters in the faith from out of other nations. Nor ought we to be in the least ashamed in our own persons to confess that coming out of an isolated region of long-existing frosts and snows, there cannot but be much in us that it would be well if it could rapidly melt away at the contact with the genial warmth and bright sparkling air of the more sunny south.

We are somewhat led into this vein of reflection by seeing the preparations which are being made in France for a celebration of the annual great Feast of the Holy Rosary. Here it is not too much to say that we have a great opportunity of benefiting and improving ourselves, if we could imbibe something more of the festive joy and alacrity that is evinced by our neighbours. It would, we are amply convinced, be a very unjust conclusion to assume that there is in our midst any real absence of solid love and attachment to the Holy Rosary and its mysteries. Our love for the Holy Rosary, we have the best grounds for hoping, may in part make up for what it lacks in point of joyful and in festive demonstration, by a greater proportionate depth in its attachment to the Holy Rosary and its mysteries, on the ground of the pro-

found well of doctrine and theology which we do not fail to recognise in them. But we should not the less rejoice if we could see some more encouraging signs of the frost and snow being about to melt, which still hold imprisoned the more joyous and festive demonstrations that our neighbours of France are preparing. We must not, however, seek for too much at once: we must be content to wait patiently for the genial effect of the warmth with which our frost-bound northern spirits are being more and more brought into contact. Therefore, not to anticipate the future as respect ourselves, we, for the present, venture no further than to propose for study the excellent example of our neighbours, in their preparations for the due celebration of the annual Festival of the most Holy Rosary.

The following is extracted from the *Couronne de Marie*, September, 1873:—

"The great solemnity of the Holy Rosary is drawing near, and it is fitting that we should prepare ourselves to celebrate it this year with a splendour worthy of Mary, and a piety proportioned to the extent of the graces for which we are supplicants.

"The Festival of the Rosary will come to crown all the different manifestations of faith and hope which we have had the happiness of witnessing during the last four months. We have prostrated ourselves in the privileged sanctuary of the Sacred Heart; we have poured out our prayers in all the places which have been made holy by apparitions of the Blessed Virgin; we will not forget the Holy Virgin of the Rosary. And has not the *Ave Maria* of the Rosary been the prayer of all the pilgrims, as well those of Paray-le-Monial, as of Lourdes, Fourvieres, and 'La Salette?'

"Mary has heard our prayers. Twice she has smiled upon us. On the 24th of May, Our Lady, help of Christians, set her foot on the revolution, and crushed it when it felt sure of its triumph. On the 5th of August, Our Lady at Nives restored concord to an illustrious family, whose destinies are intimately united to those of France.

"She will complete her work if we, for our part, are ready to continue our prayers, and if the *Ave Maria* does not cease to mount up before her Throne. Our Lady of the Holy Rosary will again deliver society, now, as formerly, threatened with destruction from barbarism. A second battle of Lepanto, gained by the weapons of peace, will give to France the stability for which she sighs, and which will prepare for her a future of prosperity.

"We appeal, then, to the zeal of the priests and to the piety of the faithful, and we entreat them this year to give to the Festival of the Rosary all the solemnity that is possible. It is much to be wished that it could be preceded by suitable preparatory exercises, retreats, or a Triduum, and that every church where the Confraternity of the Rosary is canonically established, should become a place of pilgrimage during the whole of the month.

"The general needs of the Church, and of France in particular, the graces already obtained, the numerous indulgences granted by the Sovereign

Pontiff, are all so many strong motives why our associates should respond to our invitation.

"Let others, then, rely on the resources of their human tactics, so often confounded by the unforeseen acts of Divine Providence, Catholics as we are, we esteem it the far surer course to gain God on our side, and to obtain His all-powerful help by a humble and persevering prayer addressed to the Heart of Mary.

"Br. Edward,
"Of the Order of Friars Preachers."

SONNET ON "THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS."

By GAROFALO.

(In the Borghese Picture Gallery, at Rome.)

WHILE Magdalen is clamorous in her woe,
The Holy Virgin's sorrow moves me more,
As there she sitteth, calmly sad, before
The body of her Son and gazeth so
Upon His pallid countenance, as though
She yet endured the agony she bore
Through that long day, when blenching not—ah, no!
She stood beside the Cross till all was o'er.
O, what a weight of anguish crushed thy heart,
Mother most dear! What depth of agony
Thou sufferedst then, and willingly, for me!
As here, depicted by the painter's art,
Thy tortures, both of frame and mind, I see,
I breathe a silent psalm of praise to thee.

ELLEN FITZ SIMON, *born* O'CONNELL.

No. III.—SACRUM SEPTENARIUM.

How the Blessed Virgin Mother of the Christian Family exemplifies to Her Children the (I.) Gift of the Holy Ghost, the SPIRIT OF THE FEAR OF THE LORD.

The great characteristics in a mother's example, as we have said, are (I.) the sagacity by which she never fails to teach her children that which they most need to learn, and (II.) the discriminating patience with which she is careful always to make her instruction proportionate to their capacities. A mother's teaching is never found to beat the air with idle attempts to anticipate the powers of her children; but, by the happy instinct of which God is the author, she is gifted with the never-failing ability accurately to discern their needs, as well as wisely to gauge their capacities; and to these needs and to these capacities it is that she adapts her instruction.

Ours will now be the pleasant task of observing in what way the example which the Great Mother of the Christian Family sets before her children, graciously moulds itself according to the above-mentioned wise provision of the Divine Creator, regulating what the mother's example to her children ought to be.

In the case of the children of a family, how beautiful soever may have been the example of the mother while she was yet a maiden, this of course can form no part whatever of her children's first early acquaintance with her. Destitute alike of all power of inquiry into, or capacity to reason, as to her previous life, they see in her only their existing protectress and teacher; and it is by their own little daily experience that they easily come to the conviction that it is from her teaching and example that they have most to learn. There is not wanting a certain beautiful analogy to this in the example set to her children by the Great Mother of the Christian Family. What our Great Christian Mother's example was when she was a chosen and elect Virgin in the Temple, we can only know in the way of the loving, innocent belief proper to children—viz., that it must have been to the fullest measure all that it should have been. It was plainly not intended that it should be known to us after the manner of an example that is proposed for near study and imitation. It is only when the title which we have had graciously given to us, whereby to claim her as our Mother, is on the very point of being ratified in the decrees of the Most Holy Trinity, that we have set before

us the definite maternal example on her part, which, as her children, we can derive profit from closely studying.

And what here is particularly deserving our most minute attention is, that, as we have said, quite in conformity with the wise provision of the Divine Creator regulating what the mother's pattern to her children should be, her first known example is found to be one inculcating the very lesson which, as the children of her family, we most of all need to learn, at the same time that it is also the one best suited to our capacities for learning.

This lesson is the "Fear of the Lord." "Come, ye children, unto Me," says the Divine Spirit, "and I will teach you the *Fear of the Lord.*" (Psalm xxxiii. 12.) And the beautiful truth, to the discovery of which we are now come, is that the very first acquaintance which it is given to the children of the Christian Family to make with their Great Mother, is one where her example in the most striking manner inculcates upon them the lesson of the "Fear of the Lord." In her memorable interview with the holy Archangel Gabriel, where her children first come to know what her example really is, she appears before them as one so wholly and entirely possessed by the "Fear of the Lord," so perfectly docile to the holy promptings of this Divine Spirit, as to be found simply immovable by any rival and contrary attraction, simply inaccessible to so much as any thought or consideration that would draw her away from perfect conformity to its precepts and requirements.

But before we proceed to the requisite search into the particulars of the manner in which our Great Mother sets before us her first maternal example of perfect docility to the spirit of the "Fear of the Lord," a previous inquiry will be in place, that we may attain to some assured knowledge of the grounds on which we are entitled to say that her example in this respect is one that teaches the first elementary lesson in religion, which, as children of the Christian family, we most of all need to begin by learning. In other words, we want first of all to know why it is that to be docile to the promptings of the holy spirit of the "Fear of the Lord," is at one and the same time both the most indispensable and also the most elementary lesson that the child of the Christian family needs to learn.

"It is not possible," says the Scripture, "to be justified without fear." (Eccles. i. 28.) Whatever may have been

possible in the state of innocence clothed with sanctifying grace, which Adam and Eve enjoyed by the grace of God previous to their fall, nothing is more certain, than that in our fallen state, there is no possible approach to God which can properly remain without fear. Fallen human nature, in the persons of Adam and Eve, has been brought into contact with God as the Divine Judge of man, and continues to live in this world under the expectation of His future judgment, and under the present effect of His sentence, which imposes during life a time of penal labour liable to abound in continual sorrow and pain, and which, when the time comes, must terminate in the carrying into effect of His sentence—"Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." To fallen human nature, therefore, God cannot be otherwise known than as the "Judge" before whom all flesh must come for judgment, and this knowledge of God must always rightly and justly inspire "fear;" a fear indeed proper to children—that is to say, filial, and not a servile fear, but still "fear," true and real fear.

From the beginning to the end of the Sacred Scriptures, there is but one uniform and unvarying way of speaking of the religion of man to his Maker in his fallen state, and this is as the "Fear of God." Those who have any religion are said to "fear God," and those who are without religion are said to have no fear of God. Thus, when Joseph, not as yet making himself known to his brethren, desires to reassure them that, though he had put them in prison, yet he did not mean to do them any real harm, says, on dismissing them, "*I fear God*, and therefore you shall live." In the same way, when Abraham had desired Sara to conceal their relationship of man and wife, out of fear of Abimelech, he gave as the reason of his perception of danger, "Perhaps there is not the fear of God in this place." (Gen. xx. 11.) The Scripture, describing Job, speaks of him as an upright man, "fearing God;" and even God Himself, in pointing Job out to Satan, says, "Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is not a man like him on the earth—simple, upright, fearing God, and departing from evil?" And in the Book of Psalms, the climax in the description of the wicked is, "There is no fear of God before their eyes." (Psalm xiii. 8.) Cornelius, the centurion, is described by the Evangelist as a religious man, and "fearing God." (Acts x. 2.) And the unjust judge in the city is described by our Lord as "one who did not fear

God." (Luke xviii. 2.) Again, when the penitent thief on the Cross reproached his companion for his railing, he said, "Dost thou not fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation?" And in the Book of Daniel, in like manner, Azarias in the midst of the furnace, having amply confessed the sins of his people, says, "But now we follow Thee with our whole heart, and we *fear Thee.*"

Thus, according to the unvarying tradition of the people of God, the right attitude of the human soul in its fallen state towards God is the "Fear of God." And with this perfectly agree the words of all the great teachers in the Sacred Scriptures. Thus the books of Job, of the Psalms, of the Proverbs, and of Ecclesiasticus, all unite in saying that the "Fear of God" is the beginning of wisdom. (Job. xxviii. 28, Psalm cx. 10, Prov. i. 7, Eccles. i. 16.) "Come ye children, listen to me," says the Psalmist, speaking in the person of the Church, "I will teach you the fear of the Lord." (Psalm xxxiii. 12.) The wise King says the "Fear of the Lord is the fountain of life" (Prov. xiv. 27); and all doctrine is to be summed up in it. "Let us all hear the end of the whole matter. Fear God and keep His commandments, for this is the whole of man." (Eccles. xii. 13.) "There is nothing better," says the son of Sirach, "than the fear of God." (Eccles. xxiii. 37.) "Blessed is the man to whom it has been given to have the fear of God." (Eccles. xxv. 15.) "The fear of the Lord is, as it were, a paradise of benedictions." (Eccles. xl. 28.) And that which is the doctrine of the inspired teachers of men on earth we find re-echoed in Heaven itself. "I saw," says the prophet, in his vision, "another angel flying through the middle of heaven, having the everlasting gospel, that he might preach to them that sit on the earth, saying, 'Fear the Lord, and give Him honour.'" (Apoc. xiv. 7.) And the language in heaven of those who sing the Canticle of Moses, the servant of God and of the Lamb, is—"Who shall not fear Thee, O Lord." (Apoc. xv. 4.)

We do not need to multiply further proofs from the Sacred Scriptures, which it would be by no means difficult to do, to establish the truth on which we are insisting, that the "Fear of God" is at once the most indispensable and, at the same time, the most elementary lesson in religion which every soul of man has to learn. The Great Christian Mother's example to her children consequently, having above all things in view not only what her children need most to learn, but likewise

what their infirm capacities best enable them to digest to their profit, will, we may be sure beforehand, be in a most signal and memorable manner an example of the fear of God. The Holy Mother, to whom the eyes of her children in Christ are turned from every corner of the globe, will be certain from the first moment of her coming to be known to them to place before them the perfect pattern of that which is their first and their greatest need, namely, that they should be taught by her example the "Fear of the Lord."

Let us proceed, then, to the nearer study of what her example in this respect really is.

The "Fear of the Lord," or, as we may say in other words, docility to the promptings of the holy spirit of the fear of the Lord, is shown in practice in the perfect fulfilment of all our obligations to God, whether these arise directly out of His laws, requiring from us the performance of such and such actions and the abstaining from such others, or whether they are such as we may contract of our free will towards Him, not being obliged thereto by any direct command contained in His law. Of an obligation of this latter kind, the Scripture says, "When thou shalt have made a vow to the Lord thy God, thou shalt not delay to perform it; for the Lord thy God will require it of thee; and if thou shalt delay, it shall be reputed to thee as sin." (Deut. xxiii. 21.) And the wise king says, "If thou hast vowed anything to the Lord thy God, delay not to pay it, for a faithless and foolish promise is displeasing to Him. It is far better not to vow, than, after having vowed, not to pay that which has been promised." (Eccles. v. 4.) Such, then, was the Divine will with reference to a vow made to God; and the Mother whom God has given to the Christian family was one who had thus bound herself of her own free will by the vow of perpetual virginity.

And now as to the example of perfect docility to the holy spirit of the "Fear of the Lord," which she who has thus bound herself is to be seen to set before her children for their instruction. Of course, there can be no room for doubt but that this holy spirit can give no other suggestion than that a sacred vow thus made must be faithfully kept. No matter how overwhelming may be the inducements that would suggest its being broken, the inward voice of the holy spirit will say, "Look neither on the right hand nor on the left, but with the fear of God before your eyes, truly and faithfully keep the holy promise you have made."

The holy Archangel, who has been sent to Mary, proceeds to unfold the purport of the message which he is commissioned from God to deliver. "Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favour with God. Behold thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and shalt bear a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus; and God shall give unto Him the throne of His father David, and He shall reign in the House of Jacob for ever, and of His kingdom there shall be no end." Here, in order rightly to appreciate the example which our Mother sets before us, we should certainly pause to contemplate the indescribably attractive prospect that Mary would now perceive to be placed before her. It was proposed to her to become nothing less than the queen-mother of the king of her people. All the long-forgotten glories of her family are to be revived in her. Her promised son is to sit on the throne of His father David. He is to reign in the House of Jacob, and to possess a kingdom without limit or end. This to Mary, it must be considered, was no unknown or unheard-of prospect in itself, but rather, in a certain way, it was the darling hope of every Israelite maiden that perchance she might be the one chosen to be united to God in the fulfilment of His promises to the House of Israel. The servant of God to whom she is espoused, is likewise of the house and lineage of David, and the message of the Angel appears to be that the promise is to be accomplished in the ordinary way of nature, on the same conditions as those on which Isaac was promised to Abraham and Sara, "life accompanying." But there stands in the way the contrary vow of perpetual virginity. To all apparent seeming, then, if the vow is to be faithfully observed, there is no known alternative open but to renounce the prospect, with all its incalculable attractions and charms. There is, indeed, abundant room for special pleading in favour of accepting the prospect, for it is obviously open to infer, from the very coming of so high and exalted a messenger, that there is a purpose in the counsels of God to be accomplished, which might justly overrule any ordinary obstacle that might appear to stand in the way of its realization. But against any such reasoning as this stands the clear contrary suggestion of the spirit of the Fear of the Lord: "If thou hast vowed the vow of virginity to the Lord," cries the plain voice of this holy spirit, "pay thy vow unto the Most High." (Psalm xlix. 14.) Docile, then, to the voice of this holy spirit within her, and wholly unmoved by the dazzling grandeur of the prospect

laid before her, Mary calmly replies to the Angel, "How shall these things be, seeing I know not man?"

It will not be necessary here to enlarge upon that which followed on this reply, of which no Christian can easily be supposed to be ignorant, namely, that by a singular privilege, of which there is no other example known, it was granted to Mary, in reward of her docility to the holy spirit of the Fear of the Lord, to remain faithful to her vow, and yet not to forfeit a single tittle of the marvellous prospect placed before her.

Suffice it, then, here to say, that as God bore testimony to Abraham—"Now I know that thou fearest God, and thou hast not spared thine only son for My sake" (Gen. xxii. 12.) —so henceforward may the same testimony be given of the Great Mother of the Christian family. Now may all generations know that she was one so entirely possessed by the spirit of the Fear of the Lord, so perfectly docile to His Divine promptings, that it was not in the power of any prospect, how dazzling soever it might be, to draw her aside from the path to which she was bound by her vow. Now may all ages rejoice to know that no consent on her part, to that which was laid before her, could be obtained until first she had the needful assurance given to her by the heavenly messenger, that her acceptance of it brought with it no prejudice to the integrity of her holy promise to God. This holy spirit of the "Fear of the Lord," which is thus seen to preside over her Maternity in its first beginnings, also abode with her to the end. We find her equally docile to its promptings when, standing by the Cross of her Son, and overcoming all the agonizing human grief of the mother, like faithful Abraham, she would not have the life even of her most beloved only Son spared, because it was the Divine Will that, by the sacrifice of His Life, the life of the lost world should be redeemed.

God is thus found to be faithful to His people, for he gives them for a Mother one who sets before all her innumerable children the perfect example of that which is the first and foremost of the lessons in religion which they need to be taught—namely, docility and obedience to the

"Holy Spirit of the Fear of the Lord."

F.

No. V.—FATHER IGNATIUS SPENCER.

SUCH were the difficulties and struggles of the English branch of the Passionist Order at this time that its very existence seemed threatened. Father Ignatius set to work with great vigour to carry out Father Dominic's intentions, and he lived to see the establishment of a flourishing Province, with seven houses, each containing about twenty members. Much could be written of his perfection as a religious, of his fervour in the observance of the rule, of his extraordinary spirit of poverty, penance, and heroic charity; but the limits of this slight memoir permit only a passing notice of the more prominent events of the remainder of his life.

Soon after the establishment of the Hierarchy, he resolved to follow the example of the Oratorians, and wear his habit openly in the streets, Cardinal Wiseman having approved of it, if done with prudence. His sister, Lady Lyttleton, who was governess to the royal children, requested that his next visit to her might be made at her private house in St. James's Place, instead of at the Palace, but his family made no further objection.

Father Ignatius found that many Catholics objected to the openness of his crusade, from the fear of displeasing the higher powers in England. He determined, therefore, to visit the leading men, both in Church and State, with most of whom he had former acquaintance, and to assure them both of the innocent character of his object, and its power for good in uniting Ireland to England by the bond of charitable prayers. Very great must have been the surprise of Cabinet Ministers at the apparition of his habit, with its badge and his sandalled feet, in Downing Street; but they treated him with courtesy and politeness, and he was satisfied with the result. He wrote minute accounts of his interviews with Lord John Russell, then Premier, Lord Clarendon, the Viceroy of Ireland, and Lord Palmerston.

In September, 1851, Father Ignatius proceeded to Rome, in order to obtain the formal sanction and authority of the Holy See for the Apostolate of Prayer for England. At first he found his progress rather slow, as his affair had to be treated at the Propaganda, where the business of all the Catholic Missions in the world is managed. "It was on the 1st of November," he says, "that it happened that I dined at the College of Propaganda and sat next to Monsignor

Barnabo, who made me a remark about in these words:—'Surely, if you can convert England, we should gain half the world'—or 'all the world,' I forget which. I answered, 'Well, Monsignor, and why not try?' Nothing more was said then; but it seemed to me as if this was the turning point of my fortunes at Rome. Certain it is, that from that time Monsignor Barnabo, in the midst of all his pressing affairs, was invariably ready to listen to me at the office or at his own house, read through all my long memorials, spoke for me to the Pope whenever I asked him, and gained me what I asked on this matter, had my papers printed free of cost at the press of the Propaganda, &c. It had been told me previously by one of the under secretaries of the Propaganda, Monsignor Vespasiani, that my proposals would be looked upon more favourably, if England were not mentioned as the only object of interest. He adverted especially with deep feeling to the case of the Greeks. . . . . At his suggestion I drew up, in concert with one of our fathers, a paper of proposals for an Association for the Conversion of all separated from the Church, ... giving reasons why England should still be regarded as the most important and leading object. This document was read by Monsignor Barnabo, who ordered 5,000 copies to be printed. . . . . On the 26th of November I received a letter of recommendation, addressed by the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda to all Bishops, Vicars Apostolic, and Superiors of Missions in the world, desiring them to receive me favourably, and to assist me in my designs to the utmost of their power." Father Ignatius also obtained three audiences of the Holy Father. "In my first two audiences, I think I may say that the principle was approved by His Holiness, that Catholics might be moved all through the world to engage in the enterprise of converting England, but that he must not be represented as caring for England exclusively, as he was Father of all. . . . In my second audience, I said to him, 'Holy Father, may I repeat truly here what I am saying outside? I am openly stirring the people of Rome to a third conquest of England. Rome conquered England once, under Julius Cæsar, by the material sword. Rome conquered England a second time, more gloriously, under S. Gregory I., by the Word of God. I am calling on Rome to undertake this conquest again, under Pius IX., when it will be a vastly more important one than heretofore, and by means more glorious

and more Divine, because referring more purely the glory to God, being chiefly by holy prayer.' The Pope did not speak in answer to this appeal; but if I rightly judged, his manner and looks expressed his acceptance and approval of the idea better than words could have done. At the third audience the Pope received us in his private room, with these words, addressed to me: 'Well, Father Ignatius, we have done something now.' 'Indeed, Holy Father,' said I, 'this is true. I see this work now in the way to become the most favoured of all, entrusted, as it is, to a prelate who has his time so disposed that one week he is free to work, and the other he returns to attendance on your Holiness, to make his reports and receive your instructions.' 'Not only so,' replied the Pope; 'there are four of them. He has but one week entirely engaged with me; besides the one out of four wholly free, he has but two or three hours every day on duty in the other two. But, remember, I will not have England alone thought of.' 'Holy Father,' I said, 'this alteration has been made. The undertaking is for all separated nations, England being proposed only as the most important point of attack, on several accounts. I beg, however, to ask that the term *heretics* may not be used as the general designation of those we pray for. I do not confess to wilful heresy before my conversion. I do not confess to this sin for my countrymen at large.' 'Ah! what say you?' answered the Pope; then he reflected for a moment, and graciously bowed. In accordance with this request, in my letter from the Propaganda the term is not *hæreticorum*, but *acatholicorum præsertim Angliæ*. The Pope further named Cardinal Fornari as the protector of the work, and the interview terminated."

Father Ignatius made a twofold begging tour, for prayers and alms, in Germany and Austria, on his way from Rome. He had interesting interviews with the Archduchess Sophia and her two sons, the Emperor and his brother, with both of whom he was much pleased. Soon after his return to England, Lord Derby's proclamation against appearing abroad in the religious habit appeared. He was staying at Mr. Scholfield's house at the time, and it required some ingenuity to find clothes for him, as he had to return to London next day. A pair of very light shoes, fitting badly and pinching sorely, a pair of short coloured pantaloons, a great pilot overcoat, a Scotch cap, cut so as to make it fit his head, formed the *cap-à-pie* of Father Ignatius. He took refuge in Spanish

Place until the darkness of the night might save him from his juvenile friends along the Edgeware Road. He took off his shoes when outside London, and one may imagine the surprise of the religious, when he entered the choir thus arrayed, in the middle of matins, to get the Father Provincial's permission to *change*.

In 1854 Father Ignatius became much occupied with an idea which was to influence him largely during the rest of his life—the sanctification of Ireland, as a step to the conversion of England. His great desire was that all the world should be perfect. He used to say that our Lord had not yet had His triumph in this world, and that it was too bad that the devil should still have the majority. "This must not be," he would say; "I shall never rest as long as there is a single soul on earth who does not serve God perfectly." The practical way of arriving at this was to begin at home. England had not faith as a nation, so there was no foundation to build sanctity upon there. England had, however, great influence, as a nation, all over the world; she showed great zeal also in her abortive efforts to convert the heathen. If her energies could be turned in the right direction, what grand results might we not anticipate? England has had every means of conversion tried upon her; let us now see what virtue there is in good example. To set this example, and to sow the seed of the great universal harvest, he would find out the best Catholic nation in the world, and bring it perfectly up to the maxims of the Gospel. This nation was Ireland, of course, and it was near enough to England to let its light shine before her. What he wished for was, to have every man, woman, and child in Ireland take up the idea that they were to be saints. He would have this caught up with a kind of national move. The practical working of the idea he embodied in a little book which he wrote some time afterwards, and preached it wherever he addressed an Irish congregation. The banishment of three great vices—cursing, company-keeping, and intemperance—and the practice of daily meditation, with a frequent approach to the Sacraments, were the means. If Ireland, so he argued, took up this at home, it would spread to England, the colonies, and to wherever there was an Irishman all over the world. . . . This is a short sketch of the work he now began, and it was a work his superiors always encouraged, and which he spent his life in endeavouring to realise. A providential circumstance which

happened at this time has proved an admirable means of advancing this object. The Honourable Charles Pakenham, son of the Earl of Longford, who had been converted while a captain in the Guards, soon after joined the Order under the name of Father Paul Mary, and became a most saintly Passionist. Chiefly through his means, a house of the Order was established in Ireland. In the autumn of this year, Father Ignatius, who was in Dublin, assisted in choosing a suitable spot at Harold's Cross, in the parish of Rathmines. The excellent parish Priest, Monsignor Meagher, who had long earnestly desired to have a religious order in his district, gave the most cordial co-operation and assistance. A house was taken, beautifully situated in extensive grounds at the foot of the Dublin mountains, and a handsome and spacious house has since been built. S. Paul's Retreat, as it is called, has continued one of the chief religious attractions of Dublin. It is resorted to from all parts of Ireland, and a very fine church is now in the course of erection. In 1856, Father Ignatius took up his abode here for a considerable time. It was rather a trial to him that the saintly rector, Father Paul Mary, never would cordially respond to his views about England. "He was born in Dublin," Father Ignatius says, "and through and through an Irishman in his affections, though trained in England. He, to the last, had all the anti-English feelings which prevail so much through Ireland. . . . I fall in, notwithstanding, with all the notions of his great virtue and holiness which others have; and I think, moreover, that the best Catholics in Ireland are to be found amongst those who have been the most bitterly prejudiced against England. But I think there is in reserve for them another great step in advance—when they lay down their aversion and turn it into divine charity in a heroic degree."

Father Paul Mary died, after a very short illness, in the odour of sanctity, March 1, 1857. He had been engaged to preach in Gardiner Street on that very day. Father Ignatius preached in his stead, and a great sensation was caused by his asking their prayers for the soul of him whose place he had come to fill.

At the end of this year, his brother, Lord Spencer, died. He was the only one of the family who had shown any want of kindness to him. He relented before he died, and wrote to ask him to visit Althorp. The answer reached him on his

deathbed. His successor, the present Earl, treated his uncle with the greatest kindness during the short remainder of his life. He restored him a portion of his income, and both he and Lady Spencer spared no pains to make him comfortable when he visited them at Althorp. This visit, in 1862, gave him the greatest pleasure. Many old friends were invited to meet him, and they begged him always to appear in his full habit. Lord Spencer was so proud of his uncle, that he insisted on his making a speech at a grand dinner which he gave to the Volunteers. "Father Spencer stood up in *his* regimentals, habit, sandals, &c.," and made a most patriotic speech.

In 1858 Father Ignatius began to give short retreats, which he called "little missions." They occupied him almost exclusively during the remaining six years of his life. He gave 245 of these from June, 1858, to September, 1864, and he was on his way to the 246th when he died. It was at Greenock, in Scotland, that the last but one of these was given. "Every moment of his time here," writes the priest of the parish, "refection hours alone excepted, from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m., was employed either in the mission exercises, or at his office, or in prayer, or in writing letters to arrange his future movements. He never rested. He seemed to have vowed all his time to some duty or other." For many months he seemed to have a presentiment of his approaching end. "I am going on Saturday to Leith; on Thursday, Oct. 6, to Portobello; on Monday, Oct. 10, to Carstairs (Mr. Monteith's), for a visit and *repose*," was his last letter to the Provincial.

His last mission was at Coatbridge, a large village, eight miles from Glasgow, where he announced that he had received from the Pope an indulgence of 300 days for every "Hail Mary" said for the conversion of England. He left on Saturday morning, the 1st of October, having remained in the Confessional till a quarter past twelve the night before, and returned to it at six in the morning, before he said Mass at seven.

He arrived at the Carstairs Junction at 10·35 a.m., and, finding he had an hour to wait, went on to spend the time with his friend Mr. Monteith. He gave his luggage in charge of the station-master, and then went towards Carstairs House. He went down the long avenue, but turned into a by-path before he reached the entrance. He saw that he had lost his

way, and asked a child which was the right one. They were his last words to mortal.

"On a little corner in the avenue, just within sight of the house, and about a hundred paces from the door, he fell suddenly, and yielded up his spirit into the hands of his Creator. May we all die doing God's work, and as well prepared as Father Ignatius of S. Paul. . . Had he gone on straight, he would have fallen on the threshold. It was God's will that angels, instead of men, should surround his lonely bed of death."

He died of disease of the heart, instantaneously. So changed were his features, that Mr. Monteith only recognized him on finding among the papers on his person a letter which he himself had written to him some days before.

On Thursday, October 5, 1864, his precious remains were interred at the cemetery of the Passionist House, at Sutton. His death caused universal grief and consternation.

If only one person should be inspired with fresh zeal for the cause for which Father Ignatius lived and died, the object of this slight sketch of his life will be thankfully gained.

(*Concluded.*)

THE PRAYER OF THE HOLY ROSARY.

(From the Chapter on Prayer in Faber's "Growth in Holiness," p. 274.)

As to indulgenced devotions, there are these advantages in them. We are sure they are approved by the Church, because they are more than approved. We know that numbers of holy souls in the world are using them every day, and by uniting ourselves with them we enter more deeply into the communion of Saints and the life of the Church, which is her unity. We spiritualise our minds, and quicken our faith very much by the use of them. They lead us to pray in a manner and about subjects which the Church desires; and we attain so many ends at once when we use them. For by the same act we not only pray, but we revere the keys of the Church: we honour Jesus, His mother and the Saints; we get rid of

our own temporal punishment; or, which is a greater thing, we release the dead, and so glorify God; and, as may be seen by looking over the devotions which the Church has indulgenced, we transfer into our minds a great amount of touching doctrine, which serves as an aliment for mental prayer and reverential love.

Let us take one instance of this. I cannot conceive a man being spiritual who does not habitually say the Rosary. It may be called the queen of indulgenced devotions. First, consider its importance as a specially Catholic devotion, as so peculiarly giving us a Catholic turn of mind, by keeping Jesus and Mary perpetually before us, and as a singular help to final perseverance, if we continue the recital of it, as various revelations show. Next, consider its institution by S. Dominic, in 1214, by revelation, for the purpose of combating heresy, and the success which attended it. Its matter and form are not less striking. Its matter consists of the Pater, the Ave, and the Gloria, whose authors are our Blessed Lord Himself, S. Gabriel, S. Elizabeth, the Council of Ephesus, and the whole Church, led in the West by S. Damasus. Its form is a complete abridgment of the Gospel, consisting of fifteen mysteries in decades, expressing the three great phases of the work of redemption—joy, sorrow, and glory. Its peculiarity is the next attractive feature about it. It unites mental with vocal prayer. It is a devotional compendium of theology. It is an efficacious practice of the presence of God. It is one chief channel of the traditions of the Incarnation among the faithful. It shows the true nature of devotion to our Blessed Lady, and is a means of realizing the communion of Saints. Its ends are the love of Jesus, reparation to the Sacred Humanity for the outrages of heresy, and a continual affectionate thanksgiving to the Most Holy Trinity for the benefit of the Incarnation. It is sanctioned by the Church, by indulgences, by miracles, by the conversion of sinners, and by the usage of the Saints. See also how much the method of reciting it involves. We should first make a picture of the mystery, and always put our Blessed Lady into the picture; for the Rosary is hers. We should couple some duty or virtue with each mystery, and fix beforehand on some soul in purgatory to whom to apply the vast indulgences. Meanwhile, we must not strain our minds, or be scrupulous; for to say the Rosary well, is quite a thing which requires learning. Remember always, as the Raccolta teaches, that

the fifteenth mystery is the coronation of Mary, and not merely the glory of the Saints.

Our beads land us and leave us at the feet of Mary crowned. I should not wish to say anything that would seem to limit the devotion of others; but, all things considered, why should we have any vocal prayers which are not indulgenced devotions, now that the Church has indulgenced them in such abundance?

THE PILGRIMAGE FROM GREAT BRITAIN TO PARAY-LE-MONIAL.

To the Editors of THE ROSARY MAGAZINE.

DEAR REV. FATHERS,—A brief account of the Pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial, from one who had the happiness of taking part in it, can hardly fail to interest some of your numerous readers; for we may regard it not merely as the most remarkable event of the Church in England during this present year, but as one which is likely to be lasting and not unimportant in its consequences.

As the day appointed approached, the number of intended pilgrims increased so much, that it was found impossible to convey them all by one train, or in one steamboat; so that Paris became of necessity the place of *rendezvous*, and the real starting point of the great body of pilgrims. The Union Jack, the Pope's banner, and the banner of the Pilgrimage, were all hoisted as the Pilgrims' steamer left Newhaven on Tuesday morning, September 2nd.

On reaching the harbour at Dieppe, the Magnificat was sung on board—an appropriate salutation of Our Lady the special Protectress of Catholic France. The many discomforts of a rough sea voyage were more than repaid by the happiness we all felt upon treading on Catholic soil, and at the hearty welcome which the clergy and hundreds of the people of Dieppe gave us as we landed.

Every portion of the railway journey had its allotted prayers, in which all joined with that heartiness, fervour and naturalness to which all are strangers who are not Catholics; so that, with the exception of occasional intervals of pleasant conversation, the entire journey was made to the sound of hymns and canticles, and the oft-repeated, though never-tiring, Hail Marys of the Rosary.

The Pilgrims all assembled soon after 6 a.m. at the terminus of the Paris and Lyons Railway to the number of 760. While we were all assembled in the large waiting-rooms the beautiful hymn of the Sacred Heart was sung, and the chorus after each verse was admirably taken up. The railway officials in no way interfered; and to the Pilgrims it was the fresh sounding of the key-note of the Pilgrimage.

Let me say that the Pilgrims consisted of persons of every grade of society, whose spontaneous enthusiasm added so much to the earnestness and reality of the whole thing. Many of our excellent and most edifying nobility were there, headed by the Duke of Norfolk. The army and navy

were represented, and the learned professions, high-born and poor, business men and clerks; and, besides more than a hundred of the clergy from different dioceses of England and Scotland, there were representatives of nearly all the Religious Orders, whose habits, the beautiful tradition of former days—Benedictine, Franciscan, Dominican, Servite, Jesuit and Passionist, brought out so strikingly the perpetuity and unity of the Church.

About fifteen hours were consumed between Paris and Paray-le-Monial. Paray is a small town in the middle of France, some forty miles eastward of the main line which runs from Paris to Lyons. It has about 3,600 inhabitants. The country is pretty, but not romantic; and the greater part of the ride from Paris is level and uninteresting, except where old church towers, and here and there a cathedral city, speak of mediæval faith, or where the shallow Loire winds amidst fertile valleys thickly planted with vines. Its chief celebrity is due to Blessed Margaret Mary, of the Order of the Visitation, whom Our Lord chose to spread far and wide the knowledge and love of His Sacred Heart, and whose remains are enshrined in a rich *chasse*, under the high altar of the little chapel called the Chapel of the "Apparition."

Just before eleven at night we reached Paray-le-Monial. Thoughts of fatigue or hunger at once left us, under the influence of those holy emotions which all felt as we reached the station. About three-quarters of a mile distant the old parish church tower, in the middle of the town, was illuminated, and lighted tapers, held by the devout inhabitants and by other Pilgrims who had all come forth to meet us, lined the entire route up to the town, and the distant sound of litanies, cantiques and prayers, came upon us as the song of one loud, fervent, and united intercession from that devout multitude with whom we had now come to intercede. A French Bishop, and a Bishop from Africa, courteously met and welcomed us; and at intervals, as we passed along, cries of "Vive l'Angleterre Catholique!" showed how kind and sincere was the welcome given.

Our Procession was as follows:—The Processional Cross, and candles; the Union Jack, to denote our nationality; the handsome Banner of the Pilgrimage, carried by the Duke of Norfolk and which was subsequently left in the Chapel of the Apparition; the Banner of Scotland; representatives of several dioceses, with their respective banners; then all the women, two and two, and the men two or three abreast, all with tapers; then the Religious Orders, followed by the secular clergy, the canons, and the Bishop of Salford. The houses were illuminated in the chief streets through which the procession passed; the triumphal arch, with its banners and lights; the ringing of the church bells; the solemnity of the night, lit up by the stars which shone over us, and by the bright moon which shed a silvery light upon the whole scene, produced, without design or effort, an effect which was subduing and overpowering by its simplicity and sublimity.

After paying a visit to the parish church and when notices of the order of the day had been given, it was just midnight. Masses began to be said at once at twelve altars in the grand old Norman church, and at eight altars in the beautiful little Chapel of the Apparition, where Blessed Margaret's body reposes. It is this favoured little spot which is really the centre of all the devotion of the thousands upon thousands of devout pilgrims who have, ever since last June, made Paray more celebrated than it had ever before been. Blessed Margaret was born in 1647, and died in 1690. Our Lord vouchsafed her wonderful visions both in the convent

garden and elsewhere. It was to this humble religious that He especially disclosed the secrets of His Sacred Heart, while He lamented the coldness and indifference of men, especially of bad Catholics, promising at the same time an abundance of graces to all who should honour His Sacred Heart, and strive to make amends for His outraged love.

We in England, therefore, went to this favoured spot to testify our faith in the Incarnation and in the love of the Son of God for us. We tried, by acts of reparation and of consecration, to testify our poor but sincere love, and our desire to repair in some measure the injuries which the Sacred Heart has received.

All the English priests received faculties for hearing the confessions of the pilgrims. It was delightful to see devout people here and there, in a corner of the church, or upon a chair in the aisle, or wherever space afforded, making their confession, and then going to receive our Lord in the Holy Communion. This went on more or less until the later Masses, from midnight to eight in the morning.

At ten o'clock a large congregation of French pilgrims assembled in the venerable parish church; the ecclesiastics, some seventy or eighty in number, occupied the stalls, and sang the mass. They then left the church free for the English pilgrims; and after a beautiful sermon from the Bishop of Salford, the first great and public act of the pilgrimage took place, viz., a solemn act of reparation for all the sins of bad Catholics, and in particular for the apostacy of the English nation and the sins and sacrileges of our forefathers. This was begun by a procession, formed in the same order as that of the previous night, with the exception that some 400 other English pilgrims had now joined us at Paray-le-Monial from different parts of France. As the procession slowly left the church, the well-known hymn of the Sacred Heart was sung. The volume of sound, the time and precision with which every line and note was sung, and the thorough heartiness with which all joined, was most striking and touching.

This glorious procession of well-nigh 1,200 people passed through the chief streets; and then, by special permission of the Bishop, entered the garden of the Convent. How beautiful a picture to see the many long paths of that large garden, one after another, occupied simultaneously by that immense pilgrim crowd, the sun shining upon its many-coloured banners, and upon the different costumes of priests, religious, and the five bishops, who, with their attendants, brought it to a close. Yet this was but the close of England's contingent, for the immense procession was in fact still more lengthened by several hundreds of French pilgrims, with their own clerics, religious, and nuns, having their respective banners and singing their own cantiques and litanies.

At length we reached the main thoroughfare, and gathered in front of the small but richly adorned Chapel of the Apparition, which can only hold about 200 people. The Bishop of Salford and his attendants knelt at the portal; the priests and religious all surrounded him upon a spacious stone platform above the steps which lead up to the Chapel, while the laity stretched far and wide on each side of the street. It was a solemn moment; sentence after sentence the words of reparation were repeated loudly and clearly after the Bishop by those 1,200 voices; and every word, I am sure, was meant and felt by all of us, who knew we had too good reason to make thus some public reparation for our country's sins and sacrileges. This morning the function lasted from eleven till three.

A short interval was allowed for dinner, and at half-past five we all met again in the parish church. Vespers of the Blessed Virgin were heartily and beautifully sung, and were followed by an earnest *ferverino* by Mgr. Capel. Then came the next great act of the pilgrimage, the act of consecration. This took place during benediction in the parish church. The well-known tunes, so popular amongst us, of the "O Salutaris" and "Tantum ergo," were never so finely sung by an English congregation. As note after note, in admirable time, rang through those old Norman arches, and rose to the vaulted roof, there were none but must have been deeply affected, and must have realized, in a more lively way than at home, the presence of God in our midst, the power of prayer, and the nearness of the invisible world. The act of consecration was made during benediction, and in this sacred act, we offered up ourselves, our lives, our love and our country to our dear Lord, praying that England may once again belong to Him, and be united in faith and love to the one fold. Many hearts were then beating in love before the Sacred Heart of our Lord, and many tears shed in silence before Him, as this most devout and solemn consecration was made.

Immediately after benediction and the usual "Divine Praises," the "Domine salvam fac" was sung, for a blessing on our Queen and all the Royal Family. Then the final procession by torchlight was formed, as in the morning. Hundreds upon hundreds of the people came out, and joining once more with the pilgrims from other parts, formed lines along the greater part of the route. Besides the ecclesiastics, several different orders of nuns also took part in the solemnities. Winding its way through these unbroken lines of people with tapers in hand, the procession went to the end of a long boulevard or avenue of trees outside the town, at the end of which a canopied altar and figure of our Lord was adorned with flowers and lights. The mere poetry of such a picture was touching and enchanting beyond description. The trees formed a canopy; between the branches at intervals shone the full bright moon, while the flickering candles cast a fitful light and shade around, and the sound of many voices rose up at various parts of this immense procession, producing altogether a scene which those who took part in it will remember with emotion and gratitude.

On our return to the church, the "Te Deum" was sung in thanksgiving for all the graces received during the pilgrimage.

It will interest all English Catholics to know that sufficient money to endow a lamp was left in Paray, that it may burn day and night before the shrine of the saint, in testimony of England's consecration to the Sacred Heart. The costly banners of England and Scotland will also remain side by side with banners from nearly every diocese of France and from other parts of Catholic Europe, all bearing witness to the loud cry of repentance and new devotion which is enkindled in the hearts of the Church's children throughout Europe.

One sentiment remains in the minds of all—gratitude, that God has so manifestly blessed the Pilgrimage. It was from first to last a great and noble act of faith, repentance and of intercessory prayer, for the Church, for our Lord's Vicar, for France and other Catholic countries, and for our own dear England. Nothing occurred to mar its harmony and its success; and we all owe a deep debt of gratitude to those of our pious and devoted laity and fervent priests who first conceived the idea, and then carried it out in so generous and self-sacrificing a spirit.

In reply to a telegram sent to Rome, the Holy Father returned the following gracious reply:—"In the fulness of his heart, the Holy Father thanks and blesses the bishops and pilgrims of Great Britain assembled at Paray-le-Monial.

Yours very sincerely,
FATHER ALBERT BUCKLER, O.P.

CURRENT EVENTS.

In the morning of the second Saturday in August a numerous deputation from the Pious Institute, founded under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin and of S. Ann, for the charitable work of maintaining a Lying-in-Hospital for the poor of Rome, was received in audience, when an address was read to the Pope, giving an account, among other particulars, of the two years of their existence, that 576 poor women had not only received all the necessary aid which their condition required, but the baptism of the infants born had been secured. The Holy Father replied as follows:—"I take occasion to preface the benediction asked for, and so well merited, by a few words, as well because they may be useful as because I am sure they will be listened to with pleasure and attention, in order to animate you with new fervour for the works of Christian charity. You have chosen the good work of assisting poor women through their confinements, with the double purpose of—first, relieving them in the poverty under which they suffer, and then much more to prevent an association which does the work of the demons, who, above all things, hate God and His reasonable creatures, placing any hindrance in the way of the souls who are born obtaining the privilege of Holy Baptism. Fraud, bribery, and threats, are the means by which the incarnate fiends seek to draw away souls from God, and to consign them over to Satan. Who would ever have supposed that hatred against the Catholic faith could have come to such a pitch in its own capital city? And the Government stands simply looking on. It has eyes open on every side to hunt out and seize the possessions of the Church; it runs over with zeal for multiplying schools that are taught by masters of iniquity; it turns back multitudes that are going to God, to leave the passage open for the frequenters of profane and for the most indecent and sacrilegious spectacles; it is full of condescension in permitting what is evil,

and yet has not a word of repression for the Freethinkers, who busy themselves to place obstacles in the way of the administration of the Holy Sacrament of Baptism. It must needs be acknowledged that at times both those that work evil and those that tacitly concur in it show a certain logic in their malice. The householder who has ground for fearing an attack on his house on the part of housebreakers, takes particular care to bar the entrance-door. 'If the master of the household knew what hour the thief would come, he would certainly be on the watch, not to let his house be broken open.' The real master of the house shuts his house against evil, but these shut it against good; for what is Baptism but the gate of the Sacraments? Shut this gate, and you shut off all entrance to faith, and every other virtue, and is precisely what the impious people want—namely, to form a people of unbelievers. '*But the desire of the impious shall perish.*' It will perish, because God in His Providence will so dispose events. It will perish because the good sense of the people will oppose itself to the acts of violence done by these demons in human flesh. And you, you yourselves furnish an evident proof that God protects His Church, inasmuch as he has inspired you with the desire to oppose yourselves to so great a crime. By this God makes it manifest that 'the desire of the impious shall perish.' Thus far, then, rejoice for the good that you have done, and praise God for His having chosen you to be an instrument in His hands to do good; and specially, to have contributed to cause the indelible character of Christian to shine on the forehead of a number of children, and by doing so to have contributed to keep open the gate that leads into the Church, and prepares the way for the other Sacraments. Blessed, then, be the hand that contributes to the keeping open the mystical gate of the Sacraments. This has, of a truth, been no withered hand; or if here and there it has been withered in past times, Jesus Christ has healed it, and it is now become active in the relief of the poor, and in the other works of Christian charity. Let this heavenly virtue be that which may at all times animate you to work for the glory of God, and for the salvation not only of yourselves but of every soul that stands in need of relief spiritual and material. I pray God to pour out His graces abundantly on you, as I also pray Him to give you, all your good works, and your families His heavenly benediction.—*Benedictio, &c.*"

THE city of Rome was brilliantly illuminated on the first and second Vespers of the Feast of the Assumption, in honour of the Assumption into Heaven of the Blessed Virgin. The piety of the faithful did not allow scarcely a window to be without its lights, and some of the houses were brilliantly lighted, particularly in the quarter of the Trestevere. The churches, both on the day of the feast and previously, had been crowded with devout worshippers. There was no lack of the usual impieties, and acts of violence. Windows were broken, and miscreants went about with their customary howlings, shouting out "*Death to the Priests, death to the Jesuits!*" And in no known instance did the police—the guardians of public security—interpose to prevent any of the indecent cries or acts of violence. They were, however, particularly on the alert to perceive and order the removal of an illuminated device, displaying the Papal insignia, the figure of Mary Immaculate, with suitable religious mottoes; thereby revealing the worthlessness of the boasted law of the "*guarantees*," according to which the Pope is to be regarded as king as much as Victor Emmanuel, and his insignia entitled to equal respect. What is, however, remarkable, is the following confession of the liberal paper, the *Gazzetta d'Italia*:—"Whilst the clerical party knows how to get up illuminations which have a political meaning, there is not a single individual who cares to put up a light in his window, of the Festival of the Statute. Whilst the invitation of any cleric is enough to gather together thousands upon thousands for a triduo, a hundred thousand exhortations are powerless to bring the voter to the voting urns when there is a question of making a patriotic demonstration. Whilst the clericals have found the means of starting and carrying on prosperously more than a dozen papers of every kind, the capital city only possesses a single paper that represents the liberal party in Rome. We challenge anyone to deny what we say; but we shall not give in for this. Though it should cost a million of lives, we will let no one have the satisfaction of having driven us away. *We are in Rome and we mean to stay in it.*" What does all this prove? but too evident the deep dislike of the Roman people against those who have seized their city. "*We mean to stay in Rome*," yes, but "*in spite of the Roman people.*"

On Sunday, August 24, an event came to pass in Ireland which was the occasion of rejoicing throughout the whole length and breadth of the land—the solemn opening of the new Cathedral of Armagh. The mass was celebrated by the Primate of Armagh, in the presence of His Eminence Cardinal Cullen, and the Episcopate of Ireland, with numerous distinguished visitors from the sister island of Great Britain. The Archbishop of Westminster was to have preached in the morning, but was unable to be present. The sermon was preached by the Dominican Father Burke, who took his text, "The just man lives by faith," and verified his text in the history of the Irish people, and their wonderful attachment to the faith of the Church. Dr. Manning has since addressed a remarkable public letter to his brother primate of Armagh, expressive of his regret at being unable to be present.

PASTORAL LETTER OF THE BISHOPS OF ENGLAND.

The Archbishop and Bishops of the province of Westminster, in council assembled, have addressed a pastoral letter to their dioceses, which was publicly read in all the churches of England, on Sunday, the 14th of September. It treats of many grave subjects, prominent amongst which stands the subject of education for all classes and ranks.

The decision of the Holy See against Catholic youth being sent to the two national universities, is communicated, and the assurance is given that the subject of providing a suitable education in their stead is under serious consideration.

After the subject of the improvements to be introduced into the education of candidates for the office of school teachers and for the priesthood, comes the question of the education of the bulk of the people. On this the Bishops make a most remarkable acknowledgement of the total shipwreck of Christian education in the hands of the State, which is followed by various important admonitions as to what it is still possible to do to preserve Catholic scholars, who are obliged to conform to the State system, from the ruinous effects of the shipwreck involved in it. Those who have patiently stood aloof from all connection with the State system, may now see some of the reasons that fairly entitle them to enjoy the fruits of their patience.

The chief protection against the danger is to be obtained from an increase of parental vigilance and care. The home

must be made more religious; and, in connection with this topic, the Bishops have the following important warning on the subject of popular literature:—

"We cannot leave this topic without urging on you, dear children in Jesus Christ, to ascertain carefully what is the character of the literature admitted into your homes. For the most part our English literature continues to be pure; and it is at least free from impiety. But there are recent books of fiction in prose and in poetry, and works professing to be history and philosophy, which ought not to be under your roof. You are not without advisers who can tell you the real nature of such works. Twenty years ago we were almost without a modern Catholic literature. We have now a literature growing up, partly original, partly translated from other languages, which for variety and excellence promises gradually to supply much of our need. In commending our modern works, we do not mean to give them precedence in solidity and truth of expression over our older books. In devotion, indeed, we should rather commend the writings of our Catholic forefathers, to whom the realities of persecution taught a deep and simple piety, such as men learn in suffering, and would desire to rest upon in the hour of death."

The proceedings of the Synod were concluded by an act of consecration to the Sacred Heart of our Divine Redeemer.

THE OPENING OF THE CHURCH OF S. DOMINIC, IN NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

WEDNESDAY, September 10th, was a day of rejoicing in Newcastle-upon-Tyne and the North of England generally, on the occasion of the opening of the new Dominican Church in that city. The Dominican Order does but return to Newcastle after an absence of three hundred years. In the year 1200, Sir Peter Scott, then Mayor of the town, introduced them to Newcastle, and they built their convent and church in Westgate, on a piece of ground made over to them by the concession of three pious ladies, sisters, who owned it. They continued here to minister to the wants, spiritual and temporal, of the faithful for upwards of three hundred years, up to the time of Henry VIII., when this tyrant, among other robberies, seized on their monastery and turned its occupants, twelve Friars, adrift to shift for themselves.

The Mass was celebrated by the Bishop of the Diocese, in presence of Archbishop Manning, who preached in the morning, and a numerous assemblage of the clergy and laity of the North of England, and among the more distant guests were the Bishops of Northampton and Clifton. The Sermon in the afternoon was preached by Father Burke, O.P., of the Irish Province.

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A HOMILY FOR THE FEAST OF ALL SAINTS.

"*Non ignotæ civitatis municeps.*" "*A citizen of no unknown city.*"
ACTS xxi. 39.

THERE is a truth to be learned from the study of the text of which the above words form a part, which we may profitably consider, first in connection with the good and wholesome thoughts that naturally flow from the great annual Festival of all the Saints of the Church, with which the month of November opens, and secondly, *à propos* of a certain fascination by which great numbers of Catholics at the present time appear very willing to allow themselves to be led away.

The fascination in question comes from the spirit of "nationalism." For though, subject to the conditions and limitations which right reason dictates, there is no cause why a certain attachment to nationality may not be good and honourable, still nothing can be more certain than that the Devil at the present time finds that the spirit of nationalism, as he is able to pervert it, supplies him with his most abundant and effective means for deceiving the nations of the world. By it he is able to cover his very worst deeds of revolution and social disorder with a specious and deceptive appearance; while it is also true that by its instrumentality he keeps up nearly everywhere a feverish and agitated state of mind, perpetually fed with the vainest and most delusive expectations, to the most serious prejudice, as may be easily understood, of the Christian tranquillity and sobriety of mind that is fruitful in works of Christian charity.

In Italy, for example, the Devil, by means of "nationality," has, for a time, deprived the Sovereign Pontiff of Christendom of his civil principality, necessary as this is to secure his freedom in the government of the whole Church; and by it he also obtains the hatred and persecution of all the partizans of this nationality against those who remain faithful to the Catholic Church.

In Germany he obtains a state persecution to be put in force against the Catholics on the ground that their religion will not suffer itself to be compressed within the limits of Germany. In France he has brought about a bloody and ruinous war by pitting French nationality against German nationality, to their mutual threatened ruin and extinction. And not to specify further, we may safely say that the spirit of nationalism, under the Devil's instigation, is everywhere perverted into becoming a spirit of social ferment and disquiet, of political plotting and scheming; and that everywhere it threatens to generate a spirit of hatred and persecution against the Catholic Church, and, what is even far worse still, to sow the seeds of a wide-spread alienation of heart and affection from the Catholic Church in the bosom of even Catholic populations.

If there were not something, to a certain degree, intrinsically just and true in the sentiment of nationality, by which it is able to find its wide-spread response in the human heart, the Devil could not possibly profit to the extent he does at the present time from its perversion. The Catholic Church never has been the enemy, but continually the mother and the nurse of nations; and when the children are taught to turn against their mother and their nurse, this, it is self-evident, can come from no other inspiration than that of the Spirit who has been a murderer and a liar from the beginning. But, as we allow that there is a certain justice and truth in the attachment of the various populations to their nationality, by the perversion of which alone it is that it comes to be so fruitful a source of evil in the world, we at once proceed to a nearer study of our subject.

A practical rule of conduct, such as at the present time we manifestly need in respect of what should be rightly thought of nationality and its claims from a Christian point of view, is nearly always best found in a living example; and as S. Paul boldly proposes himself as a pattern to be universally followed, saying, "Brethren, be imitators of me, as you have before you our pattern" (Philip. iii. 17), we will minutely study the example S. Paul puts before us, in this particular respect, in order that we may have placed before us a perfectly trustworthy model to which to conform ourselves.

S. Paul, then, by natural birth, belonged exclusively to the people of the Jews, and he was consequently entitled to claim his share to the utmost in all the national glories of the

Hebrew race, whatever these glories were. And on coming to inquire, as we certainly must not omit to do, what these glories were, we easily discover that the Hebrew race stands out from among all the other nations and tribes of the earth without there being found so much as a solitary rival to contest the palm of superiority with it. In all the other nations, the knowledge of their ancestry had hopelessly perished; whereas the Hebrew people alone had religiously preserved the record of their descent from Abraham, who was the eighth from Noe, who again was the eighth from Adam, the son of God. And further, by the choice which it had pleased God to make of this particular Hebrew race, added to the gifts which He never failed to continue to give them, not omitting to mention his own mark of circumcision which He had set upon them, the Hebrew nation had been raised to the singular distinction of being the one favoured race in the world that had a name proper to itself, whereas all the other races of the earth were only known as the huge general crowd or multitude of the "gentiles or heathens." If, therefore, belonging to a particular race by birth confers a title to boast, S. Paul evidently was a man who possessed this title in the highest possible degree in which it can be possessed.

But, besides this Hebrew nationality which S. Paul had by his birth, he also possessed three different acquired rights; he was a citizen of the city of Tarsus, in Cilicia; then he was a citizen of the imperial city, Rome, by inheritance; and further, by the grace of God, he was a citizen of the City of the Saints, whose builder and founder is Jesus Christ, or to use language with which we are more familiar, he was a member of the Catholic Church, in which he exercised the powers and functions of an Apostle.

What, then, is S. Paul's example as regards his "nationality?" Does he, for instance, ever by any chance give us any precedent for pluming ourselves upon the glories of the race to which we may happen to belong, by being in any way seen to claim for himself the distinction which he could so justly have claimed, on the score of the undoubted glories of the ancient Hebrew race. Nothing at all of this kind is recorded of him. Nothing indeed, seems to be less present to S. Paul's mind, or to occupy a more diminutive place in his thoughts than his "nationality."

In Jerusalem, when the officer of the Roman garri-

son who had rescued him with a company of Roman soldiers, from the hands of his countrymen, ready as they at that moment were to have torn him in pieces, expressed his wonder that he knew how to speak Greek, and asked if he was not the Egyptian who a short time before had raised a tumult, S. Paul, in his answer, makes the barest possible mention of his nationality, and lays all stress on his being the citizen of Tarsus —"I am not the Egyptian you suppose, but a Jew from Tarsus, in Cilicia, a *citizen of no unknown city*. I pray you allow me to speak to the people." S. Paul evidently here prefers his request to the Roman officer, as being the *citizen of no unknown city*, and the permission that was at once granted, we may be sure was granted, not in any way out of respect to his being a Jew, but out of deference to his being the *citizen of no unknown city*. S. Paul evidently here shows no readiness to put much trust in his Hebrew nationality.

Again, on another remarkable occasion S. Paul altogether passes over the fact of his belonging to the Hebrew race, appealing simply to his acquired rights as a citizen of a still greater and more famous city than that of Tarsus—namely, Imperial Rome. The magistrates of Philippi, in Macedonia, had commanded him to be beaten with rods, and had imprisoned him illegally in obedience to a popular clamour; afterwards, on their sending an order for his liberation, S. Paul sent them a message to say, "that they had beaten and imprisoned a Roman citizen uncondemned, and now they wanted to hush the thing up and dismiss him. Not so," he said; "but let them come themselves." Out of fear and respect for the Roman citizenship, the magistrates of Philippi came in a body to S. Paul, and requested him to depart quietly from their city. What would they have been likely to care if they had beaten and imprisoned one who was only a Jew?

Yet S. Paul does not omit to show that he had a perfect consciousness of his belonging to the Hebrew race, and that he could, on the fitting occasion, claim all that belonged to him on this title. To the Corinthians he says, "In that in which any man dares, I dare also. Are they Hebrews? so am I! are they Israelites? so am I! Are they the seed of Abraham? so am I!" But, then, what are the extremely remarkable words with which S. Paul prefaces this very complete demonstration of his consciousness that he belongs to the Hebrew

race? He says, "*In insipientia dico*" (I speak foolishly), as if he had added, "In what are we so much the better for belonging to one race of people more than to another?" How foolish a thing it is to be proud of race. Has not God made, as he says to the Athenians, the whole race of men "who dwell on the earth to come from one man" (Acts xvii. 26).

S. Paul, then, is a true and veritable Hebrew—one of the chosen race, whose high prerogative it is to stand by itself in the world; but he evidently does not think very much the better of himself on this account. He is a citizen of Tarsus, and this citizenship he claims, and to good purpose. He is, further, a citizen of the imperial city, Rome—and this citizenship he claims to better purpose still. In virtue of it he is able to carry his cause before the highest court of the Roman Empire, and says, "*Cæsarem appello*" (I appeal to Cæsar). But, besides this, he is a citizen in the kingdom founded by Jesus Christ. Now, what does S. Paul think of this citizenship? Here we shall do well to recall to mind that we are studying, in S. Paul, the pattern of what we ourselves ought to think of this citizenship; for, though we are not, as S. Paul was, invested with the particular high office of an Apostle, we are, by the same grace of God, just as much made citizens in the kingdom itself as S. Paul was, and we have, consequently, just the same reason for wanting to know what is the real value and worth of its citizenship.

Here we find S. Paul estimating this Christian citizenship as above everything else in the world. "For whom (Christ) I have counted all things as loss, and I regard them as dung, that I may gain Christ, and be found in Him, not having my own justice, which is from the law, but that which is of the faith of Christ Jesus" (Philipp. iii. 8). S. Paul's model is "the love which Jesus Christ showed for the Church, by which He gave Himself for it" (Eph. v. 25), and he so loves his fellow-citizens in this kingdom that there is nothing which he is not ready to suffer for them. "Therefore," he says, "I endure all things for the sake of the elect" (2 Tim. ii. 10), and he desires his fellow-citizens not to be in any way abashed on account of his sufferings, but to look upon them as their glory—"On which account I entreat you not to faint at my sufferings on your behalf, which are your glory" (Eph. iii. 13). Of this citizenship in the kingdom of Jesus Christ, S. Paul speaks in the following words to his fellow

citizens: "You have not come to a mountain that may be touched . . . . but you have come to the Mount Sion, to the city of the living God, to the heavenly Jerusalem, to the company of many thousands of Angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect, to Jesus, the mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of the sprinkling which speaketh better things than the blood of Abel" (Heb. xi.).

S. Paul, however, is by no means so wholly absorbed by this heavenly citizenship as to be an entire stranger to the feeling of natural affection for the people among whom he was born. "I am," he says, "in great sorrow and in continual grief at heart; I could wish myself to be anathema from Christ, for my brethren, who are my kindred according to the flesh" (Rom. ix. 3). "But it is not," he says, "the sons after the flesh that are the sons of God, but the sons of the promise that are counted as the seed." Henceforward, there is neither "Jew nor Greek, bondsman or free, male or female, but all are one in Christ Jesus" (Gal. iii. 28). There is henceforward one citizenship for all in the city of the Saints, and this citizenship is above everything else in the world.

That S. Paul should thus regard the citizenship in the kingdom of Christ is nothing more than a perfectly sensible dictate of right reason, taking it, that is, for what S. Paul believed it to be. Of this we have a striking illustration in the Roman Empire. The ordinary right-minded Roman citizen esteemed his citizenship in the city of Rome, as far as this could be possible, in the same way as S. Paul regarded his citizenship in the Christian city—that is to say, it was to him the very best thing he knew on the earth, and he held it dear accordingly. Cicero only speaks the language of right reason when he says, "I think," referring to Cato, "that he, and all in the like circumstances, should be said to have two countries—one, that of natural birth; and the other, that of acquired citizenship. Cato is a case in point for us. He was born in Tusculum, and, later in life, he was admitted to the citizenship of the Roman people, and in this way it came to pass that whereas by birth he was a Tuscan, by citizenship he was a Roman, and he had one, the local country, in the place of his birth, and the other in that of his acquired right of citizenship. Thus, we in the same way call that our country in which we were born, and that also our country into which we have been received. But," continues Cicero, "it is neces-

sary that this latter country should be esteemed and have a precedence in our affections far above the other, inasmuch as there is in it the name of a republic, and a universal citizenship for all. For this country we ought to be ready to die, and to give ourselves up wholly to it, to place in it all things belonging to ourselves, and, as it were, to consecrate them in it. I will, indeed, never deny that to be my country which gave me birth, provided that the other is held to be the greater, and the country of my birth be found contained in it" (Cicero de Legibus, Lib. ii.).

The Roman Empire may herein be seen to have served a very providential purpose in the counsels of God. It put before all the nations of the world the citizenship of its chief city and its universal empire, as a dignity which they might all equally aspire to obtain, and which, when obtained, was to be loved and esteemed far beyond that local country, whatever it might be, which belonged to them by the accident of birth.

The Catholic Church has, in this respect, succeeded to, or rather has supplanted, the Roman Empire, and it has raised us by its citizenship to a dignity as far above that of the old Roman citizenship as heaven is above the earth, and as that which is eternal is above that which perishes and passes away. It has made us, as S. Paul says, "fellow-citizens of the Saints and of the household of God" (Eph. ii. 19). It gathers together its multitude according to the vision which S. John saw, "so vast that no man could number it, from all the nations, tribes, peoples, and languages of the whole earth" (Apoc. vii. 9); and to all this vast multitude it gives what the Roman Empire never had to give—namely, the "heavenly citizenship," the right and title by the grace of God to the life that is eternal in the company of the Saints of God.

The Devil, in the latter days of the Church, our Lord tells us, is to deceive, if it were possible, even the elect. Let us, then, with the help of God, not fail courageously to oppose to the evil fascinations of his perverted spirit of nationalism the holy thoughts and aspirations proper to the Festival of all the Saints. Let us also keep close to our model, S. Paul; and if we do this, and walk as we have him for an example, the Devil will certainly find all his present favourite modes of deceiving entirely fail of their effect as far as we may be concerned. The citizen by the grace of God

of "no unknown city" will not be willing to renounce his imperishable heavenly citizenship, only in order to go back, at the arch-deceiver's voice, to the unblessed and short-lived things of the earth. F.

A SOUL'S LAMENT IN PURGATORY.

POOR Letitia, dead and gone,
All her sprightly pleasures o'er,
Thus to her Creator cries,
Who His loving face denies,
Not enough desired before:

"O Thou Trinity most true,
In Thy unity confess'd,
Whom in purgatorial pain
Now I seek and seek in vain,
Beatific vision blest.

"How for Thee, my God, I yearn,
Through a night that knows no day,
Pining on without relief,
In excess of purest grief,
Till my debt be done away.

"Nothing here to soothe my pangs,
Nothing to distract my care!
Gone away my joys to waste,
Gone away my very taste
For joy, if any joy there were!

"Yet, oh yet, my comfort this,
Though my penance tide unknown,
Never more, at least, can I
Sin against Thy sanctity,
O adored, beloved alone.

"Whom, despite of all the past,
Through the blood of Calvary,
With a hope that holdeth fast,
Still I look to see at last
In a glad eternity."

E. CASWALL.

No. I.—BLESSED MARGARET MARY ALACOQUE.

By the Rev. C. B. Garside.

HER EARLY LIFE.

"The path of the just," writes Solomon, "is as a shining light, that goeth forwards, and increaseth even to perfect day." This is one of those deep sayings that admit of many interpretations; as you turn it round in different directions it gives out, like the diamond, manifold streams of radiance. If it is true that during the life of a holy person the interior illumination and resplendent beauty of grace grow and unfold themselves progressively within the soul, it is also true, in another sense, that the very external world itself is irradiated by the track of the Saints. "The light goeth forward," and its beams impart a golden touch to even things material when they come within its range. Places that were before comparatively insignificant rise into unforeseen importance through their association with the history of God's elect; and their names, formerly little known, float about the wide globe and throughout centuries of time, upon the mighty tide of that fame which the Saints themselves would have shrunk from contemplating, if they had foreseen it in the days of their flesh, but which the Church delights to acknowledge and to spread after their departure from the earth. What was Paray-le-Monial before the establishment in it of the Order of the Visitation? What was it until it became the scene of the marvellous supernatural career of Margaret Mary Alacoque? What has it been since that period, and what is it now? When Margaret Mary used to go about asking with her tiny, infantine lips to be taught how to pray, little did she dream how glorious, through her instrumentality, would that Paray become, whose name she did not for many years after even know. How strange are the ways of God! Who could have foreseen that the whole world would be made, within the last few weeks, to resound, and by means so unexpected; with the name of Margaret Mary Alacoque, the events connected with her life, and the various questions of religion, both theological and devotional, which have grouped themselves around her as a natural centre. The very attacks of our Protestant journals upon the recent pilgrimage, have unintentionally awakened a wide-spread curiosity amongst non-Catholics to know something about a devotion which is to them so unfamiliar, and have also stimulated ignorant and careless

Catholics to give greater attention of mind to so important a subject, and to increased fervour in the practice of devotions towards the Heart of Jesus.

Truly "the path of the just is as a shining light," and their enemies assist not unfrequently in spreading far and wide, contrary to their real intention, the rays which they wish to extinguish by their adverse commentaries.

With these prefatory remarks, we now proceed to give a brief sketch of the chief incidents in the life of Blessed Margaret. As we like to trace any great object of nature from its germinal starting-point, so it is especially interesting to watch the dawn of any remarkable character in the Kingdom of Grace. Some Saints have not sprung up to any special exaltation until after many years: the future spiritual eagle has not been discerned in the nest: others seem to begin their mystic flight towards the high mountains of perfection almost from the cradle. Margaret Mary was of the latter class. She was born at Terrav, a little village in Burgundy, on the 22nd July, the Feast of S. Mary Magdalen, 1647. Her parents were highly respectable, her father being a judge, much esteemed for his integrity, possessing sufficient means for every ordinary comfort, and bearing a reputation for charity towards the poor. Margaret showed the signal influence of grace, when quite in her infancy, in the following manner. She had a peculiar dread of sin, before ever she had any definite idea of its real nature and consequences. A kind of chilling shadow seemed to pass over her soul at the bare notion of anything opposed to the will of God; without any very accurate apprehension of what was meant by the word "God," it would appear as if her soul shuddered, so to speak, at the imagination of contrariety to His Sanctity. If she was ever too vivacious and impulsive, as children naturally are, it was quite enough for her parents to say that God was not pleased with her; in an instant she not only became quiet and obedient, but showed signs of deep compunction. As an example of her supernaturally instinctive yearning towards high aspirations, she made a vow of chastity when hardly four years old. This vow was effected one day, at the Holy Sacrifice, during the moment of consecration, and when relating the circumstance, long after, to her confessor, F. Rolin, S.J., in obedience to his command, she says, "I did not understand what I had done, or the meaning of either the word 'vow' or 'chastity.'" But she acted under an

internal guidance which framed for her the intention and the language. If this seems strange, it must be remembered that just as a painter begins his picture by a line here and a line there, and it is only at the conclusion that the spectator perceives the full image on the canvas which was in the artist's mind from the beginning, so—if we may reverently use the analogy—the Holy Ghost may imprint on a soul the rudimentary lines of a particular virtue, which the soul itself does not at the time intellectually comprehend. Thus Margaret was drawn into the sacred circle of a vow of chastity when she was unable to do more than feel and correspond to a yearning, which she afterwards saw to be the realization of what she would have desired consciously to embrace had she been capable of then understanding the nature of the promise made by her lips.

Young as she was, she already began to feel the power of His voice Who has said to so many chosen souls, "I will allure her, and will lead her into the wilderness, and I will speak to her heart" (Ozea, xi. 14). Although naturally merry-hearted, effusive, as most children, in her affections, and possessing an unusually quick intelligence, yet she was found to be constantly escaping from the presence and conversation of those of her own age, as well as of her elders, in order to hide herself in some solitary nook, to be with God. She was one of those doves who, when scarcely fledged, found herself, partly from the fear of being sullied by contact with creatures, and partly from love of stillness, ever watching for an opportunity to bury herself in the cleft of the rock.

Margaret Mary found greater facilities for retirement when, at four years of age, she was consigned to the care of her godmother, Madame de Fautrières. This lady lived at the Castle of Corcheval. To the intense delight of her godchild, there was a chapel in the castle, in which the Blessed Sacrament was kept. This was the real home of Magaret; when not engaged in her tasks, she was always sure to be discovered upon her bare knees, and with uplifted hands before our Divine Lord in the Tabernacle. It was during her stay with Madame de Fautrières that she manifested a remarkable insight into the character of one of her teachers. There were two ladies who gave her religious instruction: one whose manners were rather stern; the other who was fond of humouring her fancies and petting her with endearing caresses. Contrary to the ordinary tendency of childhood, which dislikes reproof, Margaret preferred the severe mis-

tress, and that this preference was a supernatural instinct was afterwards evident from the fact that the other lady proved to be a most pernicious character.

After remaining some time with Madame de Fautrières, Margaret returned to her mother. At eight years of age her father died, leaving her mother burdened with the charge of five sons, and with not very ample means. During the period immediately following, little Margaret seems to have been abandoned to the care of servants, picking up her education in irregular ways, and at broken intervals. When eight years and a half old, she was sent to a school at the convent of the Urbanistes, or Sisters of S. Clare, who followed their rule as modified by Pope Urban VIII. They soon found what a jewel they had taken into their house, and she herself experienced a strong attachment to the Sisters. She only complained that they were not sufficiently retired for her.

At nine years of age she made her first Communion. God, who had no intention that she should eventually remain there, now sent her a most severe trial. She was afflicted with a terrible attack of rheumatism, accompanied with partial paralysis. After two years, she was compelled to leave the convent, on account of her sufferings, and was taken home, where she continued for two years longer a prisoner to her bed.

It was during this malady that she made a vow to belong in an especial manner to the blessed Virgin, if she was cured, and the result was an instantaneous recovery. This seems to have been the date of that wonderful personal charge which the blessed Virgin took of Margaret Mary. From that moment, to use her own words, the Mother of God "absolutely governed her; she reproved her for her faults, and taught her the will of God."

Her life at her mother's house was most austere. She spent four hours every day, as a regular rule, in prayer; frequently she would take no sleep; she fasted three days in the week, besides often giving the best part of her food to the poor, and, in addition to these practices, she wore an iron chain around her tender body. As if these voluntary mortifications were not enough, God, in His infinite wisdom, placed upon her a peculiar kind of cross, by which he led her to a high degree of humiliation and obedience. For some reason, not recorded, Margaret Mary's mother yielded up the entire management of her house to certain subordinates, who, in a

short time, ruled everybody and everything with the most relentless authority. Margaret had no liberty of action: she could not go to church, or put on a dress, or even take a piece of bread from the table, without permission; she was accused of sins of which she had an indescribable horror, struck with blows, and forced to work as a common servant in her own mother's house.

The effect upon her soul was only to increase her thirst for conformity to Christ. "From this time," she says, "my soul continued so penetrated with the sufferings of our Divine Saviour that I should have desired my pains never to cease for a moment."

These trials were followed by one of a totally different kind. The persecution which she endured from the social and domestic tyranny of those who ruled her home was less hard to bear than the fear of displeasing and disappointing her mother. It was represented to her, when she arrived at a proper age for marriage, that she ought to contract a desirable alliance, and thus secure her mother's comfort and peace during her widowed life. She remembered her vow as a child, and she determined to be firm; but occasionally, she confesses, the love of her mother and the dread of adding to her cup of sorrow were so strong that she allowed herself to mingle in society more than formerly. For a short period she lived a kind of double existence. Sometimes she was gay, spirited, and allowed her natural attractiveness to flow out from her looks, deportment, and conversation, so that she ran a risk of being misunderstood by those who aspired to her hand. Without meaning it, she indirectly gave them hopes of success. This was one phase. But, again and again, it was alternated by immediate and agonizing reactions; she was pierced to the core at the thought of forsaking Jesus. "Alas!" she said, "He appeared jealous of my wretched heart;" then, as a relief, she would, on returning to her room after an evening's diversion, fling aside her dress, "the accursed livery of Satan," as she termed it, and spend the long night in prostration on the ground wet with her tears, in making the blood start by the sharp discipline of the scourge, and in lying on a hard plank, or on knotty sticks, which she placed in her bed.

(To be continued.)

No. I.—HOW EVENTS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD IN CATHOLIC GERMANY.

IN the early portion of last year, when Prince Bismarck was busily engaged with his plotting how best to forge legal fetters against the Catholics in Germany, and specially to carry measures for the subjection of their schools to the control of the State, a certain inhabitant of Fulda got up an address of congratulation to him, signed by persons of different sects, to which the Prince made the following reply on the 26th April, 1872:—

"To the Worshipful Mr. Muller, Manufacturer, and Member of the Commercial Council in Fulda.

"It has given me particular pleasure to receive the address dated the 9th of this month, and signed by a large number of the citizens of Fulda, of different religions. The city of Fulda, which justly prides herself on the honour of being the keeper of the tomb of the Apostle of the Germans, is with great propriety called to be the first to give its testimony that Germany has not to seek the means of carrying into effect the last will and testament of its great martyr outside its own territory. I return your Worship, and your honourable fellow citizens, my distinguished thanks for this manifestation of your confidence, which it shall be at all times my constant endeavour to deserve.

"Von Bismarck."

Our readers must know that Fulda is a provincial town of Germany, in the duchy of Hesse-Cassel, situate on a river of the same name, containing about 12,000 inhabitants, the seat of a bishop, with its cathedral church, having some half dozen more or less populous suburbs, the inhabitants of which are engaged in various branches of manufacturing industry.

What makes Fulda, however, particularly a city of note to the Catholics of Germany is, that it contains the tomb and the relics of the great Archbishop and martyr, S. Boniface, whom all Catholic Germany has for more than a thousand years honoured as the great Apostle and teacher of the German people.

S. Boniface's history, briefly related, runs thus. He was born in Somersetshire, in the little town of Crediton, received the name of Winfred, and left his home to become a monk in Netley Abbey. After some years of exemplary conduct in his monastery, he was filled with the desire to become a missionary. He received permission to set out, and went into what are now called the Low Countries. After some fruitless labour there, he returned to his monastery. However, again he went forth, and this time he repaired to Rome, to the

reigning Pope, Gregory II., from whom he received powers necessary for the prosecution of his mission. Furnished with these powers, he came to Germany, and commenced his labours, conducting them with so much wisdom and perseverance, and such success, that he founded several Episcopal sees, many large monasteries, and became, in truth, the Apostle of the German people. When he was advanced in years and dignities, hearing that the Frieslanders were lapsing again into their idolatries, he went in person to preach to them, and earned the crown of martyrdom among them in the performance of his work as a missionary, A.D. 755.

Such is the great Martyr and Apostle of the German people, for the due carrying out of whose last will and testament Prince von Bismarck felicitates Mr. Muller, of Fulda, manufacturer and commercial councilman, that Germany will no longer henceforth need to seek the requisite means outside its own territory.

Hereupon the Catholic Society of S. Boniface takes occasion to publish and circulate all over Germany an instruction addressed to all the German people, under the title, "The Last Will and Testament of S. Boniface, Martyr and Apostle of Germany, and what is the way in which it is to be carried into effect."

As the various statesmen and national partizans of the chief nations of Europe have all pretty much at the present time the same kind of quarrel in substance against the Catholic Church—viz., that it is a vast association on the ground of the Christian faith, which absolutely refuses to be shut up within the limits of their respective territories, and which will not, on any terms whatsoever, suffer them to exercise supreme power in things concerning itself—we may most reasonably hope to find in this instruction not a little that we can turn to good account for ourselves. Hence we proceed at once to edify ourselves with an inquiry how our brethren of the faith in Germany take occasion to assert and make known the rights of their cause against Von Bismarck's crafty attempt to associate the sacred name of a Saint and Martyr of the Catholic Church with his own odious schemes for her oppression and enslavement in his own limited domains.

Von Bismarck, then, is at least compelled to acknowledge that "the last will and testament of the great Martyr and Apostle of the German people" is something incomparably

too sacred, and infinitely too dear to them, that it could possibly remain a dead letter, or in any way fail to be carried into effect. All that the wily oppressor ventures to insinuate is, "that Germany will now no longer need to go outside its own territory to seek the means of carrying it into effect"—but carried into effect it is to be. The Bonifacius Association on this say to the Prince, "We so far take you at your word. This 'last will and testament of our Apostle' is, in truth, far too sacred to fail of its effect—carried out it must be: on this ground we are quite agreed. But as to its being carried out in your particular way, the secular Prince is not exactly the host in the matter, and reckonings without the host are not always found to stand good. We must look deeper into the facts of the case than your highness appears to wish, and we must be sure that we know, apart from all illusion and mystification, what it is that really forms the purport of the last will and testament of the great Saint and Martyr of the German people which we are both agreed is to be carried into effect. Now, no one pretends that our Saint left any special last will and testament to the German people in writing, so that what we need to know of it will have to be gathered from all that is recorded of his life and career as a missionary and Apostle, as also from his letters, very many of which are still extant. According to these records, his last will and testament would run as follows:—

(1) "I make and appoint the whole German people the heir and inheritor of my work on their behalf. For this people I have lived and laboured, and they are my sons whom I have begotten in Jesus Christ.

(2) "Worldly goods I have none. Poor I came into the land, and poor I go out of it; but I give and bequeath to my sons a treasure of greater worth than any silver and gold—the Holy Roman Catholic Faith; and it is my express will and desire that this faith be transmitted from generation to generation, in the German people, to the end of time.

(3) "I make and appoint executors of this my will and testament those whom it shall please God to call to this work."

That it is the holy Roman Catholic Faith, the head of which is the Pope of Rome, and by no means any imaginary German Catholic religion, or that of any sort of sect, which the great Apostle and Martyr has bequeathed to his people, does not need greater proof than the simple fact that the Apostle himself was not a German by birth, but one who came from another country, in the name, and armed with the authority, of the then reigning Pope of Rome, to perform his missionary work. It is known of him, beyond dispute, that he was one

who never took any important step independently of the Roman See, and that, during the whole of his career, he remained in constant correspondence with, and in edifying subjection to the Pope of Rome. To talk, then, of the religion of S. Boniface being a something which Germany can carry out and perpetuate, without going outside its own territory, is just about as wise as if a negro were to say, "See how white I am." It is, then, the maintenance and perpetuation in all its integrity of this very Roman Catholic religion which is the main gist of the great Apostle and Martyr's last testament.

But if this last will and testament of the great Martyr and Apostle is so sacred that it cannot but be that it must be carried into effect, the way by which this alone can be done is through the action of its proper executors.

Now the first of these executors is no other than the selfsame power who ruled supreme over the Saint's work in his lifetime, and this was the Pope of Rome. The religion which he intended to bequeath is one that undergoes no essential change. It was subject to the reigning Pope in S. Boniface's time, it has been subject to the Popes for more than a thousand years since, and it is equally subject to the reigning Pope at the present moment. The eleven hundred years that have passed have brought in no change in this respect. In each of these centuries, as they have succeeded each other, the Popes have always been at the head of S. Boniface's work, and have always been the chief executors, so to speak, of his last will and testament. S. Boniface's last will and testament may indeed, in the nature of things, suffer destruction, or mutilation equivalent to destruction, but carried out separate from the jurisdiction of the Pope it can never be, for that would be its real destruction.

After the Pope, the Catholic Bishops of Germany are the executors of his will—particularly the Bishops of the sees of Mayence, Eichstadt, Fulda, and Wurzburg, with the four sees of Bavaria, which were all his own foundation. And, as troubles increase and persecution thickens, all the Bishops of Germany are seen to love to assemble together, for mutual counsel and deliberation, in Fulda, before the tomb of their sainted predécessor, that, strengthened by his example, and under the influence of his spirit, they may return to their sees stronger, and better able to persevere in defending the sacred trust committed to their keeping.

In the third place ought to come, as executors of his testament, the Princes who sit on German thrones. But here there must be silence: and we all know why. Time was when these thrones owned their duty to the Altar, and then those who sat on the thrones were feared and respected by their people. These princes have now fallen away from their duty, but without having found any increase of security for their thrones.

However, it is part of the counsels of God that, when one thing fails, another comes in its place, as our Lord answered the Pharisees, who wished to silence the boys in the temple that cried Hosanna to the Son of David, saying, "If these should be silent, the very stones would cry out." The Bonifacius Association strenuously invites the German people to wake up themselves, and take into their own hands the duty of defending and maintaining their faith.

For this end the Association calls them to still closer union with their clergy, showing them that their strength consists in being united with their priests, as the priests are with their Bishops, and these again with the Holy See. Here is the secret of the strength that will, in the end, bear down all before it.

Then prayer in common is not to be forgotten, to which they hear so many repeated invitations on the part of their prelates and pastors.

Again—and here is a something for us to observe—the Association presses upon the German people the duty of a very particular vigilance not to allow indiscriminately all sorts of newspapers and printed sheets to enter their houses. It says to them, "If you have a little spare money, take in some good Catholic publication, and if you cannot afford to do this by yourselves, join with your nearest Catholic neighbours in taking it in."

And, lastly, the Association in its tract says a word to parents: "You see what persecuting State laws are now doing in the way of excluding the Catholic clergy from entering the schools, to teach there the doctrines of the Catholic faith. Do you, therefore, take the more care to teach these doctrines yourselves to your own children in your own houses, and watch the more carefully yourselves over your children."

Prince von Bismarck doubtless thought to have made quite a master-stroke of cleverness, in his attempt to associate the

sacred name of the great Martyr and Apostle of the German people with his own narrow-minded, persecuting and unbelieving policy. From the above it appears that he has a little outwitted himself, and that he has had occasion to make the discovery that whosoever he may successfully attempt to shut up in the narrow limits of his Germany, this is a game that cannot be played with a Saint and Martyr of the Catholic Church. The Saint of the Church proves to be stronger than the Chancellor Prince of a circumscribed empire, and, as the Canticle of Zacharias assures us, "God sends to those who believe health and preservation by means of the very hands of all those that hate them." Even a Bismarck himself may thus find himself turned into an instrument for benefiting the very persons whom it is his desire to oppress and root out. F.

(To be continued.)

No. III.—THE WIDOW PALMA OF ORIA IN THE SOUTH OF NAPLES.

THE prayer, or collect, in the ritual of the Church on the Feast of the "Stigmata of S. Francis" (17th September), says "that when the world was growing old, God, to renew in our hearts the fire of charity, had impressed the sacred wounds (or stigmata) on the body of the most blessed Francis." It was not, therefore, solely in the way of personal reward to the Saint himself, and his great faith and piety, that the wonderful favour of the "sacred stigmata" was granted to him, but it was to be for the benefit also of others, and, as the event has proved, others not merely of his own generation, but of after-times to come—indeed, no doubt, to the very end of the world.

What, therefore, it pleases God to grant in the way of similar, and even much more miraculous, manifestations in our times, must be both piously and reasonably understood by us not to be granted on the part of the Divine Providence that guides events here below with any kind of superfluous redundancy of purpose. God forbids that we should allow place to such a thought. God does nothing in vain and without a set purpose; perfectly conformable to His attributes of goodness and wisdom. For the wonders consequently which are

exhibited in the person of the Widow of Oria there must unquestionably exist good and sufficient reasons. It is not indeed always given to us fully to understand the reasons of all the ways of God, but it is always permitted to us to endeavour to do this as far as such efforts may conduce to edification.

Faith, then, we may usefully consider, at all times demands from us an habitual respectful disposition of mind towards the miraculous. Faith not only believes what it believes on the testimony of past miracles, but that which it believes, itself belongs to the order of the miraculous and supernatural. To cite a familiar instance:—It is not according to the natural order of things that a confession made to a particular person should be instrumental in the obtaining the forgiveness of God, yet no other than this is our ordinary practice of sacramental confession. From time to time, therefore, God appears to permit strange and rare miraculous phenomena to be exhibited—such as those displayed in the person of the Widow of Oria, to awaken us, as it were, to better reflection on the miraculous character of the ordinary gifts of faith which, through very familiarity with them, we are in danger of forgetting.

Let us but duly reflect for a moment, and we cannot fail to perceive that there is quite as great and as real a miracle in the Holy Communion administered by the hand of the ordinary celebrant of the Mass, as in the same Communion brought to Palma by an invisible hand. The invisible hand, indeed, is but the accessory of the miracle which in itself is the greater of the two.

Thus the Widow Palma and her spiritual sister, Louise Lateau, become signs to their generation, to remind them of the miraculous nature of the gifts of faith, their very familiarity with which may tend to obscure this from their sight. But this is by no means all that may be intended.

There are two very prevalent opposite tendencies at the present time, both equally estranged from the way of faith; one of these is only too ready to laugh at any sort of supernatural manifestation, as if it either must necessarily be the produce of fraud and mockery, or anyhow must be so entirely out of place in our world that it cannot but be worse than waste of time to look into it to ascertain where the supposed deception may be; and the second tendency is to believe in a deceptive spiritism, or in the supposed preternatural communication between the living and the spirits of those who are

dead. The former class of persons, of course, treat the latter as silly people, who are the voluntary victims of empty delusions, in which they indulge themselves solely because they find a certain something agreeable and soothing to their feelings and affections in them. Now both of those very different classes of persons have very much to learn from the real miracle. To the former, it says your boasted intellectual disbelief in the miraculous has nothing whatever of the intellectual discernment in it you foolishly imagine it to have. It is a mere capricious self-willed rejection of the same kind of proof that you have for anything else that you believe; and to the other class it says, beware how you allow yourselves to be deceived by that which you can have no sufficient warranty for believing.

However, the above few remarks being now made by way of caution, we shall hope to proceed in our next number to what remains of Dr. Imbert Gourbeyre's account of the Widow of Oria, or rather, we should say, to the very imperfect selections from it with which, for want of greater space at command, we are compelled to be satisfied.

(To be continued.)

AN ANECDOTE OF THE EARLY YEARS OF PIUS IX.

THE Countess Mastai Ferretti, who, like a good Christian mother, took pains herself to teach all her children to fear God, used to make her son John Mary say his morning and evening prayers with her, and, as a devout daughter of the Holy Roman Church, she had taught him to add the name of the Pope to the members of his family for whom he prayed.

In the year to which our anecdote refers, 1799 or 1800, the boy being then about seven years of age, PIUS VI. was the reigning Pope, and he was at the time, in consequence of his firmness in defending the privileges of his throne and the liberties of the Church, subjected to the worst indignities by the impious men who had then seized upon the reins of power in France.

Full of sorrow for the trials to which the common Father of the faithful was exposed and for the dangers which threat-

ened him, and feeling that at such a time numbers of Christian hearts would be offering their prayers to God for his safety, the Countess Ferretti taught her son John Mary to add a special *Pater* and *Ave* for the Pope to his prayers. "Dear child," she said, when she first invited him to add these prayers, "terrible misfortunes threaten the Sovereign Pontiff Pius VI., and he is a great sufferer. You must join me in praying that it will please God to lessen the grief of our Holy Father, and keep all danger far away from him."

"Oh yes," replied the child, "I will pray with you for the Holy Father, and I will pray my very best," and every morning and evening the young John Mary reminded his mother of the *Pater* and *Ave* which they were to say together for the Pope.

One evening as they were about to say these prayers, the countess kissed her son and said with tears, "Dear child, we must say these prayers to-night for the Holy Father with great fervour, for all the misfortunes we were afraid of have come. A number of armed men have seized upon PIUS VI. He is a prisoner, and they are carrying him off out of Rome."

At these words the child, who had been listening to his mother with great attention, joined his hands, and said the prayers with great fervour, but afterwards, on rising up, he said to his mother, "How is it that God Almighty permits the Pope, who is in the place of Jesus Christ, to be treated in this way, and to be made a prisoner the same as if he was a bad man."

"My child," replied the countess, "it is just because the Pope is the Vicar and does stand in the place of Jesus Christ that God permits him to be treated in this way. Do you not remember what I have told you of the history of Jesus. How, in spite of his being so good, he had many enemies, and how these enemies seized upon and made him suffer the most frightful torments, ending by putting him to death. My dear child, God has often willed that Popes should be treated in the same kind of way, and he permits that PIUS VI. should be one of them."

"But then, mamma," said the child, "these men that do this must be very bad men, and ought not we to pray God to punish them?"

"My dear child," replied the countess, "we must not pray God to punish anyone. Do you not remember what

Jesus Christ did on the Cross; how he prayed for his enemies and asked God to forgive them. And this, without doubt, is what PIUS VI. is doing now. We must unite ourselves with him, and pray God to have mercy and convert these wicked men who have laid hands on the Holy Pontiff."

Hearing these words of his mother, the young John Mary knelt down again and said his *Pater* and *Ave* very devoutly for the enemies of PIUS VI.

CURRENT EVENTS.

ROME AND THE POPE.—On the 18th of September the Holy Father received in audience the Directors of the ten federated Roman Societies which purpose to erect a church in Rome in honour of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The Pope was surrounded by a great number of cardinals, prelates, and princes. The President, Signor Mencacci, read a formula of a vow to erect a church in Rome to the Sacred Heart, in testimony of gratitude to God, and in reparation for the outrages of modern impiety. Prince Lancellotti next presented an Album, containing 20,000 signatures. The Holy Father said:—

"I fully approve and I accept, in the name of God, the vow which you have just uttered in your own name and in the name of a great number of others not now present, but who share in your sentiments. At the present moment there presents itself to my mind the idea of the rapid progress made by the human family in certain sciences which I will call 'utilitarian,' because they aim only at the development of material well-being and conveniences of life. Yes, the human family has thrown itself into this pursuit, it is going after it with sure and rapid steps, and it is gaining ground. Man cultivates ardently all those sciences that promise him enjoyment on this earth; and they constitute, so to speak, the special boast of the age. And yet, among all these sciences, the science of pauperism, although much cultivated theoretically—although treated of in books—although talked about by speakers—although discussed by learned societies—this science, I say, so much cultivated in theory, gives but very scanty results in practice. While material progress is ad-

vancing pauperism advances too, and, unhappily, the neglect to apply any remedy increases in the like proportion. Look around you, and consider the evils that assail us on all sides. Physical evil and moral evil; evil sent by the anger of God and evil produced by the wickedness of men, and therefore constituting what I may call artificial evil. It is unnecessary to go over in detail the history of so many evils; their mere enumeration is almost too much for us to bear. Thus, speaking of physical evil, you find the doleful spectacle of inundations, of earthquakes, of destructive storms and other public calamities. Speaking of moral evil, you see presented to your view the infernal picture of immorality triumphant, of blasphemy unrestrained and unpunished; of heresy publicly maintained; of the bad liberty of teaching; of persecution—so much relished by the impious in Italy and out of Italy—of the ministers of the sanctuary, and of all those who keep the Catholic faith in its fullness. Lastly, speaking of that evil which is produced by men placed in authority, you find taxation, acts of injustice, and legal vexations; facilities afforded for exacting and hoarding up money, and of slowness in paying that which is due; many things going to destruction, and little or nothing done unto edification. After all this, tell me, have we not reason to cry out with the Psalmist, *Adhaesit pavimento anima mea?* Is not our soul sunk in the mire and in the dust, under the weight of such an oppression? But you —you have found the remedy for evils so great and numerous. O yes, my children, you have found it. You have remembered that there lives in heaven a Divine Heart that can console, help, and comfort you. Ah, yes; let us draw near to that Heart, and let us stay before that wound which was opened by the soldier's lance, and meditate with love and with faith: *Prospiciens per cancellos.* Let us observe how that Heart, according to our manner of comprehending, desires ardently to spread abroad that fire which burns it interiorly; that fire which would set the whole earth on fire with love and with charity. Let us draw near to that Heart; and, filled with admiration, let us observe the celestial economy with which the Church was formed, and how she went forth vigorous from that Divine source, supporting herself on the seven pillars which represent the Sacraments. Let us approach, filled with humility and respect, to that Heart, and we shall hear those sweet words: *Erunt oculi mei tibi cunctis diebus.* They mean that the Heart and the eyes of Jesus Christ will

ever turn towards His Church, which is spread over the face of the globe; but particularly will they turn towards this city of Rome, because here has been established the seat of the Truth, and the centre of Catholicism. Hither was sent the Prince of the Apostles, whatever the impious and fanatical enemies of the true Church of God may say to the contrary—hither did S. Peter come, fearing not to venture himself in that forest of fierce wild beasts, preaching intrepidly the truth in the midst of the crowd of errors of the Roman people, which after having conquered many other nations, itself embraced and fell into servitude to all the turpitudes and aberrations of the other peoples. After the blood shed by so many sovereign Pontiffs and by so many thousands of martyrs, this highly favoured city, which had been the disciple of error and enslaved to abominations, became, by the merits of that blood, and by the Divine Will, the mistress of the truth. From this chair of holy doctrine proceeded lessons to instruct, counsels to enlighten, decrees to define, from the very beginning of the Church down to the *Syllabus* and to the decrees of the Council of the Vatican. Blessed, then, be that Divine Heart, the origin of so many goods, and the source of consolation and of solace in affliction. Blessed also be you, who so far from going to seek distraction in the frivolities of mankind, come, on the contrary, to seek peace and happiness at the source where alone they are to be found. I know that the impious blaspheme even that Adorable Heart. But the time will come when God Himself will curse those blasphemers *Ridebit et subsannabit eos.* As for us, let us approach to that holy refuge of our souls, let us present to it the protestations of our love, and let us beseech that Divine Heart to encourage us by Its Benediction. Let us say to It with Jacob: *Non dimittam te, nisi benedixeris mihi.* O Most Holy Heart, filled with love, and source of all graces, bless us; and may Thy benediction give us courage in the conflict, firmness in good resolves, and may it accompany us even to the last day of our life. Meanwhile, I raise my feeble hand; I bless you; I bless your friends and your relatives. Be you the echoes by which this benediction may extend over all the faithful of the Catholic Church; may it give you the needful courage, and may it keep you constant to the latest moment of your life.—*Benedictio Dei, &c.*"

An Audience at the Vatican.—On the morning of the Sunday, 28th of September, the Holy Father admitted to an audience

a numerous deputation of the "Society of Catholic Interests" from Civita Vecchia. Having listened with great good will to the reading of an animated address, His Holiness replied with a discourse published in No. 228 of the *Osservatore Romano*, as follows:—

"From the sentiments expressed in your address, which I have listened to with satisfaction, there comes out into light a truth, namely, that our life consists of alternations between joy and distress, prosperity and affliction, and, more frequently still, between acts of faithfulness, on the one side, which bring great consolation, and acts of vile ingratitude, that cause much bitterness.

"Moreover, human weakness is apt to suffer more depression from our actual present miseries than it is wont to be reinvigorated by the coming of what is joyful. However, let us be hopeful. You see, nevertheless, what causes of bitterness there come from Switzerland, Germany, and Italy, as well as from other kingdoms and provinces, where all seem banded together to bring about the affliction and oppression of the Church.

"Now, I am far from saying that all these evils will pass away in a short time. I will not say to you that we are on the eve of our liberation and triumph. I only say that God will let the triumph be seen, though we know nothing of the time when He will work the wonder.

"In the meantime, that which I earnestly recommend to you is to have a great care of the young. I recommend this especially to those of you who are mothers of families, of whom I make sure that there cannot fail to be many among the ladies whom I see here present. I say this because the men who are in power appear to have no other aim except how to take away from the breast of both infancy and youth every seed of faith and religion.

"One of the notorious unbelievers of the past century expressed the wish 'that the last king might be strangled with the intestines of the last priest.' The present race of unbelievers avoid, indeed, the expression, but are aiming at precisely the same end, and the so-called moderate party of unbelievers are being led by the hand to the same impious design, if God were to permit them.

"In the meantime, men walk unchecked in the ways of iniquity, and the clergy are become an object of hatred in Italy, and in certain countries of the North where the government intrudes itself into the functions of the Episcopate; punishes the good and rewards the bad, who, renouncing obedience to the mild yoke of the Church, submit themselves of their own accord to the chain laid upon them by any one who is in power, and which presses them down with a hand of iron.

"One of the sad consequences is that the way is opened to the indulgence of guilty passions, and when the paternal government of the Episcopate opposes itself there arises out of this the infernal motive which urges on certain ministers of God, blinded by their passions, and misled by their perverse desires, to prefer the patronage of the proud Amans, and the treacherous Sejanus, to the paternal rule of the one only Church.

But let us turn to the modern masters of Italy, who walk in the paths of those of whom we have been speaking hitherto. And to be brief, I mention pilgrimages, and I ask, why are these placed so much under a ban? They say it is to prevent a great gathering of people at a time when a con-

tagious malady prevails. No pilgrimages, no great gatherings in the churches!—and for this reason there was an attempt to prohibit the solemnity of an Apostle and an Evangelist, in the very town which possesses and venerates his relics. And if the beautiful religious ceremony was, notwithstanding, carried into effect, this was solely owing to the firmness of those who preferred sacerdotal constancy and duty to considerations of human respect.

"However, large gatherings of people are not only permitted, but encouraged, where there is a question of anti-Christian spectacles, as came to pass but a few days ago, in broad daylight, where in a well known locality, in the midst of a thousand profanations and blasphemies, there was represented the notorious invasion of Rome of the 20th September.

"Everything against God and His Church, and everything to favour the cause of the Devil. Here there is anover flow of zeal; but all devout and religious assemblies must be suppressed for fear of the Asiatic cholera, while assemblies of another kind, which bring with them a moral pestilence of the worst kind, are not only permitted, but treated with favour. Miserable condition of the days in which we live!"

The Holy Father, in conclusion, then inculcated upon all the duty of courage and patience, and particularly insisted upon the watchful care that should be taken of the young. "*Benedictio Dei*," &c.

A Reply of the Pope.—A deputation of the Catholic Young Men's Society of the Immaculate Conception went the following day to offer their homage to the Vicar of Our Lord. It included Canon Bartoloni, editor of the *Roma: Antologia Illustrata*, the Marquis Andrea Lezzani, Signor Joseph Lezzani, Count Joseph Barbiellini, and Signori Lupi, Sebastiani, &c. The Marquis Lezzani read the address; after which his Holiness, who occupied the throne in the *Sale del trono*, replied to the following effect:—

"I have read in certain journals—not in the *Unita Cattolica*, nor in any Catholic paper, but in certain revolutionary organs, for, as you know, I am condemned to read the bad papers as well as the good ones—I have read, I say, that they now mean to get the entire possession of Rome, so as to restore paganism here again, just as it existed in the days of Nero or Augustus. And as they know that they cannot carry out such a plan as long as the Pope stays at Rome, therefore those men of the *Siecle* want to drive the Pope out. Thanks be to God, they will be prevented from accomplishing their design. It is by the prayers of Catholics that such a calamity will be warded off. The Lord has placed at Rome the See of His Vicar on earth; and He will not allow the destination of this city to be so changed. Old Rome, the Rome of the Emperors, is really fallen; all that is left of it is merely a few columns and a few statues, which people dig up here and there amongst the ruins. But you may be quite sure that it will be impossible to pull down the Rome that is now—namely, Christian Rome. Do you, then, my children, pray, pray constantly for the Church. Before I leave you, I wish to give you my blessing; and the blessing of Christ's Vicar, unworthy as he may be, has its value. I therefore bless you and your

families; I bless your labours, and your hopes, and your future.—*Benedictio Dei*," &c.

It is interesting, as showing how vigorously the Pope retains the powers of his memory, to learn that when F. Bartoloni was presented the Pope recognized him, and spoke to him in the kindest manner:—"Ah, Father Bartoloni, I know you; I once heard you preach at the Carthusian Church, on the Feast of S. Bernard."

THE LETTER OF THE POPE AND THE EMPEROR.—The newspapers have been full of two documents that purport to be an autograph letter of the Pope, dated August 7th, to the Emperor William of Germany, with the reply of the latter, dated September 3rd. The official paper of Berlin is responsible for the genuineness of the text of both letters, and we need not say that, proceeding from this source, there is no adequate guarantee for the current English version in our newspapers being accepted as correctly representing the Pope's letter. The reply of the Emperor has a far better chance of being correctly given and rendered. According to this, the Emperor is not a persecutor of religion at all, but only a conscientious upholder, as becomes a sovereign, of the laws of the Empire, against a small number of malcontent and disaffected priests. The Emperor is very careful not to say a word about the previous concordat, by which the Empire was bound, and that the laws which it has become his sacred duty to uphold are laws which never could have become laws at all, if the Empire had not violated the obligation of the concordat and broken its faith. It is the old fable of the lamb drinking below muddying the water of the river, where the wolf, standing higher up the stream, has come to drink.

PILGRIMAGES IN SWITZERLAND.—The 22nd September is the feast of S. Mauritius (S. Maurice), and the Theban Legion and a large concourse of pilgrims, to the number of 20,000, went to the Monastery of S. Maurice, to keep the festival. Among the acclamations of the solemnity was the following:—

Bishop of Basle to the pilgrims: "If you had to choose between death and the denial of your faith, would you not repeat the words of the martyrs, "Death rather than dishonour."

Pilgrims: "Yes. Death rather than deny our faith."

After various similar devout acclamations, the Bishop concluded by saying, "Now, let us pray our Lord Jesus Christ to help us to keep these promises and to remember this great day."

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NEW SERIES.

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No. IV.—SACRUM SEPTENARIUM.

How the Great Mother of the Christian Family exemplifies for her Children the Second Gift of the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Piety.

"Thou shalt send forth Thy Spirit," says the sacred Scripture, "and they shall be created, and Thou shalt renew the face of the earth." (Psalm ciii. 30.) There is nothing abstruse or concealed in the remedy which the earth needs for its renewal, after its fall from the innocence in which it was created. It is only necessary that all men should enter into the Divine Covenant of Redemption offered to them in Jesus Christ, and that, within this Covenant, they should be docile and obedient to the several promptings of the Holy Spirit of God, who is sent forth to work amongst them. To form some notion of the efficacy of the remedy which the wisdom of God has herein provided, let us but for a short moment suppose that all the children of the great Christian family have shown themselves reasonably and affectionately solicitous to take pattern by the example their great Mother has given them, in the one particular only of which we have briefly treated—namely, docility to the holy "Spirit of the Fear of the Lord." This, we should not omit to observe by the way, is no extreme supposition, for it does but assume that the children of the Christian family have learned from their elect Mother's example the first elementary lesson that children are required to learn. Yet how wonderful would be the renewal of the face of the earth that could not fail to flow from this one thing alone!

In the first place, the Ten Commandments of God, given to Moses, would be taken as the foundation of all the various Christian States and their Governments. The due observance of the Divine law of the Sabbath or seventh day would be everywhere confirmed by civil legislation. Serious crimes against the laws of God and man would be unknown, for "the Fear of God expels sin." Justice between man and man

would be established, and the due discharge of all the various family, social, and public duties—of the neglect and perversion of which God is known to be the avenger—would be provided for and ensured. Even in the above extremely few words, we have quite enough to enable us to perceive how, by the operation of this one gift alone of the "Spirit of the Fear of the Lord," not less than a universal renewal of the face of the earth is provided for. Yet we have here, as who can fail to see, a mere picture in faint outline, of the riches of the renewal which ought to flow from the single operation in the Christian society of this one Spirit of the Fear of God.

That such a renewal, then, has largely taken effect in past times, and is even now in daily operation in the Christian nations, is matter of deep thankfulness to God, the giver of every good and perfect gift; but that it should fail of its effect, where it does fail, proves nothing against the efficacy of the remedy. It only shows how terribly it is in the power of Christian men to fight against God and to resist the Holy Ghost. It only shows how the example of the perfect and loving Mother may be thrown away upon the blind and perverse children. "Mine eyes," says the holy Psalmist, "have failed through weeping, because men do not keep Thy commandments." (Psalm c. 8.)

"However, God," says the Scripture, "has made all things for Himself, even the impious man for the evil day." (Prov. xvi. 4.) Even the lost and perverse children of a household are appointed to render a certain service to the good and the docile. They fill these latter with a holy zeal, to study with increased courage to made amends by their greater docility for the injury done by their perverse brethren to the parental love and tenderness which, up to the last dread moment of eternal reprobation, watches with unabated solicitude over all. But let this much suffice as regards the perverse children of the Christian household. We must proceed with our subject—viz., the example which our great Mother in Christ places before us, in respect of the second gift of the Holy Spirit, the SPIRIT OF PIETY.

As the Spirit of the Fear of the Lord leads us to the obedience due to God as a Supreme Legislator and Ruler, and likewise to the deep care and solicitude with which we should prepare to appear before Him as the Judge, on whose award will depend our condition for eternity; so, lest the salutary and wholesome fear thus inspired should degenerate into

a superstitious and terror-stricken servility, as also to bring the society of the earth into a nearer resemblance to the love and charity of Heaven, we stand in need of another holy gift, in the strength of which we may be able to say to God—"Our Father who art in Heaven!" And this is the second gift of the Holy Ghost, the SPIRIT OF PIETY.

The words of S. Thomas are as follows:—"The gifts of the Holy Ghost are certain habitual dispositions of the soul, by which it is promptly moved by the Holy Ghost. Amongst other things, the Holy Ghost moves us to this, that we should have a certain filial affection to God, according to the Apostle's words: 'You have received the Spirit of adoption, by which we cry "Abba, Father."' (Rom. viii.) And because it properly appertains to piety to show due honour and duty to a father, it follows that piety, according to which we give honour and worship to God as to a father, through the prompting of the Holy Ghost, is a gift of the Holy Ghost."

But in the same manner as the "Spirit of the Fear of the Lord" leads us to submission not only to the laws of God, but likewise also, as the Apostle insists, "to every ordinance of man, for Christ's sake;" so the Spirit of Piety leads not only to the filial reverence and piety that is due to God as to a father, but also to all the affection and gentle regard that is either due or becoming from us towards our fellow-man, made in the image of God—and this, according to all the various ties by which human society is bound together, whether of kindred, relationship, fellow citizenship, neighbourhood and the like. The Christian doctrine is, that we should aim at perfection, after the pattern of God Himself, and strive, as our Lord says, "to be perfect, as our Father in Heaven is perfect." But piety towards men is part of the perfect attributes of God, as the letter of Ezechias assures the people of Israel: "For the Lord your God is pious and merciful, and will not turn away His face from you, if you return to Him." (II. Par. xxx. 9.) The operation of the "Holy Spirit of Piety" will, consequently, lead us, first and foremost, to the filial love and regard that is due from us to God as our Father in Heaven; and, as it were, by the overflow of its riches, it will, after this, lead us to all that is dutiful, loving, affectionate and considerate to our fellow men, in all the various relations of life in which we can stand towards them.

We have already said we do not expect a mother's example to be otherwise than perfectly homely, sensible and level to

the capacities of her children, in such a way as that no other example is at all likely to be so easily understood and imitated by her children. The mother's example excludes, we may perhaps not be able with propriety to use the word "nonsense," but certainly everything in the remotest manner savouring of parade or ostentation; so that while it remains plainness and simplicity itself, nothing can be conceived better suited and more likely to be useful for the children than their mother's example. Now, we shall be pleased to find that such is exactly the example of the great Mother of the Christian family as regards the second gift of the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Piety.

We shall at once see that it is characterized by all the plainness and simplicity that so well becomes the tender mother, who studies above all things her children's ability to profit by her example, at the same time that nothing can be conceived better suited to inspire us with the affectionate desire to profit and take pattern by it.

Piety towards God, then, may without difficulty be perceived to take three ordinary and familiar ways of manifesting itself in the common life of the great multitude of the Christian family.

These three ways are:—(1) The worship of the Holy and Everblessed Trinity—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, in the Christian temples; (2) The special love and adoration of the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity present in the holy tabernacle of the Christian temples; and (3) Pious solicitude for the things of God, and their well-being. There never can be imagined a time when the Spirit of Piety, animating the vast multitudes of the Christian people, has not continually filled the temples and sanctuaries of the Church with devout multitudes worshipping the Holy and Everblessed Trinity; has not continually brought these multitudes to bend their knees in worship and adoration of the Divine Presence of God the Son in the holy tabernacle of these sanctuaries; and, lastly, when it has not filled their hearts and minds with such pious solicitude for the things of God and the honour of His Saints, so that they have cheerfully laid their riches and treasures at the feet of His servants, to build His sanctuaries and furnish all things appertaining to them—when it has not moved them to give their sons and their daughters, and not unfrequently themselves also, to put on the holy habit of His religion, and become His servants. We certainly, then, could not conceive the great Mother of the

Christian family being wanting to her children in failing to put before them the light of her maternal example, in respect of these universal manifestations of the Holy Spirit of Piety. Now, what her example was in this respect, we must reserve for our next number.

(To be continued.)

A HOLY THOUGHT FOR CHRISTMAS:

"THE MOTHER OF GOD."

I KNEW, O God, that Thou wert great and good,
  Holy and just, and yet most loving too;
But never did I know Thy tenderness,
  Till these sweet words had pierced me through and through.

It seemed so far to lift my heart to Thee,
  I could but fear and tremble as I prayed;
Until Thy grace made these sweet words disclose
  The infinite act of love which Thou has made.

Mother of God! Then Thou art one with us—
  Our Brother, Lover, Saviour, all in one;
And the great distance 'twixt our souls and Thee
  Was bridged by Mary's words "Thus be it done."

Henceforth when I would make my act of love,
  When my full heart would lift itself to Thee,
Should holy awe and fear weigh down my soul,
  "Mother of God!" upon my lips shall be.

(From "The Catholic World," New York.)

No. II.—BLESSED MARGARET MARY ALACOQUE.

By the Rev. C. B. GARSIDE.

HER ENTRANCE INTO RELIGION.

THE Psalmist, speaking of God, says, "Thy arrows are fastened in me, and Thy hand hath been strong upon me;" and so it was with Margaret Mary. Notwithstanding the appeals made to her by her mother, that she should accept some offer of marriage, and the temptation of breaking the galling yoke of those who were allowed to exercise an unjust authority over her, the "arrow of God" was never plucked out of her heart by any selfish consideration. She was ready to suffer, but not to violate that vow lisped by her infant lips, and which must ever be a barrier between her and the proposals of suitors, however advantageous. The Divine arrow was really "fastened" in the centre of her soul, and if ever, through a momentary thoughtlessness, she seemed to be bounding away towards more worldly pastures, she felt the sharp pull of the barb with an intensity beyond description. At times, when she was excited by her imagination to think of the pleasures of society, the illusion was suddenly scattered to the winds by a counter-image. The pale, blood-stained form of the Crucified appeared to rise up before her like an awful apparition; and when it had passed, she shrank within herself, utterly confounded with the thought of her own frailty and ingratitude. Her only comfort was then in penance, in visits to the Blessed Sacrament, in teaching the Catechism to the most abandoned children that she could coax to come to her; and, above all, in soothing the sorrows and dressing the wounds, often most loathsome, of the sick poor of the neighbourhood.

During this period of her residence with her mother there appeared, at first vaguely, and then in a more definite form, the seed of a vocation to religion. The idea fascinated her on the one hand with its exceeding sweetness, and on the other it terrified her with its sublimity and difficulty. All kinds of suggestions from the great Adversary of souls came surging in upon her fancy. Hardly had the hope of success begun to shine brightly and calmly before her, leading her onwards like the star which guided the Magi, when huge clouds, partly the offspring of her sense of unworthiness, and partly the malicious projection of the Evil One's shadow upon her mind, swept between her and the Divine light, so that she

was transfixed with an agony of depressing doubt. The graces received in the Sacrament of Confirmation, which was administered to her in 1669 by the Bishop of Chalons-sur-Saône, produced a remarkable effect, by strengthening her resolution to persevere in her aspirations towards religion, and she united herself in a special manner to the Blessed Virgin, by taking the name of Mary in addition to that of Margaret, thus stamping herself anew with the mark of her spiritual kinship to the Mother of God, and prophetically foreshadowing, as we shall see, her future enrolment amongst the "Daughters of Mary."

In 1670, on the occasion of the Jubilee granted by Clement X., a Franciscan father came to preach in the village where Margaret Mary lived, and to him she confided the ardent desire of her soul. He encouraged her strongly, and so effectually pleaded her cause, that her mother and brother, who had hitherto opposed her wishes by reasonings and entreaties, at last agreed to what they saw was inevitable; for she declared that she would rather die than renounce her intention.

Having yielded this point, her relatives imagined that Margaret Mary would readily defer to their wishes in the choice of an Order; they were anxious for her to join the Ursulines, and in this they were supported by her cousin, who was a nun in an Ursuline community. The very motives, however, which they thought would weigh with Margaret Mary in favour of the Ursulines, were in her mind precisely the reasons for resisting the idea. Nothing human was to be admitted as an element in the decision of what was to be the sole work of God. She had a horror of trying to combine personal likings, or the attraction of kinship, with the drawings of the Holy Spirit; of putting untempered mortar between the sacred stones of the Temple. "My wish," she said, "is to go to a convent which is at a distance, and where I have neither relatives nor acquaintances, for I will be a Religious only for the sake of God!"

The names of many convents were mentioned to her, but she showed no signs of approval until she heard of the one belonging to the Order of the Visitation, at Paray; that name was no sooner uttered, than it electrified her with a sudden sensation of delight. She could not explain her reasons; they lay far too deep for her own intelligence to fathom; it was the unseen hand of God that was "strong upon" her, and Paray seemed to shine out distinctly and vividly before

her mind, as the only spot where she could henceforth live; it was as though it had been traced there long before by the "invisible will" of the writing of the Spirit of God, and had now started into glowing manifestation when the time arrived for her to forsake her home in the world. Paray was not a selection, but an inspiration.

The Order of the Visitation was founded by S. Francis of Sales, and it is interesting to remember that he proposed for its armorial bearings "a heart pierced by two arrows, and encircled by a crown of thorns; this poor heart serving as a base for a cross surmounting it, and bearing engraved upon it the holy names of Jesus and Mary." The chief virtues which the saint desired the daughters of the Order to more especially aim at were humility of the deepest reverential kind towards God, and gentleness, sweet and charitable, towards their neighbours; one of his sayings being that they were to "gather these virtues at the foot of the Cross, where they grow, and are bedewed with the blood of their Beloved, fastened by nails to their hearts as He is upon the Cross." How the subsequent history of Margaret Mary gives the clue to her being guided to this particular Order by the direct Providence of God, is so obvious as to require no commentary.

Margaret Mary entered the quiet doors of the convent at Paray on the 25th of May, 1671, the festival day of a saint —who may be said, in a sublime mystical sense, to have been out of her mind through the love of Jesus—S. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi. On the day when she prepared to leave the world behind her, the conflict between nature and grace was so strong, that she felt as if she was being riven in two; but no sooner had she passed the threshold of the convent than, like David before the Ark of God, she "leaped and danced" with delight. After three months' postulancy, she was clothed on the 24th of August. During the whole of her noviceship she was pre-eminent for her thirst for prayer, and for the extraordinary simplicity which made her, who was exalted before her entrance into the Order to an unusual height of communion with God, look down upon herself as totally ignorant of the art of devotion. The mistress of novices told her to offer her heart to God as a piece of blank canvas, and ask Him to impress upon it His Divine will. This is what she had in reality always been doing, without any self-consciousness of the process, but she listened to the

advice as if she were then only beginning to put it into practice. One of her great difficulties was to follow the ordinary manner of prayer to which the rest of the community were accustomed. As soon as she commenced, she was borne off as by some irresistible influence into an ecstatic state, in which she had no sense of time or exterior things. The nuns at first were perplexed; they could not be quite sure if her conduct were eccentricity, or an illusion, or an extraordinary disposition of soul which it was beyond her own power to regulate. In order to test her, she was ordered to sweep the floors, and to work in the store-room, and to occupy herself in various menial offices.

But the bitterest cup that was presented to her was the threat to send her out of the convent as unsuited to an Order whose holy ambition was simplicity in devotion, as in all other things. To console her, our Divine Lord gave her to understand that He would forego even His own directions to her soul, if they could not be obeyed without infringing the rules of her superior.

What can be a more striking proof of the peculiar sacredness and importance which God attaches to the authority of those who hold office as Superiors in religious communities, than the fact of Jesus Christ waiving, as it were, His own sovereign rights in their favour? He who revealed His own will to Margaret Mary, and at the same time commanded her to follow that of her earthly superior, for His sake, thus cast a great, and it might be added, an awful light upon the whole principle of religious perfection, and the part which the subjection of one creature to another bears in it. A blind world may well talk, in its ignorance, of the slavery and folly of a "blind obedience to the will of a man," for "the sensual man perceiveth not these things of the Spirit." But to Catholics, who know that there can be no real humility towards God where there is no scope for, or practice of, obedience to our fellow man, the incident related of Margaret Mary is full of suggestiveness; it is in itself a whole treatise of theology.

"I will dispense My favours to thee," said our Lord to Mary Margaret, "according to the spirit of thy rule, the will of thy superiors, and thine own weakness. I am content that thou prefer the will of thy superiors, whenever they shall forbid thee to do what I shall order thee; nevertheless I shall know how to make My designs succeed, even by means which may seem in opposition to them."

The result was such a wonderful minute observance of the Rules of the Order by the novice, that all obstacles vanished, and on the 6th of November, 1672, she was professed.

(To be continued.)

LINES ON REVISITING THE ALTAR OF A SMALL MISSION CHURCH.

I.

O JESU! Lord! when I before
  This lowly altar kneel,
And think that Thou, O Lord of Hosts,
  Dost here Thyself conceal,
Adoring, wondering, I believe
  More than the eye can see;
And all my hope, desire, and prayer
  Is, Jesu pardon me!

II.

For me Thou hast Thy sorrows borne—
  The scourge, the thorny crown,
For me Thou didst hang on the Cross,
  And to the grave go down.
For this, accept, Lord, all I have,
  All I may ever be,
And hear me say, with contrite heart,
  Sweet Jesu, pardon me!

No. I.—THE HAND OF GOD IN THE AFFAIRS OF EUROPE.

COUNT CAVOUR: HIS CAREER AND SUDDEN DEATH.

CAMILLE BENSO, Count Cavour, was born in 1810, of a noble family in Piedmont, and was brought up when a boy as a page at the Court of Charles Felix, King of Sardinia. He subsequently went to a military school, which he left at the age of 18, with the rank of Lieutenant of Engineers. He gave up this service in 1831, and went on a tour into England and France, returning to his own country more full than ever of the prevailing ideas of false liberalism. In 1847 he appeared on the public arena of politics, and became the associate of Count Balbo in the starting and conducting a new political journal called *Il Risorgimento;* soon after which he was elected deputy to the Lower House of Parliament.

The same year (1847) his associate, Count Balbo was taken into the Ministry, and Count Cavour, both publicly and in private, urged him on continually to measures against the Ultramontane party—that is to say, to acts of injustice committed without shame or remorse against all priests, be they who they may. Going beyond even Garibaldi in vituperative language, he went the length of saying that the doctrines of the Catholic Faith were a moral pest that stunted the regular and progressive development of the human mind.

These choice ideas pervaded in every form the pages of the journal *Il Risorgimento*, which he had lost no time in founding as soon as he perceived the first movements of political change that were being brought about in France. He had been for some time before a writer in the "Bibliotheque Universelle," published in Geneva. In this adopted country of Calvin he had a large number of followers and admirers, whose influence over him could not fail to be strongly in the direction of their own withered-up rationalism and unbelief. Furnished by these friends with no slight abundance of false stories and calumnies, he showed his skill in dressing them with the air of a public writer who had no lack of theories with which to back up his assertions.

After the defeat of the Piedmontese by the Austrians at the battle of Novara, he became the leader of the "Right" in the Chamber of Deputies, and soon after head of the Ministry, when he carried through several measures of legislation hostile to the Church. During the war of France and England

against Russia, in the Crimea, he decided the King and the Houses of Parliament to take sides with France and England, and to send a contingent of the Piedmontese army to the theatre of the war. By means of this alliance, he was admitted to the Congress in Paris, in 1856, and there represented the Italian question in the interest of Sardinian ambition.

After the peace of Villafranca, he was for a brief time displaced from the Ministry, only to return shortly afterward to the direction of affairs with increased power. He allowed Garibaldi to organize the invasion of Sicily, and in an underhanded way aided him to overthrow the kingdom of the Two Sicilies in 1860. The same year, by his orders, the Sardinian army invaded the Pontifical States, in contempt of all international law, without previous declaration of war. Count Cavour is the person responsible for all the manœuvres by which the King of Sardinia became master of the larger part of the Papal States, the duchies of Parma and Modena, the grand duchy of Tuscany, and the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. In this way, with no slight cunning and ability, he was in full march towards the realization of his ambitious plans for creating an "Italian Unity."

When, after his sudden decease, the circumstances of which we shall presently relate, a speaker in the English House of Lords said publicly of him, "*that he had trampled under foot every law both human and Divine*," this was in reality saying no more of him than that he had carried out into practice his own doctrines of the moral code proper for a statesman in the present circumstances of Europe.

"Ought we to condemn," writes Cavour, "the Government which obtains by bribery the services of unprincipled men? I should not hesitate to do it, had not public opinion, by a certain fatality, agreed, as well in times past as in our own age, to sanction in some sort the recourse, in the case of Governments, to a code of morals different from that by which private persons ought to be bound, and if it had not invariably been in the habit of treating with an extreme indulgence all the immoral acts by which great results had been brought about."

This same Cavour could also perfectly well play the part of a master-deceiver, as witness the following extract from one of his conversations. "The Star of Italy," said he, one day, "is Rome. Here is our polar star. We *must* have the

eternal city, on which twenty-five centuries have accumulated their glories, for our capital. But people say, 'How will you ever obtain the consent of Catholicism to this design—that is to say, of the States that regard themselves as its representatives and defenders?' Well, this difficulty is not to be solved by the sword; it must fall entirely before moral forces. What will remove it will be the conviction that is continually gaining strength from day to day, in modern society as also in the great Catholic world itself, that religion has nothing to fear from liberty. 'Holy Father,' we can say to the Sovereign Pontiff, 'the temporal power is no longer the guarantee of your independence. Decide to give it up, and we will give you the liberty that for three centuries you have been seeking in vain from the great Catholic Powers; this liberty, of which you have, with the greatest difficulty, by means of concordats, obtained a few scraps and patches, that have been given you back in return for the abandonment of your most cherished privileges, and the lessening of your spiritual authority. Well, then, this very liberty, which you have never obtained from the Powers which make a boast of being your protectors, we, your dutiful children, offer to you in all *its plenitude*. We *are ready* to proclaim in Italy the grand principle of a *Free Church* in a *Free State*.'"

However, to obtain the immediate applause of the multitude in any age, nothing more is necessary than success; and as Count Cavour appeared to be the most eminent man of his day as regards the success of his designs, so he may be said to have enjoyed the most flattering of all reputations. A contemporary writer, an Italian, has said of him that he was "the statesman to whose lot the largest share of flattery, applause, and adulation has fallen. Before him bowed, humbly and submissively, both the Ministers and the Sovereigns of other people. It was Cavour who has led away the people, bribed the press, heaped rewards on his creatures who helped him to carry out his plans for dividing Italy with the design of melting it down again into one mass. It was Cavour who gave countenance to the conspirators of Parma, Modena, Tuscany, Naples, and Sicily. It was Cavour who planned the invasion of the Marches and Umbria."

Cavour seemed now to have attained the very height of his glory. Monuments, medals, inscriptions, were in requisition to perpetuate the memory of it; and he himself was preparing to enter the city of the Popes, and to plant on it the tricoloured flag of Italy.

Italian unity existed with the exception of a single little fragment of territory, which still recognized the sovereignty of the Pope. The Italy of Cavour, therefore, *must* celebrate a great national feast-day in honour of her unity, with a suitable array of festive appearances, and all the outward semblances and paraphernalia of demonstrative public joy. This was to take place in the year 1861, and in the most beautiful season of the year, the first commencement of summer.

It was, however, by no means an ascertained thing that the bulk of the Italian people had been really made partakers in the new ideas of Italian unity to any such extent as that they could be got to stir themselves out of their ordinary routine, to keep a national festivity with such a sufficiency of pomp and outward show as could be appealed to to prove to the rest of the world, that the Italian unity was in the hearts of the people, and not merely an idol of a handful of daring and interested politicians. A grand popular Italian demonstration was, politically speaking, indispensable to satisfy other nations. Yet to make a parade of having it, and then to be known to have failed in the attempt to obtain it, here was a danger too obvious to escape a practised discernment like that of the Count's. There remained, therefore, but one course—namely, to select a day on which public rejoicings for Italian unity might, in case of need, boldly lay claim to the festive celebrations that might belong to the day, by a totally different title, and which proceeded from a totally different cause.

The sole question, then, would be, whether there was any ground of apprehension from the side of the Power whose festive celebrations were thus to be turned into the convenience of being placed to the account of the rejoicings for Italian unity. And, as the statesman in question, if he thought at all about the matter, doubtless came to the conclusion that he had only to proceed with perfect impunity to make a solemn day of the Catholic Church serve his own ends, the day he selected was not merely a Sunday, but among Sundays the particular Sunday within the Octave of Corpus Christi when the public religious life of a Catholic people, such as the Italians, is in the very height of its festive observances.

Doubtless Count Cavour must have been quite ignorant of the words of the Power in question, whose festival he thus intended to turn to the account of his own political schemes: "*My glory I will not give to another*,"—and he could have little

thought how signally he was soon to pay the penalty of his ignorance, and to add one more, in his own person, to the frequent signal and terrible examples with which God in Heaven above is pleased to remind men on earth that He is "a God to be feared."

In the course of the very Sunday (June 2nd, 1861) thus fearlessly and sacrilegiously to be diverted from religion to the purposes of public rejoicings for the unity of Italy, the chief actor himself is struck by an invisible hand. He never fully recovers his consciousness, but remains, breathing indeed, yet insensible, up to the octave day of the festival, of the honour of which he intended making so prodigal a use for his own political ends. On this day he was called to give an account of his deeds before the Divine Judge.

Apropos of this sudden death, a public writer, in no way connected with what would be called the clerical party in Italy, made at the time the following remarks:—

"Gentlemen freethinkers, you object to believe in the acts of the judgment of God. Then you must certainly admit that Chance does you a very ugly turn, and plays in a most strange way into the hands of your adversaries. I suppose I shall be called on to agree with you, and that we must join in saying, 'It is not God at all; it is only pure Chance that has said to this man, the object of all your adoration and worship, and praises: You shall arrive indeed at your unjust object; but mind, at the self-same hour when your triumph shall appear to be at its height, I will open the grave under your feet, and your corpse shall not be fairly in a state of putrefaction before the breach shall begin to show itself in your work, and the edifice of scandal and falsehood that your hands have been employed in raising shall begin to fall to pieces, to the plaudits of the very principles that you have trampled upon, and the belief which you have outraged.'"

"A man dies," says the Psalmist, "and then all his thoughts perish." All good and pious people, however, must greatly lament that it should be possible for great powers and gifts of mind to pursue through life a blind career, which, coming to its sudden end, appears to shut the door against any hope of mercy for its victim; while its sole lesson to the spectators is to oblige them to think of the words of Christ:—"*What does it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall he give in exchange for his soul?*" F.

No. IV.—THE WIDOW PALMA OF ORIA IN THE SOUTH OF NAPLES.

"WE returned," says Dr. Gourbeyre, relating what passed in their conversation on the second day, "to the subject of 'Louise Lateau.' I described to Palma the phenomena of insensibility which exhibit themselves in the Belgian ecstatica, under the influence of receiving communion. She said nothing more than, 'Let them never leave Louise without communion; she is led in her ecstasies by the Holy Spirit like a child.' On this subject she expressed herself in so lofty a manner, that from the rapidity with which she spoke I could commit nothing to paper, and I do not venture to trust my memory to repeat what she said.

"Palma greatly disapproves of the large concourse of visitors who flock to Bois d'Haine, as also of the experiments that are made there. She says such things ought to be done by authority from Rome, and that private persons have no right to meddle. 'The Church alone has the right to judge of such things. It is for this reason that I make a rule never to answer the questions put to me by mere curiosity-seekers, and I make no account, one way or the other, of what they may choose to think or not. Louise has not yet sufficient strength of mind to bear such things.'

"I then went on to relate to Palma the history of Fr. Huchant attempting to prohibit the ecstasies of Louise, and the mutual disagreements of her confessors. Did he think, she answered, it was in his power to turn away her state of contemplation. When he had taken Louise out of this state, it was impossible for her to answer according to the inspiration of God. In a word, how is anyone to obey those who are of contrary minds. Louise, she again repeated, will work some signal miracles in the midst of the calamities which are about to burst upon Belgium.

"I took this opportunity to ask her what was to come to our unhappy France; she replied that her confessor had formally enjoined her not to say a word on the subject.

"In the course of our conversation, as I was busy making my written notes, Palma beckoned to the superioress, who had kindly undertaken to serve as our interpreter, and said to her, 'I have known this gentleman for some three years or more, and I recognized him yesterday when I saw him here for the first time.' Madame Becaud, the superioress, repeated

these words to me. 'But how do you come to know me?' I said to Palma. 'Is it because I have been concerned with Louise Lateau?' She replied in the negative, without saying more. It then came into my mind to ask her concerning one of my friends, being curious to know what she would say about him. 'Palma,' I said, 'do you know Louis Veuillot?—(a well-known editor of a newspaper in Paris). After a few seconds of hesitation; she replied, 'Yes, yes; I know him, he often comes into my thoughts during my prayers. He is a resolute man, tell him to maintain his ground.' (These were her literal words in Italian: '*Si, si, io lo conosco mi viene spesso a la mente mentre che prego. E un uomo forte; di lui che si mantenga.*') 'In these times we want men of his stamp. What I like in the French is that they are all either downright good or downright bad.'

"Astonished to hear her speak thus of the principal editor of the *Univers*, a paper which she certainly had never read, I said, 'How do you come to know Louis Veuillot?' 'I know him only by spiritual sight; I have never heard anyone say the least word about him.'

"I had almost exhausted my list of questions relative to Louise Lateau, the result of which was to establish the unquestionable reality of there being a correspondence in spirit between them. She sees her sister ecstatica in a way of which we have no knowledge, and professes a discernment not only of her spirit, but also of that of her confessor or directors. No one in Oria has been in a condition to supply her with any information, and the directors of Louise have themselves learned much from communications made to them by Palma.

"Passing from the subject of Louise Lateau, I came to that of her own miraculous communions, and I put her on this subject through the most explicit interrogatory that I was able. These miraculous communions have been in existence for some two years previous to October, 1871. Palma communicates habitually every morning in her oratory, where mass is celebrated; but occasionally under obedience she abstains in reparation for the sacrileges and outrages committed against the Blessed Sacrament. She only receives holy communion by a miracle in consideration of her sufferings, her penances, or on account of the persons whom God wills to become witnesses of the fact; and these miraculous communions come to pass as often as two or three times in the same day, never, however, at stated times of the day, and even occasionally

also during the night. The sacred Host is brought either by our Divine Lord in person, or by some saint, S. Peter, S. Vincent of Paul, S. Francis of Assisi, in company with the angel guardian, and other angels and saints. At other times, priests who have been her former confessors, but who are now dead and in glory, come to communicate her.

"Two or three times she told me that communion had been brought to her by the Evil One, which, said she, 'I refused, for I knew him by the mark of reprobation on his forehead, in the shape of a little horn; and I also knew who he was from his evident awkwardness and embarrassment. I immediately intoned the *Gloria Patri*, and made the sign of the Cross, and that same instant I saw him fly away and disappear.'

"I asked Palma what she understood to be the reason of the frequency and publicity of all these miraculous communions. She answered me, 'That God permitted it in order to certify the Real Presence of our Lord Jesus Christ in the Holy Eucharist: a truth that is so great a stumbling-block to all so-called strong-minded persons, because the virtue of faith in them is a dead letter, and they must needs want to subject everything to human reason, as if human reason were on a par with the infinite and infallible intelligence of God.'

"Palma feels herself attracted to the tabernacle, as it were, by a chain of gold, at one end of which is her heart, and at the other the Holy Eucharist; she in a manner discerns the links of the chain, and by this means receives notice beforehand of the coming of the miraculous Host. These Hosts are the usual Hosts, and she receives them, taken from the tabernacles of various churches, most commonly from either the Cathedral of Oria, the Church of the Missionaries, or that of S. Francis of Assisi. She receives them also from Rome and Milan; but never from France, Belgium, nor other countries. Those from Rome come from the Basilica of the Vatican. I was told at Oria that on one occasion of a miraculous communion with a Host coming from Rome, Palma had been required under obedience to place the Host thus received for a few moments upon a paten, and the impression upon the Host proper to those of the city of Rome was recognized."

But our space warns us that it is time to bring our extracts from Dr. Gourbeyre's narrative to a close. However, before parting with this remarkable instance of a living miracle, it is only bare justice to the truth of the facts related, to remember that the case of Palma has been brought under the

inquiries of the Piedmontese police, and that a formal judicial cognizance of her condition has been taken through their agency, with a view to detect the fraud, which was of course supposed by them to exist; but the phenomena with which these inquiries were met were such that the civil tribunals appear to have thought it the part of prudence henceforward to desist from further molestation of a helpless and infirm widow. Fraud was not to be discovered, and as for truth—why, of course, this was precisely what the officers of these tribunals did not wish to find.

It will be easily perceived that what we have related barely suffices, in the way of an indication, to make known that God is pleased in the person of this widow to exhibit a marvellous example of the gift of a visible miraculous power being still with His Church. There is much, even in Dr. Gourbeyre's narrative, of which we cannot attempt to convey an idea; and he was himself given clearly to understand that there were far greater marvels, the time for revealing which was not yet come, but of which Rome is constantly kept fully cognizant, and which will, when the proper time comes, be made known.

Palma, among other gifts, is favoured with the spirit of prophecy; and though of her prophetic revelations many are as yet reserved in the custody of the Holy See, and are not suffered to be made public, others have transpired, but, at the same time, under the conditions to which all similar revelations of the future are unavoidably subject—namely, that unscrupulous additions may be made to them, and that they have to undergo their fate, whatever this may be; there being no such jealous power to watch over their authenticity as that which has preserved the prophecies that are treasured up in the Canon of the Holy Scriptures.

One of these prophecies, Dr. Gourbeyre, after the best inquiries he was able to make, accounts to be authentic. "Palma saw in the heavens a large cross from which proceeded forth eight rays falling upon the earth. Four of these rays were of mercy, and four of justice. The rays of mercy threw their light on the east and the west—that is, on Turkey on the one side, and North America on the other, with England and the countries of Poland and Russia in the centre, while the rays of justice fell upon France, Germany, Spain, and Italy.

It is hard to say which of the two is the more saddening spectacle—a people to whom God is prodigal of His mercy, and who make Him no adequate return for His goodness, or

a people against whom He bares His arm to smite, and they rebel even more than ever against Him. Palma has been known to say, over and over again, "That the past sufferings of the French from the Prussian invaders of their territory are as nothing in comparison with what is in store for them later on." May it be granted in mercy to our countrymen to learn from the graces and mercies of God towards themselves their lesson of repentance and amendment, which it would seem only too likely that their neighbours of France will fail in being willing to learn from His judgments.

REMARKABLE CURE OF A PRIEST AT THE SANCTUARY OF LOURDES ON THE 15TH AUGUST, 1873.

THE Blessed Virgin resembles the Pope in being the same to one nationality as to another. The Pope selects his cardinals from among the various nations which belong to his fold, and whenever he makes choice of any one to make him a member of the Sacred College, his choice brings with it no prejudice to his paternal solicitude for those nationalities which are not represented in his College of Cardinals. So with the Blessed Virgin. She makes choice of places in particular nations in which she displays her power in a most marked manner, and where she is pleased to accept the homage of innumerable multitudes, and yet this brings no prejudice to her maternal care and solicitude, which is the same for all the people of the entire earth. We may even strain the parallel somewhat, and say, that as it pleases the Pope frequently to appoint the cardinals coming from one nationality special protectors of works and institutions belonging to other nationalities, so when the Blessed Virgin has been prodigal of her miraculous manifestations in any one of her celebrated sanctuaries, she may be pleased in a manner to spread the graces and favours of this her sanctuary to other lands, and, as it were, extend the graces and privileges of one chosen place in one nation, making no account of distance, into some chosen spot in another nation, thereby mercifully consulting for the numbers of devout persons who could not otherwise hope to come to her sanc-

tuary. As there is some hope of a long-cherished plan being carried out, by which the Sanctuary at Lourdes, after the manner of a gracious concession, would be reproduced in the English metropolis, the following account, which we have much pleasure in copying from the columns of the *Tablet* newspaper, of a recent striking miraculous cure which took place at the fountain of the Grotto in Lourdes, will have an additional interest for our readers:—

The Abbé de Musy, priest of the diocese of Autun, and of a distinguished family, had been ill for twenty years. During the last eleven years he had only been able to celebrate Mass twice, and that with much difficulty. He has just been miraculously cured at the sanctuary of Lourdes. The following is an account given by a young priest who was a fortunate witness of the miracle:—"We started from Couches-les-Mines on the evening of the 6th of August. At this period the weakness of M. de Musy was such that he could not walk a step; at the stations we had to employ two men to carry him from the waiting-room to the carriage. We arrived in Lourdes on Friday evening, the 8th of August. An apartment had been taken for us on the first floor, and thither we carried our invalid. The next day we went to the crypt; a wheeled-chair enabled the Abbé de Musy to approach the holy table, and he had that happiness every day. When the crowd was too great the priest quitted the altar and administered holy communion to the invalid in his place. After Mass, he descended to the grotto in a carriage, and then he was wheeled in his chair to the *piscine*, or bath. During six days he bathed in the miraculous water, and for six days numerous pilgrims saw him praying at the same hour before the grotto, consoling his suffering companions. More than one shed tears on seeing one so young, and all were soon united to him by sympathy as they already were by prayer. Two days after our arrival the Abbé Peyramale, the venerable curé of Lourdes, came to see our dear invalid; his words, full of faith, seemed to us a pledge of an approaching cure. 'If,' said he, 'the Blessed Virgin will only come to our assistance, you will soon be cured.' From that moment the Abbé de Musy had found a powerful friend and advocate with Mary. On Wednesday, the 13th of August, we had a second visit from the curé: on coming in he exclaimed, 'Has not the Blessed Virgin yet cured you?' Again he promised his prayers, and left us full of hope. Thursday, the 14th inst., the Baronne de la Rue,

wife of the sub-prefect of Saint-Malo, after having gone through great sufferings for twelve years, which terminated in paralysis, was suddenly cured on touching for the first time the soil of the grotto. Mary did not even give her time to plunge into the *piscine* (bath). One heard it whispered through the crowd, 'Now it is the Abbé's turn.' All looked for the event with such faith and certainty that the brother guardian reserved a candle for this intention for the morrow. The Baroness just restored to health prayed for the invalid; he himself said to me in the evening: 'I think that I shall be cured.' It may easily be understood that the night of the 14th was one of anxiety and sleeplessness. Early in the morning on the blessed day of the Assumption we arrived at the crypt, where only invalids are admitted on feast-days to hear holy Mass; the Abbé de Musy requested that I might be allowed to say my Mass at the altar of the Blessed Virgin. We scarcely hoped to obtain this favour; however, it was granted to us. On returning to the sacristy I saw the Abbé Sire, a devoted servant of Mary Immaculate; I offered to serve his Mass. I must not omit to say that the intention of M. Sire was, on that day, in offering the holy sacrifice, to place the merit of it at the disposal of the Blessed Virgin, in order that she might apply it as seemed most advantageous and for her greater glory. It was the second Mass that the Abbé de Musy had heard after having received holy communion; I felt very much agitated. At the elevation, I perceived, to my great astonishment, that the invalid was kneeling; instinctively I looked at my watch, it seemed to me that the miracle was beginning: it was eight o'clock. A quarter of an hour elapsed, and the Abbé de Musy was still kneeling. Occasionally I turned round, fearing to see him fall from fatigue. After the Mass I approached him; I could not believe my eyes; the few people present seemed to enter into my feelings. At nine o'clock I hesitate, and bring forward the wheeled-chair, the Abbé de Musy rises, unassisted, with ease, again kneels, and then again rises to speak to a paralyzed lady: 'Madame, the Blessed Virgin has heard my prayer! She has cured me. Have confidence, I shall pray for you.' He then took his departure, and I followed him carrying the chair under my arm. As soon as we had left the crypt I asked him if he were cured. 'I believe so;' these few words alone were uttered. Who could express the feelings with which they were uttered and listened to? The coachman, who was

no longer wanted, went away full of astonishment. We then descended on foot to the miraculous source, taking the longest way. At first it was impossible for us to speak; . . . then we recited some Hail Marys till we got to the grotto. The brother guardian, in tears, brought us the candle which his presentiment had made him keep for the occasion; he opened the gate and shut it after us; it was necessary to be protected from the crowd; the people recognized the priest who for six days they had seen incapable of walking a single step! They exclaimed! 'A miracle! a miracle!' and burst forth with the *Magnificat*. . . . The crowd is immense, and increases every instant. After ten Hail Marys recited for sinners, a great number of pictures are presented to the Abbé de Musy, who signs his name on them without any effort—he, who for so many years could not make use of his eyes! All wish to see him walk; he walks, and all are able to see him owing to his height. He blesses the crowd; . . . all want to know who he is; he relates his cure in a few words. 'I am a priest of the diocese of Autun. For twenty years I have been ill; for the past eleven years I have been unable to say Mass. For the last few months I have been unable to walk! I came to Lourdes to ask for my cure; the Blessed Virgin has granted it to me; help me to thank her." Then pictures and books are again brought to him to sign. At half-past eleven the Missionary Fathers have the gate opened; the crowd rushes in; everybody wants to approach one who has been the object of such a great grace; they want to touch his garments, to kiss his hands; they fall on their knees asking for his blessing and prayers; all weep. M. de Musy has great difficulty to pass through the excited crowd. They follow him to the house of the Fathers. Again they want to see him walk. After a few minutes' rest, he ascends to the chapel, easily mounting the wooden staircase which conducts thither. About two o'clock he returns to his room. At Vespers, in the evening, M. Peyramale related to his parishioners this cure, and proclaimed it as one of the greatest and most striking of the miracles which had been seen at Lourdes. After Vespers, the Abbé de Musy paid his first visit, and went to thank the curé. I cannot describe to you the inexpressible joy of this holy priest at seeing his dear invalid so perfectly cured. The next day, Saturday, in spite of many interruptions and continued visits, we had to prepare for the ceremonies of the Mass, which had been partly forgotten after eleven years interrup-

tion. In the afternoon a stranger was announced, he entered; and approaching M. de Musy, said: 'I come to thank you; your miracle has converted me. For forty years I have not frequented the sacraments. On coming to Lourdes I promised my sister to be converted if I could only see one miracle; I was before the railing when you related yours, the recital of which convinced me; I have been to confession, and I beg the favour of partaking of holy communion at your Mass.' The Abbé de Musy only answered him by an embrace, assuring him that this miracle gave him as much joy as his own. The next morning M. de Peyramale came to fetch M. de Musy, as he wished to assist at his first Mass. It was said at the altar where the miracle took place. The crypt was overflowing with the faithful, who all wished to receive holy communion from the hand of the miraculously cured priest. The first person who had that happiness was the convert of the 15th, and the second the lady who was cured on the 14th. After these wonderful days of excitement the Abbé de Musy returned to his family. He has said Mass every morning; he walks without fatigue, he can write or read for many hours. The cure is perfect and complete.

(Signed) "THE ABBE ANTOINE,
"Priest of the Diocese of Autun."

ANECDOTE.

A BISHOP IS TWICE REPROVED BY THE BLESSED VIRGIN FOR DESPISING THE ROSARY.—The Patriarch S. Dominic, preaching in the neighbourhood of Toulouse, found he gained no fruit from his labours, and complained of it to his most holy Mother and Advocate, Mary. The Blessed Virgin appeared to him, and said, "Dominic, my son, be not surprised that you see so little fruit; you are ploughing on ground which has never been moistened by rain. Remember that when God was preparing to reform the world, He sent His rain first—that is, the Angelical Salutation—and then followed the blessed reformation of the Church and of the world. Preach my Rosary then; and there will be abundance of fruit." S. Dominic obeyed this injunction, and saw indeed a plentiful result in the conversion of countless souls. A very learned Bishop, hearing Father Dominic preach, despised him in his heart, saying, "This Master Dominic preaches very

childish things; they are fit only for old women, and not for educated people." The glorious Virgin, not choosing that anyone should show contempt for her servant Dominic, so gifted a preacher, or to her holy Rosary, sent the following vision to the Bishop. He seemed to have fallen, with a great many others, into a deep river, and that S. Dominic had made a bridge over it, with a hundred and fifty towers; and he saw that those who had fallen into the river lifted up their hands, and S. Dominic took hold of them and drew them out of the river, and fed them in the towers; and the Bishop, holding up his hands as the others did, was drawn up out of the river by S. Dominic. After they had all been fed in the towers, S. Dominic led them over the bridge to a most beautiful garden, full of flowers and fruit; and in the midst of it was the glorious Virgin Mary, who sat with her little Infant Son in her holy arms; and she gave to all who passed over the bridge a garland of roses and beautiful flowers, promising to give them much better things; and they all, having devoutly received the crown and garland, bowed low, doing homage to the Queen of Heaven; and the Bishop hoped also to receive a garland of flowers from the holy Mother of God; but, instead of a garland, he received a charitable reproof from the most merciful Virgin Mary, who said, "Henceforth be careful to show no contempt for my devout son, the builder of the bridge, Dominic, and recite my Rosary with devotion." The Bishop willingly listened to the injunction, and promised to obey it; and on returning to consciousness, fulfilled all he had promised with great devotion, for some time; but, growing negligent, he at last left off saying his Rosary, and from that time fell into great troubles and much persecution from his enemies, which occasioned him great anguish and distress of mind. As he was meditating on resuming his former devotion of the Rosary, he saw the following vision. He seemed to be enclosed, with many of his people, amongst mountains, and that they were all sunk in mud and mire, some more, some less deeply; and, raising his eyes, he saw the glorious Virgin Mary and S. Dominic on the summit of a mountain, dropping down to them a chain of a hundred and fifty silver rings, amongst which were mingled fifteen of gold, and with this chain they drew them up out of the mire, and the Bishop, laying hold of the chain, was likewise drawn up and placed in a delightful place, with all the others; and the glorious Virgin said to him: "Why have you

so soon left me, and forgotten your promise? Learn that whenever you shall forsake me, your enemies will give you no peace." Having then returned to himself, he was most diligent in his use of the Rosary, and had peace with all his enemies. And the glorious Mother of God, wishing to console this beloved Bishop still more, and encourage him to say his Rosary, visited him with another vision. It seemed to him that he was in church, saying his Rosary, and the Blessed Virgin appeared to him; and the Angel of God took the cord, or rather thread of his Paternoster out of his hand, and placed it carefully on the glorious Virgin's neck, as if he was putting a necklace on her as an ornament, and immediately those Paternosters (at least their symbols), were changed into precious stones, emeralds, sapphires, and the like, which were so large and brilliant, that they lighted up the whole church as if they had been radiant stars. The glorious Mother Mary said to the Angel: "Tell my Chaplain, here, that he must offer me a great many Paternosters for himself, and procure also that others offer them to me, and thus he will become more and more endeared to me." The Bishop did what was enjoined on him, and was always most devout in saying his Rosary, and in preaching it to others, and never felt any weariness of the devotion.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE letter of the Sovereign Pontiff to the Emperor of Germany, which we noticed in our summary of current events of last month, as destitute of any adequate guarantee for the genuineness of the text which was current in the daily newspapers, proves, as we suspected, to have been very much distorted from the truth of the original. The following is a literal version of the text of the letter, published in the *Voce della Verita* of the 19th of October:—

"SIRE,—All the measures which the Government of your Majesty has adopted for some time display more and more the intention to put down the Catholic religion. When I ask myself what causes can have provoked these rigorous measures, I do not find myself in a condition to discover the reasons. On the other hand, I am informed that your Majesty is not perfectly content with the line of action of your Government, and disapproves of this hostility against the Catholic religion. But if it be true that you disapprove of it, as the letters which I have at other times received from

your Majesty give me reason to think, and if your Majesty does really not look with satisfaction upon your Government going on to increase the rigour of its measures against the religion of Jesus Christ, and to inflict the most serious injuries on Christianity, however is it that your Majesty fails to perceive that these persecutions do but tend towards bringing about the result of the undermining your Throne itself. I speak with frankness, because my flag is truth. I speak also to fulfil a duty which obliges me to speak the truth to all, even to those who are not Catholics, because everyone who has received baptism belongs in a certain way to the Pope. I am willing to hope that your Majesty will receive these my observations with your accustomed goodness, and will proceed to take the measures suited to meet present circumstances. Offering to your Majesty the assurances of my devotedness and respect, I pray our Lord God to be pleased to unite your Majesty and myself in the bonds of His mercy.—PIUS PP. IX."

Everyone will easily perceive, on reading the above version of the letter of the Holy Father, and comparing it with what was given to the English public, with what a studied purpose of evil the distortions were introduced into it to which it was subjected, in the daily newspapers, who, however, only took it from the version published in Germany.

The principal point in the reply of the Emperor is to make a somewhat daring attempt to throw the entire blame upon the Catholic Prelates—

"I have seen," says the Emperor, "with great sorrow, one portion of my Catholic subjects forming themselves during the last two years into a political party, which seeks to disturb by its hostile attitude the condition of peace between the different denominations which has existed for centuries. Unhappily, the Catholic prelates have not only approved of this movement, but have given their adhesion to it, to the extent of even opposing themselves openly to the laws. Your Holiness will have observed that the same phenomena show themselves in many other States of Europe, and beyond the seas. It is not for me to investigate the reasons why the priests and the people of one form of the Christian religion should think it to be their duty to aid and abet the enemies of order and of government in their resistance to the State. My duty is to uphold internal peace."

This accusation on the part of the King has brought upon him the following reply in the public letter of Von Ketteler, Bishop of Mayence:—

"Your Majesty has reproached us, in the face of Europe, with acts hostile to the State. Now, one or other of two things. Either these so-called acts are acts done within the limits of the law—and in this case your Majesty has no right to make them the ground of any reproach—or they are acts done outside the limits of the law, and then they constitute an offence of high treason. Well, Sire, give orders to your Government, that on the ground of these acts—which must certainly exist, or you could not have founded your reproaches upon them—that they bring our chiefs before the law courts, under a formal indictment for the offence of high treason. After having launched so grievous an imputation upon their honour, upon

their integrity, and against the loyalty of their intentions, at least give them the opportunity of showing how greatly you have been misinformed."

The policy pursued by the King is evidently pretty much what the common proverb expresses by the words "Give a dog a bad name and hang him!" and, as the *Civilta Cattolica* justly observes, "it is a sad humiliation for a reigning Sovereign to be thus publicly appealed to by one of his subjects, and not to have a word to reply."

This persecuting policy of the Empire of Germany has been made the subject of a public discourse by the Archbishop of Westminster, on Sunday, October 19th, in the church of SS. Peter and Edward, Westminster, in which, after reciting the various acts of the Emperor's Government in Germany against the liberty of the Catholic religion, he says, "*God giving me the grace, I would rather lay down my life than submit to them.*" The Archbishop further said, "*We are indeed on the verge of a conflict, a conflict which may outlive us all.*"

If the Governments of other States should be all of one mind to walk in the footsteps of that of the Emperor William, and to claim to be supreme over conscience—in short, to arrogate to themselves to be *God* on earth, *the sole Supreme Power without appeal*, then the days of martyrdom for the Catholics are certainly coming again. But God, in defence of His Church, will bring up from the depths a Power perfectly able to destroy all such Governments. Fines, confiscations, banishments and outlawries may undoubtedly be brought to bear against unoffending Catholics, as they have often been; but all such measures will be powerless against the growing discontent and revolutionary spirit of the infidel masses of the population, before which Thrones such as that of the German King may fall in as short time as a single day.

On the 28th of August the Holy Father signed a brief (*Romanus Pontifex*), providing against the attempts already made, and anticipated as likely to be made, in Germany, Italy, and elsewhere, to intrude unfit persons into vacant sees. The penalties incurred in consequence of such attempts, by those ecclesiastics who may lend any co-operation to persecuting Governments in their designs, are set forth at length. There is one Power only before which all evil designs break down—The See of S. Peter.

THE

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NEW SERIES.

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No. V.—SACRUM SEPTENARIUM.

How the Great Mother of the Christian Family exemplifies for her Children the Second Gift of the Holy Ghost, the SPIRIT OF PIETY. (Continued from page 453.)

The effect of our Lord's words to the woman of Samaria, "The hour cometh when neither in this mountain, nor yet in Jerusalem, shall you worship the Father" (John iv. 21), has been that, in the Christian Covenant, sanctuaries for Divine worship have overspread the earth; and with this wonderful multiplication of temples has arisen a corresponding increase of the duty on the part of the Christians of assembling themselves in them for sacrifice and Divine worship. "Going to church," in consequence, becomes an ordinary part of the life of all the faithful; and while the laws of the Church impose upon the faithful the duty of being present in the church on certain days, a very great deal is also left perfectly free to the prompting of individual personal piety and love of religion. The duty of going to church at stated times is indeed created by the Divine law, and does not simply spring from the Spirit of Piety, but the movement of this holy spirit within us ever prompts us to the glad and joyful fulfilment of the duty; and it was certainly this holy spirit that spoke in the mouth of David, when he uttered the words: "I was glad when they said to me, we will go into the house of the Lord."

The ordinary condition of life, in respect of the public worship of God, was so very different in the time in which the Blessed Virgin lived, that it is only with great difficulty that we can picture it to ourselves. God had then but one temple only, where sacrifices were offered; and the Divine law required no more onerous duty than the being present for public worship, at these sacrifices, at three seasons of the year; and then this law affected only the adult male population. Women and children were exempt, and though not prohibited, if they came, they came led by the Spirit of Piety. S. Luke, then, informs us: "His parents went every year to Jerusalem on

the solemn day of the Pasch." The example, then, of the great Mother of the Christian family is thus a true church-going example. Animated by the holy Spirit of Piety, and not under any constraint from the law, she is seen to undertake every year a three days' journey, as we should say, to be present at church. But if, as it is written in the Sacred Scripture, "My house shall be called a house of prayer for all people," the example of the great Mother of the Christian family, we may be sure, is an example not only of the holy Spirit of Piety, as prompting the willing and joyful frequenting of the material temple, but in an equal degree likewise of the holy Spirit of Piety pouring itself out in the humble prayer and pious supplication, which befits the sacred courts of "the house of prayer for all people." S. Luke, indeed, gives us a special record of this holy Spirit of Prayer as exemplified by the Blessed Virgin, as we shall presently see more at length, when he is relating the events that immediately followed our Lord's ascension into heaven.

But, further, the Christian sanctuaries which we frequent for public worship possess what was not given to the Mosaic Covenant—namely, the perpetual Divine Presence residing in the holy tabernacle. This perpetual presence of God with His people in the Christian sanctuaries, as need not here be insisted upon, holds a most important place in the economy of the Divine plan for the recovery of fallen man. By means of it, the present life is enabled to become to the Christian people a school of preparation for the future life; and what we may now learn by the approach to our God, veiled as He is from our sight by the Sacrament of the Altar, we may hope to profit by in the future life, when the veil is withdrawn. Here, however, we must not omit to observe that all the various devout practices of visiting our Lord, thus present with us in the Holy Sacrament of the Altar, from which so great advantages are to be reaped, by no means fall under the binding obligation of any law, but are left entirely open to the free promptings of the holy Spirit of Piety. Great and numerous as are the graces that flow from such pious visits, it is the holy Spirit of Piety alone that suggests these visits to the Christian people. It is wholly left to the promptings of this holy spirit to move the Christian people to repair to the holy tabernacle, and there to seek these promised graces, and there to adore the Divine Presence which deigns to dwell in it.

Let us study our great Mother's example in this respect. Of course, there are circumstances in her example for which our condition can have no literal parallel. With her, the love of the mother for an only son coincided with the adoration of the human creature, acknowledging the near presence of her God; and to her the Sacred Humanity was the veil of the Godhead, whereas to us the veil is the Holy Sacrament of the Altar. But, taking these points of difference into account, what is our great Mother's example? We see her using her maternal authority, and calling the Divine Presence away from the temple of her nation and people, to come to be the light and joy of her own humble dwelling in Nazareth. The great Mother of the Christian family sets us the example of one who could not live separated by distance from this gracious Divine Presence, and certainly if we her children study to conform ourselves to her maternal example, we shall not fail to use every effort in our power to make the pious practice of visiting the same Divine Presence, which was her joy, form an indispensable part of our own daily life.

Lastly, we have to study the example of our great Mother as regards the third universal manifestation of the Spirit of Piety—namely, personal zeal and solicitude for the things of God.

S. Luke enumerates the names of the Apostles to whose abode in Jerusalem those who returned from witnessing the Ascension of Jesus into heaven went up, and the Evangelist adds, "that all these continued persevering in one mind in prayer with the holy women, and Mary, the mother of Jesus, and His brethren." Here are indeed but brief words, yet what a picture do not they present? Here we have the life of daily solicitude for the things of God, of which Mary, the mother of Jesus, is, as it were, the centre and the warmth. That it was a practical and vigilant solicitude for the things of God and of preparation for their future work, combined with perseverance in prayer, that formed their life, is shown by the circumstance, falling in this time, of the election by lot of S. Matthias to succeed to the Apostolic ministry from which Judas had fallen. Of this vigilant solicitude for the things of God who can fail to gather, from S. Luke's words, that Mary's persevering Spirit of Piety must have been the life and the light.

And, in conclusion, from the holy Spirit of Piety towards God extending itself to all the things appertaining to His

worship and service, there is also a rich overflow that reaches to men made in the image of God. And while this overflow touches in the first place the near ties and relationships of kindred and family, becoming a spirit of Christian love and affection, knitting together the human race in all its various ties of kindred and family, it is not by any exclusive narrowness tied to mere kindred and relationship. Of this large expansive Spirit of Piety, we have recorded a beautiful example of our great Mother. When she was invited, with her Son, to a wedding feast at a neighbouring village, she was the first to perceive and feel for the embarrassment and distress of her hospitable entertainers, caused by the supply of wine for the guests having run short. This could not exactly be called an appalling calamity, but it was nevertheless one of the very numerous minor events in ordinary life calculated to cause very considerable and serious mortification, and it is just one of those occasions when the true Spirit of Piety towards our fellows would be sure to call forth the utmost promptitude of endeavour to save, if possible, kind and hospitable entertainers from the distressing mortification of the failure of their supply coming to be discovered. Such is precisely the example of our great Mother. The Evangelist relates that Mary keenly feels for their distress, and at once perceives what alone can save her friends, and she goes straight to Jesus to let Him know the predicament. "The mother of Jesus," writes S. John, "says to Him, 'They have no wine.'" Her timely interposition, thus dictated by the Spirit of Piety to her kind entertainers, succeeds in saving them from the impending mortification, and even earned for the bridegroom the honourable testimony of the master of the feast: "Thou hast kept the good wine until now."

What a beautiful example the children of the Christian family have here to take pattern by, as regards all the various relations of their life on earth one with another.

Our great Mother in Christ is then seen fully to exemplify for her children the second gift of the Holy Ghost—"The Spirit of Piety"—(1) in respect of the love for frequenting the public worship of God in His temple, and for pouring out humble prayer and supplication before Him. (2) Of the devout confession and adoration of His sacramental presence in the holy tabernacle. (3) Of pious solicitude for the things of God; and, lastly, in all kind and merciful thoughts and considerations for our fellow men; showing us by her

own example what should be its effect upon us in the moulding and forming the relations in which we stand to God and to our fellow men.

LINES

On a Celebrated Painting of the Egyptian Idols falling before the Infant Saviour in the Flight into Egypt.

Whilst Joseph leads the patient beast and slow,
  That bears the weight of Mary and her Son;
O'er rugged steeps, o'er barren plains they go
  Through wildernesses, till the day is done,
  Till 'neath the Western wave hath set the sun.

Then rest—till morning her bright face doth show,
  Then on again—their weary race is run.
They pass—where stands in pride the Idols; lo!
  A crash is heard! In sudden ruin all
  Before the Sacred Infant headlong fall.
  Dog-faced Anubis, Isis, too, the call—
The silent call obey; that's given now
By the Child-Saviour's mighty presence! How
Doth joy celestial set on Joseph's brow
  While the meek Mother clasps her precious One.

Ellen Fitzsimon, *born* O'Connell.

Rome, 1868.

No. III.—BLESSED MARGARET MARY ALACOQUE.

By the Rev. C. B. GARSIDE.

HER VISIONS.

MARGARET MARY'S life now became one amazing series of supernatural cravings on her part, and of internal communications and providential interventions on the part of her Divine Master. Amongst the many extraordinary favours which God poured like a torrent into her soul was that of imparting His will to her in supernatural visions. To give our readers any adequate idea of the singular majesty, the symbolical beauty, or the number and variety of these manifestations, is totally impossible within the necessarily limited space of these pages. Each particular vision had its distinct purpose: sometimes it had a reference chiefly to Margaret herself, teaching her some mighty truth about the awful sanctity and justice of God: sometimes it disclosed to her the faults and perils of individual souls, members of the community at Paray, or otherwise, for whom she was inspired to pray and offer reparation by her own sufferings: or, again, she was consoled and strengthened under diabolic persecutions, when the pressure was crushing her beyond human endurance. But although each vision had its own definite, temporary, and personal character, and the several features varied, yet all, if I may use the illustration, were united in one grand spiritual expression. The separate rays ever formed one changeless, dazzling light; the letters ever terminated in one message; the revelations were all preparatory to the unfolding of one ineffable mystery—the incomprehensible adorableness, power, mercy, and attraction of the Victim-Heart of Incarnate God. This is the true key to all the visions recorded in the life of Margaret Mary. There are times when God in His love for man breaks forth through the clouds of His usual reserve, and in His Divine jealousy "compels men to come" into His mercy by unusual modes of interposition; "He *reveals* His arm," and "lifts up" His imploring voice, and enables the weak things of the world to be His angels upon earth, and to succeed where giants have failed. Such is the impression which the history of Margaret Mary, like that of other elect apostles, produces on the mind.

With regard to the authenticity of the narrative of her visions, there can be no question, for the original account, in her own handwriting, has been judicially attested, and is still

preserved in the Convent at Paray; and with regard to their credibility, it is impossible to imagine that there could be a character more calculated than that of Margaret Mary to stamp the seal of reality upon her assertions. The causes which might be supposed to mislead a person in so grave a matter would be either that they were intellectually weak, or suffering from a diseased brain, or subject to illusions of Satan, or that from vanity they invented fictions in order to create a sensation, and draw upon themselves the notice of others.

All these elements of possible suspicion were absent in the case of Margaret. Intellectually she was open to no disparagement. Fr. Croiset, who knew her, says that she had "a considerable understanding, a solid, clear and penetrating judgment." However ill she might be, she was conspicuous for her fidelity to the rules of her Order, when it was possible to obey them: and as for the desire of display, she was perpetually thirsting for humiliations: it gave her the most excruciating mental pain to write any account of her unusual graces. "The abuse of grace," she used to say, "which I have made is so great that I have nothing in myself which does not merit eternal punishment." But, after the fear which she had of Satanic delusions, and her profound self-distrust, there was one virtue which above all others was her own safeguard against error, and is a guarantee of the truth of her testimony, namely, the perfection of her obedience under every test that the most skilful of directors could apply to her. Moreover, every species of opposition which was calculated to prove her to the quick, and break down whatever was unreal, only resulted in a glorious confirmation of her sanctity; whilst miracles after her death, the foretold triumph of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, still gathering force every day in every country, and the decree of her beatification by Pius IX., all point to one conclusion, namely, that it is a rational duty as well as a spiritual delight to recognise in Margaret Mary's visions the presence, hand, and voice of that God who will ever be "wonderful *in* His saints," although a blind world stumble at the miraculous footprints that from time to time cross its path.

One of the first occasions on which our Lord showed Himself to her was when she was despondent through inability to conquer a certain repugnance, which was physical rather than moral; He appeared all covered with wounds, and declared

that He was suffering through love of her because she could not for His sake conquer her will. On her pleading the weakness of her will, He told her to place it in the wound of His side, and her answer was, "Place it there, then, O my Saviour, and enclose it there so securely that it may never escape from it." After which she affirmed that everything became easy to her for the future. One day, the evening before her Communion, she beheld the Sacred Heart shining more dazzlingly than the sun, and far beyond the size of that orb; but the Heart was not alone, for there could be discerned a small, dark, formless atom, which seemed ever straining to approach that splendour, and yet was ever unable to reach its glorious mark: then the Sacred Heart drew this tiny atom into itself, with these words "Lose thyself in My greatness, and see thou never come forth again." This atom was to represent the heart of Margaret Mary. On another occasion, when she was absorbed in prayer, the wound in the side of Jesus was disclosed to her; it was narrow at the entrance, and led into a fathomless abyss; this was to teach the depth of Christ's love, and also the necessity of the soul to be little, and stripped of all attachment to creatures, if it wished to enter into those ineffable depths for safety, rest, and joy.

Our Lord also appeared to her with His head pierced with a circlet of nineteen sharp thorns, saying that they pierced His brain, and bidding her to pluck them out by acts of humility: these thorns, He said, were wounds caused by the faults of one of the religious in the community.

Amongst other beautiful and strikingly symbolical modes in which our Lord pictured His will before the soul of Margaret Mary may be mentioned that which unfolded to her His heart as a mystical garden, full of various and exquisite kinds of flowers, spreading around a wonderful beauty and fragrance. Margaret dared not touch them; but, on being told by our Lord to gather what she liked, she cast herself at His feet, and exclaimed, "I wish for none but Thyself, who art a bundle of myrrh to me, which I should like to carry for ever in the arms of love." She had also a singular vision, in which she beheld her Lord inside the heart of a person who had just received Holy Communion unworthily, and He appeared with His sacred hands crossing His eyes and ears, a sign that He could not listen to the prayers of that soul which had just received Him with faulty dispositions. It would be too long to tell how she was permitted to lean upon His heart like

Saint John, to apply her lips to his side for two or three hours, drawing thence the most unspeakable pleasure and strength; to staunch the wounds of His bleeding body; to see the Sacred Heart dragged, and torn, by being forced into souls unfit for the Holy Eucharist, and at other times to watch it pouring forth streams of living water as a fountain into elect hearts, or darting rays of indescribable splendour from a throne of fire and flames on which it was exalted; or to feel her own heart drawn from her body, then inserted into the glowing furnace of the Heart of Him who came to "kindle a fire upon the earth," and returned into its former spot, so that it seemed after that baptism of flame to be not so much her own heart as a living spark from the Heart of Jesus.

We can only just glance at these wonderful manifestations; but the last mentioned is remarkable, because it was accompanied by agonizing pain in that part of her side from which her heart appeared to have been taken—a pain which our Lord foretold should always remain as a proof of the reality of His presence in that particular vision, just as in Jacob's vision of old, the sinew of his thigh shrank, and became a continual evidence that a real and not an imaginary angel had wrestled with him during the night, "when he was alone;" and at break of day touched the sinew, "and forthwith it shrank" (Gen. xxx. 11, 25). The pain in Margaret's side could never be relieved, as our Lord told her, except by bleeding, and frequently, rather than consent to this alleviation, she preferred to suffer the torment in all its unmitigated severity.

(To be continued.)

DR. IMBERT GOURBEYRE'S VISITS TO LOUISE LATEAU, OF BOIS D'HAINE.

Dr. Imbert Gourbeyre devotes nearly the whole of the first volume of his recent interesting work* to this now widely celebrated Ecstatica. An account of the life and ecstacies of Louise Lateau has appeared in a former series of this magazine; we shall, therefore, here simply remind our readers that

* *Les Stigmatisées. Par le Docteur A. Imbert Gourbeyre.* Paris. 1873.

she is a Belgian peasant girl, a member of the Third Order of S. Francis, living with her widowed mother and sisters at Bois d'Haine, in the province of Hainault, in Belgium, where she was born on the 30th of January, 1850; that at the age of 18 the first manifestations of the stigmata and the state of ecstasy took place, and have been renewed on every succeeding Friday; that these phenomena have been subjected to the most rigid and minute investigation, and have occasioned considerable interest as well in Great Britain and Ireland as on the Continent. We proceed to extract some of the details and incidents given by Dr. Gourbeyre, who has made several scientific observations of this case. He describes Louise, at his first visit in 1868, as a stout, healthy Flemish girl, very simple and modest in her demeanour, and intelligent without having any imagination or enthusiasm. She had been remarkable from her childhood for piety, holiness, and innocence of life, and for devoted charity to the sick, especially shown during a visitation of cholera in 1866. During the six intervening days of her weekly ecstacies she worked hard, chiefly at the needlework by which she gained her livelihood. She never ate anything on Fridays; on other days she took a little coffee in the morning, soup in the middle of the day, and vegetables in the evening. She never ate meat, which always made her ill.

On the 4th of September, 1868, the Bishop of Tournai appointed a commission to inquire into the case of Louise Lateau. It consisted of Mgr. Pouceau, the Vicar-General; Fr. Huchaut, a Redemptorist; Fr. Seraphin, a Passionist; Dr. Lefebvre, professor, of Louvain; and of M. Dechamps, a Minister of the State. Many other physicians of different religious opinions were invited to assist Dr. Lefebvre during the commission of inquiry, which lasted for eleven months.

"On Friday, the 8th January, 1869, during the investigation, a crowd had assembled round the cottage. Twelve doctors had been authorised to examine Louise. Dr. Delcroix, of Braaie-le-Comte, a small town in the neighbourhood, had been charged by a party of his free-thinking and freemason friends to go to Bois d'Haine to watch and expose the *clerical comedy* acted there. The doctor was himself a free-thinker, and led an openly immoral life. As he was not provided with any authority, he was refused admittance to the cottage. Irritated at this rebuff, he was declaiming and gesticulating in the midst of the crowd when

M. Dechamps passed by. The Minister paused to learn what was the cause of the commotion. 'Sir,' exclaimed the incredulous doctor, 'Catholic medical men, who have made up their minds beforehand, are admitted to see Louise, whilst the door is shut against me, whose rationalistic opinions are well known.' M. Dechamps answered: 'If you are a physician, you will be allowed to enter. Do you know any of those who are in the cottage?' 'Yes,' said M. Delcroix, 'I know Dr. Alfred Boulain.' M. Dechamps called M. Boulain, who recognised the doctor, and he was at once allowed to enter Louise's room. He remained there during several hours, and examined attentively the extraordinary facts before his eyes. On this day the doctors presented, at different times, objects blessed and unblessed to Louise: the ecstatica smiled at those which were blessed, and remained unmoved at the others.

"She closed her hand over the first, and kept her arm raised; as to the others, she did not take them, and her arm, though held up previously on purpose, dropped like an inert mass at her side.

"That evening, Dr. Delcroix was surrounded by his friends, who expected to be immensely amused with the account of the *Comedy of Bois d'Haine.* Great was their astonishment when the doctor accosted them with a serious and recollected air: 'My friends,' he said, 'I do not believe in miracles, but I have witnessed a fact so extraordinary that it is not allowable to jest about it. For myself, it makes me reflect very profoundly.' He reflected so much to the purpose, that some time after he reformed his life, and was converted at a jubilee given at Braine-le-Comte."

Dr. Delcroix died in 1871. Shortly before his death, he sent to beg the prayers of Louise, and received the Sacraments out of devotion, in order to begin a Novena *in honour of the holy blood of the miracle.*

One of the members of the commission wrote to Dr. Gourbeyre in March, 1869:—"I had a long conversation the other day with a rationalistic doctor. He had published, in a free-thinking journal, several letters relative to the fact of Bois d'Haine, which he had not indeed examined. Like all rationalistic doctors, he started with an hypothesis. He supposed that Louise is a nervous, hysterical young girl, disposed to cataleptic somnambulism; that her imagination is exalted, especially on Fridays, and gradually raises her to ecstasy in prayer; that this ecstasy causes violent cerebral

disturbance, which reacts on the heart and circulation of the blood, and that this produces the stigmata. This is the theory of Alfred Maury, of Figuier, and the Germans. I took him to see Louise Lateau, and, after having examined and questioned her, he is convinced that his starting-point was a radical error; that this girl has neither imagination nor exaltation of any kind; that she was not nervous or hysterical; that on Fridays, far from provoking the ecstasy by more fervent prayer, she tried in every way (by order of her director) to distract herself, and avoid it; that it occurred without her knowledge, and that it was not the ecstasy which produced the stigmata, but the stigmata which preceded the ecstasy, &c. After an interrogation of half an hour, this impartial doctor turned to me, and said: '*Indeed I was mistaken, and you were right.*' But still he did not believe it was supernatural."

From the 1st April, 1869, till the beginning of July, Louise was placed under the direction of the Redemptorist Père Huchaut, who tried every means to prevent the ecstasy. He obliged her to eat and drink on the eve and day of the ecstasy, *recalled* her incessantly to herself, and talked to her continually, putting her on her guard against what he considered might be diabolic agency. The good Father thought he had quite succeeded, but as soon as he left the ecstasy returned, and Louise continued in it the whole night, blood flowing abundantly from her hands and forehead.

Dr. Gourbeyre visited her for the last time on the 12th and 13th of October, 1871. From the 31st March of that year she had entirely ceased to eat, taking only a few spoonfuls of water during the week. On several occasions they had insisted on her taking a little solid food, which had always caused severe pain and immediate vomiting. The same effect had been caused by the experiment of giving her an unconsecrated wafer. She was a quarter of an hour trying to swallow it, and was unable to retain it.

She never had any difficulty in receiving the Holy Eucharist, and this heavenly food supported her strength. One day they deprived her of Communion, and she fell into extreme weakness, which lasted till the following morning, when she communicated, and at once regained her usual health.

"Louise no longer eats," says Dr. Gourbeyre at this time, "and, besides this, she does not sleep. She passes her nights in contemplation and prayer, kneeling at the foot of her bed.

Insomnia seems to have been complete for several months past. Twice in the week she goes to bed, out of obedience, for a quarter of an hour, but is unable to sleep: she owned, however, that she had once slept, by chance, for ten or fifteen minutes. Notwithstanding her abstinence and insomnia, Louise has not, in reality, become thinner; she has preserved, pretty nearly, the same *embonpoint* which I remarked in 1868 and 1869. She does not feel at all weakened; that very morning she had dug and gathered potatoes in the garden with all the vigour of a good worker. . . . Louise's new room, in which this weekly miracle takes place, is on the ground-floor at the back of the house; it is lighted by a little window opening into the garden. Her bed is to the right as you enter, along the wall opposite the window. Here she passes her nights in prayer before a crucifix sent from Rome, and blessed by the Holy Father. This crucifix is fixed above the head of the bedstead, surmounted by a shelf supporting two statues of St. Louis of Gonzaga and the Blesssd Virgin. I did not perceive on the white-washed walls the same number of pictures as before; the visions of heaven appear to have detached her from earthly images. Before the window stood the American sewing-machine which had been given her; it is there that she remains the greater part of the day, employed in working. Louise remained in this cold, damp room, without any fire, the whole of the severe winter of 1871, without her health being in the least affected. . . . Louise assured me she had not felt the cold at all. This is evidently owing to the ecstatic state, which is becoming more and more pronounced, that she enjoys this relative insensibility. On this point a manifest progress has been made during the last few months. She now only gives a mechanical attention to her needlework. Her spirit appears to be more and more subjected to the mystical power. . . . In the midst of this almost complete abstinence, the Ecstatica of Bois d'Haine enjoys flourishing health; she has preserved her Flemish stoutness, goes about, walks, attends to business, and devotes herself even to very fatiguing labours."

(*To be continued.*)

No. I.—PENITENTIAL PILGRIMAGE OF THE TERTIARIES OF SS. FRANCIS AND DOMINIC TO THE SHRINE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN AT MONTAIGU, IN BELGIUM.

DEAR FATHERS,—Many among the readers of the "Rosary Magazine" will be interested in learning that a pilgrimage of penance (for men only) has been recently organized and carried out with edifying fervour by the Secular Tertiaries of S. Francis and S. Dominic in Belgium. The two great religious wants of the present age are the spirit of prayer and the spirit of penance. The spirit of the 19th century may be summed up in two words: insubordination in the intellectual order, and luxury in the moral. Insubordination must be counteracted by prayer, the humble acknowledgment of our absolute dependence upon God; and luxury by penance. Such, then, was the motive which induced the members of the Third Orders of S. Francis and S. Dominic, with the approbation and encouragement of their respective provincials, to make a pilgrimage of penance to the Sanctuary of *Notre-Dame de Montaigu*—a favoured shrine of our Lady, situated at about five miles from Diest, the birthplace of Blessed John Berchmans.

The objects of this devotion, it is hardly necessary to mention, were those which, at this moment, fill every Catholic heart, namely: first, to beg of our Lord, through the intercession of His Holy Mother, to hasten the triumph of His Church, which, to use the words of S. Catherine of Siena, is "the prey of ravenous wolves, that have so consumed her blood that she has become quite pale;"* secondly, to obtain the speedy delivery of our Holy Father from his long and painful captivity; and, thirdly, to pray for the Religious of Rome who have been so wrongfully despoiled of their convents, and to protest, in the name of Catholic Belgium, against this unjust and unjustifiable spoliation.

The day appointed by the President of the Pilgrimage (the Count de Hemptinne) was appropriately chosen, being the Feast of Our Lady's Presentation—Friday, November the 21st. According to previous arrangements, the Tertiaries, each wearing a pilgrim's red cross, assembled at midnight in the Church of the Franciscan Fathers (*Notre-Dame des*

* Lett. V. of S. Cath. to Pope Gregory XI.

Fièvres), Louvain, to implore the blessing of God upon their pious undertaking. Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament was then given, and the "Itinerarium" was recited; after which all present, with one heart and one soul, and as it were with one stentorian voice, sang "le Chant des Pélerins," or the Pilgrims' song, now so well known since the recent pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial. All this was very beautiful and touching; but our pilgrimage was presently to take another and less poetical form!

No sooner had the refrain of the last verse died away than we all arose, reciting at the same time the joyful mysteries of the Rosary, and prepared to leave the church, *en route* for Montaigu, a distance of some fifteen or sixteen miles. Our journey, be it understood, was to be performed on foot, and fasting. Once outside the church, it became evident that the word *penance* had not been inserted in our programme in vain. The night was dark and dreary, a cold, piercing wind blew from the east, and the ground was covered with hoar-frost; add to this a dense, murky November fog, and you may imagine that the prospect was anything but a pleasing one; it seemed as though nature had conspired with S. Dominic and S. Francis to render their children's pilgrimage, whether they would or not, one of real penance. If there were any amongst us who had joined our ranks from some poetic fancy, they must have thought themselves in the wrong box; and those who were attracted by the novelty of our undertaking must have found indeed a novelty which possibly took them by surprise.

It was a grand and an affecting scene, and one which can be witnessed only in a Catholic land. Here were some seven hundred men, assembled from all parts of Belgium, men of every rank and position in the Church and in society, from the vice-rector of one of the first Catholic Universities in Europe to the humble Franciscan lay-brother, and from the noble baron to the simple and unlettered peasant—all bearing witness to the same undying truth, that the anger of God must be appeased by prayer and sacrifice, and that if the Church is suffering, it is on account of the sins of her children. To see these seven hundred men, rosary in hand, braving the inclemency of a November night, and during six successive hours and more treading their way along a rugged and (as Père Celestin called it) an "interminable" road, as an expiation for their own sins and the sins of the world, was

a sight worthy of the ages of faith. It was a "spectacle to the world, to angels, and to men;" to the world a reproach, to angels a holy joy, to men an example and an edification.

I will not attempt to describe the scene we presented as we marched along in the stillness of the night, the darkness of which was broken only by the glare of the flaming torch which was carried before us. Suffice it to say, that from the time we left Louvain until we arrived within a mile of Montaigu, the devotions of the pilgrimage were not for a moment interrupted. First of all, we divided into companies or groups of a hundred or a hundred and fifty, the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary being recited in each group simultaneously, in French or Flemish, according to circumstances. After this, all joined in the pathetic strains of the "Miserere," to beg God's mercy for ourselves and for the world. This "Miserere" ended, the recitation of the Rosary recommenced; then we sang the Litany of our Lady to implore the succour of the "Queen of Martyrs" for Pius IX., the Martyr of the Vatican. Thus it was that we beguiled the way, which would otherwise have been long and dreary, by holy prayer, alternating the recitation of the Rosary with some pious hymn or anthem, until within a mile of our destination. Here, whether from the sheer fatigue of the pilgrims, or designedly in order to give time for silent meditation, I know not, the public prayers ceased until we reached the little village which the devotion of our Lady's shrine has created in its neighbourhood, and which goes by the name of Montaigu.

The beautiful church of Notre-Dame de Montaigu was built in her honour in the 17th century, the first stone having been laid in the year 1627, by the Archduchess Isabelle. I have said that it is a *favoured* shrine; the numberless votive offerings exposed in the church, as well as its past history, attest the fact beyond a doubt. Each of the numerous crutches which are suspended from the walls represents a miracle; each of those immense wax candles, ten, twelve, and fifteen feet high, tells of some wonderful answer to prayer through the intercession of our Lady of Montaigu; and the many lights which constantly burn before the little miraculous statue which stands over the high altar are as so many voices bearing witness to the power which the Mother of God has deigned to manifest in this hallowed spot in favour of her devoted children. "Notre-Dame de Montaigu"

is to Belgium what "Our Lady of Walsinghame" was to England in the days of our Catholic forefathers—the refuge of sinners, the consoler of the afflicted, and the help of Christians.

But this is a digression:—to return to our pilgrims, whom we left in the village of Montaigu, footsore and weary, after their long and laborious walk. We were expected at six o'clock, but it was not until twenty minutes to seven that we entered the beautiful church, singing the "Magnificat" as a thanksgiving to our Lady for the privileges accorded to us of once more kneeling upon the ground which her presence has sanctified. At the conclusion of the "Magnificat" a sermon was preached in Flemish; a low mass followed, at which all the pilgrims (with the exception of the priests) communicated. The number of priests who accompanied the pilgrimage was so great that, although there are about a dozen altars in the church, we had the greatest difficulty in saying our masses; several were obliged to go to the neighbouring Convent of Ursulines, whilst the rest had to make a virtue of necessity, and exercise their patience. I would not, however, have you conclude, from the number of priests present, that they were the originators of the pilgrimage, or that the credit of it belongs to the Dominican and Franciscan Fathers. Not at all. "Honour to whom honour is due." To the Secular Tertiaries alone is due the honour of having originated, organized, and carried out the pilgrimage, from beginning to end. It is true that the Franciscans, including the Recollects, Capuchins, and Conventuals, assisted in large numbers, and that the First Order of S. Dominic was represented by a deputation of fourteen religious from our Convent at Louvain, but we were there simply and solely at the invitation of our younger brethren of the Third Orders.

But again to return to our pilgrims. After the Mass there was a respite of about an hour, during which time many were engaged in private devotion, praying for themselves and for their particular intentions, whilst others strolled into the village to try and procure some little refreshment after the fatigue of the long journey. I fear that the last comers must have breakfasted "with Duke Humphrey" (as you say in England), for the good Tertiaries had been so intent upon the spiritual part of the programme, that they had forgotten the weakness of flesh and blood. The villagers had not received due notice of our visit, and, as a natural conse-

quence, were not prepared for the descent of such an army of locusts upon their corn and barley! However, it was all taken in good part, and the discontented were easily pacified by the good humoured remark to which there could be no rejoinder—"*C'est un pelerinage de pénitence*" (it is a pilgrimage of penance).

At nine o'clock precisely we all re-assembled in the church for High Mass, which was to have been sung by Monseigneur Cattani, the Papal Nuncio in Belgium, but as unfortunately His Excellency was unable to attend, it was sung by one of his chaplains. The sermon was preached, in French, by the Very Rev. Père Célestin, Provincial of the Capuchins. Taking for his text the apposite words of Deuteronomy (xv. 6): "*Thou shalt have dominion over very many nations, and no one shall have dominion over Thee,*" he spoke of the supremacy of the Church over society, and showed that she is, by Divine right, the mistress of the world, and subject to none—neither to king, nor to emperor, nor to potentate, but to Jesus Christ alone, her Divine Founder. He concluded a long and learned discourse by exhorting his auditors to be faithful to the principles of their third orders—prayer and penance; to continue to give an example to the world such as they had given that morning: assuring them that Almighty God in His own good time would answer their prayer, and would, were it necessary, by a stupendous miracle of His power, deliver His Church from her persecutions and restore her to her pristine glory.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was again given after the Mass; and then the pilgrimage was brought to a close by the magnificent "Chant des Pélerins;" it was sung by hundreds of voices with an enthusiasm and a fervour which must have moved the sacred and tender heart of our Divine Lord to show mercy to this fallen world. When our Lady appeared to the children on the Mountain of La Salette, she complained in mournful terms that the churches were frequented only by women, and that the men were not to be seen there; how her Immaculate Heart must have been rejoiced that morning, the Feast of her Presentation, as she looked down upon her church at Montaigu filled to overflowing, and almost exclusively by men! That plaintive and impressive cry of *Sainte Marie, priez pour nous* (Holy Mary, pray for us), which arose from seven hundred manly

voices assuredly cannot remain unheard by her to whom no one ever had recourse in vain.

And now, the pilgrimage is over, the pilgrims have returned to their homes and their ordinary avocations, but their protest is registered in Heaven, and the "God of Armies" knows how and when to avenge the injustice, against which the pilgrimage was a solemn appeal. Fr. PROCTOR, O.P.

ANECDOTES OF THE HOLY ROSARY.

THE QUEEN OF HEAVEN, BY THE DEVOTION OF HER HOLY ROSARY, OBTAINS GRACE FOR A HERETIC, WHO IS CONVERTED AND CONFESSES HIS SINS.

DURING the war against the heretical Albigenses around Toulouse, some of them shut themselves up in a house to burn some writings which the holy S. Dominic had composed on vocal confession, which they denied. They threw these papers into the fire, together with others which the leaders of their own sect had written in defence of their wicked opinions. It happened that those of S. Dominic came out without the least injury, whilst those of the heretics were all burnt. One of those who were present, a noble cavalier deeply imbued with the heresy, named Anthony, whilst reflecting on the miracle, and lost in thought, was suddenly seized with violence by a legion of demons and carried down into hell, where he was shown the punishment of those who deny this holy and most necessary Sacrament. It seemed to him that these miserable wretches had each a dragon at his side, which furiously and with avidity ate their hearts, which had been so hard and impenetrable to Confession. They uttered the most horrible shrieks at their torments; bellowing like wild beasts. Flames of fire came out of their eyes instead of tears, and from their mouths issued all sorts of impurities, and in exchange a multitude of scorpions, serpents, and toads crawled in. Anthony was so bewildered by this vision that he felt as if he was himself condemned to the same punishment, and felt the same torments, and wept bitterly, without seeing any way to escape from his anguish. But the holy Virgin, full of mercy and compassion, then appeared to him, and, giving him her hand, drew him out of that place and all its terrors, and said to him: "Anthony, go

now to my servant, Master Dominic, the preacher, and bid him, in my name, receive you into the Confraternity of my Rosary, because that is the most efficacious in obtaining the grace of Contrition and Confession. And what I now say to you, do you also teach others." When the cavalier saw himself delivered from his peril, he went immediately to find Father S. Dominic, and relating to him all that had happened, made an entire confession. The glorious Father ordered him to say the Holy Rosary with great diligence and devotion, and never to omit it or leave it off. He willingly embraced the Saint's injunction, and being afterwards made a leader in the Catholic troops against those same heretics, he had the Holy Rosary painted on his banners as his principal arms and device. And all through his life he persevered in the praises of the most holy Virgin, who had bestowed so great a grace upon him. For this reason he obtained many signal victories for the faith. And many times in the midst of the combat he received wonderful aid from Heaven through the virtue of the Holy Rosary.

S. DOMINIC TEACHES A GENTLEMAN TO SAY THE HOLY ROSARY, AND BY THIS MEANS TO MAKE A GOOD CONFESSION.

WHEN S. Dominic was preaching very fervently in Italy, a certain gentleman, feeling great compunction through his preaching, came to the Saint begging him to hear his confession. S. Dominic, as he was full of charity, heard him with benignity; and when he had confessed his sins, S. Dominic said, "My good friend, you have confessed certain minor faults, but have omitted all the serious ones, which are hidden within you. You have taken off the froth, but have left the dregs behind, and they are much the worst." And as S. Dominic had received from God the grace of reading the consciences of those who confessed to him, he pointed out many hidden sins. At which the gentleman said, "Our priests have not taught us to confess as you do, and when you are gone away, who shall I find to teach me to confess in this way?" And S. Dominic said, "I will leave you a teacher who shall instruct you, and never forsake you. And this shall be a thread or cord of Pater Nosters, which will serve you to say the Holy Rosary of the glorious Virgin on; in which there will be five large beads, and fifty small ones of different colours. The first Pater Noster will be varied in colour, to signify the various sins committed against God, against yourself, and against your neighbour in thoughts, words, deeds,

and omissions: and the ten small signs signify the vanity and difference of the sins, which are ten times more serious than you think. The second large Pater Noster must be pale, which signifies death, which most assuredly awaits us all—which makes us all turn pale; and the small beads signify the dangers which we meet with every hour, the least of which is greater than losing the whole world." The gentleman learning this felt greatly terrified, and sighed. "The third Pater Noster, which should be red, signifies the Judge angry with sinners; who, with the greatest justice, will judge every sin, however small it may be; which will be so dreadful that any giant would die at merely witnessing it: and the ten little beads signify the great dangers which there will be at that time, the least of which will be greater than any danger which could threaten us before any temporal or mortal judge whatsoever." Then this gentleman, very much frightened, did not wish that the red Pater Noster should be put amongst them which signified the terrible judgment of God. To which S. Dominic replied, "My son, it is necessary that the red Pater Noster should be put there too, because very great benefit will arise from it. The fourth Pater Noster must be black, which means infernal darkness; and the small beads point out that every pain in hell is ten times greater than any suffering, however great it may be, which one can endure in this life; or any torments by which martyrs have won paradise—though the lost souls neither gain nor merit by these tortures. The fifth Pater Noster is of gold, which indicates the eternal happiness of the chosen saints of God; and the smaller beads signify that the least joy in heaven is ten times greater than all the delights of this world; than all that have been or shall be from the beginning to the end of time." *The gentleman* then, profoundly meditating on these *things, despised the* world, and always devoutly said the Rosary, to the glory of God and of the glorious Virgin Mary, and always loved S. Dominic as the minister of his salvation. After he had said the Rosary for a year, he once saw the Angel who every time that he said the Ave Maria, drew off the string of Pater Nosters one of the beads, and offered it to the glorious Virgin Mary, who stood upon a high mountain; and the bead grew into a large, bright, beautiful stone, and the Blessed Virgin took that stone and fitted and shaped it, so that when the whole Rosary was said, there was built a most rich and beautiful palace. The gentleman understood from this, that for all those who

devoutly say the most holy Rosary, there is prepared a high place in Heaven, and for this reason, always persevering in a holy life, he died in great sanctity, and always exhorted his friends to this blessed devotion.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A JUDGMENT OF GOD ON THE BLASPHEMY OF A "SPIRITUALIST."

THE following narrative has been going the round of all the newspapers :—

At Birmingham on Sunday evening (16th November), at the Athenæum Assembly Rooms, Temple Row, a spiritualistic service was being held, and a medium, named Benjamin Hawkes, a toy-dealer of New Street, spoke for fully half an hour, and described with startling vividity a *seance* in which the Apostle Peter had clasped hands with him, so that he felt the close pressure of the Apostle's grasp. From this he argued that it was quite possible to understand how Thomas of Didymus thrust his hand into the side of the "Personification of Divine Love." The instant these last words were out of the speaker's mouth, he fell back on a chair dead. At the inquest, Mr. Hadley, surgeon, who had made a post-mortem examination, said he was of opinion deceased had died from syncopal asphyxia, resulting from congestion of the lungs. The jury returned a verdict that deceased died by the visitation of God.—*Guardian*, November 22nd.

"Every spirit," says S. John, "who confesses that Jesus is come in the flesh is of God: every spirit that dissolveth Jesus is not of God, and this is Anti-Christ, of whom you have heard that he cometh and he is now already in the world." (1 John, iv. 2.) The speaker at the Athenæum Assembly Rooms was guilty of what the Apostle speaks of, namely, "dissolving Jesus;" that is to say dissolving the holy Evangelist's narrative of the cure of the unbelief of S. Thomas Didymus, by his being allowed to feel with his hands the wounds which our Lord had received in *His real human body of flesh and blood*, into a something not more than happens repeatedly at the *seances* of the spiritualists. "S. Thomas Didymus," according to the speaker, only did the same kind of thing as he, the speaker, had himself done with the hand of the Apostle Peter. The real body of Jesus, if Mr. Hawkes's contention held good, would thus be dissolved into a scene between a medium and a spirit. The penalty paid by the un-

happy man for these words was an instantaneous death—similar to that of Ananias and Sapphira.

That the deluded "spiritualists" refuse to accept this sudden death as anything more than an ordinary case of the sudden termination of life from natural causes, and that they should boast of having since had spiritualistic communication with the unhappy man, who suffered this act of the "Visitation of God," proving him to be quite happy, only reveals to us the terrible nature of the delusion to which the spiritualists abandon themselves, and the impossibility of their being cured of their delusion except they test the spirits to whom they trust themselves by the test prescribed by the Apostle S. John:—*Every spirit that confesses that Jesus is come in the Flesh is from God; every spirit that dissolveth Jesus is not from God, but is Anti-Christ.*

THE LETTER OF THE POPE TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF POSEN.—The Holy Father has addressed the following letter to Monsignore Ledochowski, the Archbishop of Posen, relative to the persecution which this prelate is suffering from the German Empire:

"Venerable Brother,—If at any time it has been God's pleasure to show to men that the Church's edifice is Divine, and that everywhere all attacks directed against it by the powers of hell and the malice of man must be in vain, surely now, Ven. Brother, is this truth made clear to the sight even of those who do not wish to see it, to-day He has permitted everything to conspire for the destruction of the Church. We see contempt, calumny, laws, and the powers of this world arrayed against it, the effect of resolutions long formed and brought to realization by protracted labour and developed on the part of the implacable sect, which has almost everywhere possessed itself of supreme power. Her adherents are marked as seditious; her Bishops are condemned by the civil tribunals as agitators; they are loaded with fines, deprived of their functions and expelled the country; the Religious Orders are suppressed; the clergy is gagged, and, by arbitrary measures, prevented from exercising its ministry; education of the youth in the spirit of the Church is forbidden, in order that, on the one hand, the population may not be confirmed in the principles of religion, and that, on the other, the training up of able and faithful servants of the altar may be prevented. In order to annihilate the glorious name of God, the property consecrated to God is robbed; even the highest dignitary of the Church is kept in bondage in order that, though utterly despoiled, he may not govern the Church with freedom, according to his powers. All this, Ven. Brother, makes your heart bleed, but it likewise rends our own; for though we feel the greater portion of the afflictions that assail you—so that by the weight of your persecutions your health has been endangered—we see on the other hand, and beyond this, the evil spreading over the whole of Europe in its length and breadth, and over other parts of the

world likewise. Nevertheless, the very magnitude of the evil, and its extraordinary diffusion afford us the sure hope that deliverance is close at hand. For if God, when He desired to save the world, permitted so many diabolical perversities—permitted men to assail even His own Son—we have grounds of belief that the same God is by the efforts of hell let loose preparing an amelioration of the state of things—preparing a triumph of the Church, at this moment deprived of all human succour; and that by the visible manifestation of His Almighty power He will compel even the proudest hearts into obedience. Furthermore, Ven. Brother, you make the tokens of your love the dearer to us, the more you are afflicted with troubles, and magnanimously sacrifice everything, even life itself, to the performance of your duty; and the more resolutely and staunchly you fight for the Church, the more lively is our desire that you may speedily be restored to complete health. The gifts from your diocesans, which you have forwarded to us, have forced us to admire your ardent charity, but have, at the same time, occasioned us regret, because these alms have been given by those who are themselves smitten on all sides by severe tribulation. Receive, therefore, the assurance of our deep gratitude to you, as well as your clergy and your people, on behalf of whom we pray fervently to God, that He may give them the same spirit which He has given to their pastor, and like constancy in the great peril in which they are present. May God grant them and you that unfailing unanimity which annihilates and exhausts all the power of the adversary, in order thus to prepare a fresh victory for the just cause, and fresh glory of the Church. Meanwhile, as a pledge of the favour of God, and as a proof of our particular affection, we give to you and to your archdiocese our apostolic blessing.

"Given at Rome, at S. Peter's, on the 3rd of November, 1873, the 28th of our reign. PIUS PP. IX."

FRANCE AND HER FUTURE GOVERNMENT.—Ever since Jesus Christ condescended to undergo the death of the Cross in submission to a sentence extorted from the Roman judge against his will by the pressure of the plea that the Christ of God was an enemy and rival of Cæsar, His religion has never ceased to be mixed up with the political events of all the countries where it finds itself a home, greatly to benefit or equally greatly to suffer from them as the case may be. There is at the present time going on under our eyes a most remarkable political strife in France, which cannot fail to have very important results affecting the welfare of the Catholic cause more immediately of course in the limits of that country itself, but in a way far from confined in its effects to that country alone.

The serious question to be there decided is whether this great and important portion of what we have been accustomed to speak of as "Christian Europe," is to call back to the supreme seat of its civil Government, the ancient dynasty of its Christian and Catholic sovereigns, and thereby

openly to resume its position amongst the nations, as "France, the eldest daughter of the Church, under the sceptre of a king, the hereditary heir to its throne, the lineal successor of the S. Louis of the Crusade.

The history of the kingdoms of Israel and Juda in the sacred Scriptures, is the mirror of Divine truth for all great political questions. We there see the marvellous power given by God to the persons of the kings to be used by them according to their own choice for good or for evil. We have there, "David, the man after God's own heart," in contrast with "Jeroboam, the man that made Israel to sin," and all the other kings each conforming themselves to one or other of these totally opposite models, with the consequences to themselves and their people flowing from their different character of conduct, bad or good, as the case might be.

We ought not, therefore, on many different grounds, to witness what is passing in France without the liveliest interest, and without praying that it would please God, in whose hands are all issues, that He would be pleased to repress the evil, and to promote the good. The conduct of kings has latterly however been such that no prudent Catholic while he may hope the best, can put much confidence in the mere name of hereditary royalty.

There is certainly much to be hoped for in the prospect of Henry, Count de Chambord being restored to the throne of his ancestors as Henry V. of France. Exile and penance may prove as good a school for the monarch, as the horrors and terrors of revolutionary bloodshed and of communist oppression may be a good school for the people. The monarchy of France Christian and penitent, and the people of France taught by adversity, humiliations and the terror of the cruelties and oppressions of the red republicans to fear God and to honour the king, would be an example and a joy to the rest of the world. There is everything that can reasonably be looked for at the hands of any political ruler of a state, to be expected from a man who shows himself superior to the love of power, who says to the people of his nation, "*when you show that you see in me the legitimate heir to the throne of that France which is the France of S. Louis, and when you call me back to ascend the throne of that France, the flag of which is to be the white flag of my predecessors, I am ready, with the help of God, to respond to your call. If you are not ready to do this, leave me at peace in my exile.*"

France is at this moment the scene of an immense internal conflict. The bulk of the people are for public order and conservatism, and they appear to desire to have Henry V. for their monarch, to renounce the France of the revolution, and to recal Christian France. There is next to these the party of which M. Thiers is the leader, who seek for their chief end to place themselves in power, and whose flag is the tricolor. Behind these are the communists and red republicans, whose principles of government are very much more definite. God Almighty may decree that France has to undergo the terrible ordeal and chastisement of passing for a time entirely under the dominion of the communist faction; but as long as the event is held in suspense, charity unquestionably calls for our prayers that it may be overruled in mercy to the lasting good of the nation and its people.

MISSIONARY WORK.—The work of the Missionary College of Mill Hill (see No. xiv., Sept. 1873) is prospering. Eight candidates who had entered S. Joseph's College in September, and who had complied with all the requisite conditions, became members of the Society on Friday, the eve of All Saints. After the singing of the First Vespers of the Feast and the "Veni Creator," Canon Benoit, the Rector, addressed a few words to the candidates, who were kneeling before the altar. He felt truly happy, he said, to bless and hand over to them the red sash which they would always wear, both as the emblem of their future sacrifices and as the badge of their future glory. The fathers who had gone forth from the College, and who were now labouring among the negro race of Baltimore and Louisville, had no great hardships to undergo; but by the time that the candidates then present had finished their studies, the Holy See would have assigned to the Society some more dangerous field of labour, in the wilds of Africa or in the islands of Oceania. The red sash told them of the hunger and thirst and of the many other sufferings which they would one day have to undergo. Aye, it told them of the cruel but glorious death which they might die one day at the hand of some cannibal. Should their hearts ever falter, either at the regretful remembrance of the tenderest ties of friendship which they had had to break asunder in coming to the Missionary College, or at the thought of the many privations which were in store for them, let them think of the day on which they entered on their noble career: the

Feast of all God's Saints. Let them say, after S. Augustine, "Shall I not joyfully endure for the love of the Sacred Heart and of the souls for which It thirsts, what the millions of tender virgins and children who are now with God have endured in days of old?" Or let them bring to mind the words of the mother to her martyr-boy: "Nate, respice cœlum." Child, look up to heaven, fear not. Besides these eight new members, three other candidates will be enrolled next Advent. The number of students at S. Joseph's College is thirty-two. Among these are three deacons and five sub-deacons.

THE ENCYCLICAL LETTER OF THE POPE.—The Holy Father has addressed an Encyclical Letter to all the Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, and Bishops, treating of many weighty matters concerning the welfare and government of the Catholic Religion, and the unjust persecution to which it is subjected, as well in Rome itself, under the usurped Italian kingdom, as in other countries and governments. We quote the following passage in which the Pope refers to the publication of his Letter to the Emperor William of Germany, and to the unjust vexations to which the Catholics of Germany and their prelates are subjected:—

"Since these things are so, you will easily understand, Venerable Brothers, with what sorrow of mind we must have been affected when we read in answer to a letter lately sent by us to the Emperor of Germany, an accusation not less cruel than unlooked for against a part, as he himself says, of his Catholic subjects, and especially against the Catholic clergy and Bishops of Germany. Of which accusation this is the cause, that they, fearless of bonds and tribulations, and not 'counting their lives more precious than themselves,' have refused to obey the aforesaid laws with the same constancy with which, before they were passed, they had protested by denouncing their injustice, which was unfolded in grave, luminous, and solid expostulations, amidst the applause of the whole Catholic world, and of not a few even of non-Catholics, before the Sovereign, his ministers, and the supreme legislature of the kingdom. For that cause they are now accused as of the crime of treason, as of consenting and conspiring with those who are endeavouring to overthrow all order in human society, without regard to innumerable proofs which evidently bear witness to their unshaken faith and allegiance to their Sovereign and their fervent patriotism towards their country. Yea, and we ourselves are asked to exhort those Catholics and sacred pastors to observe the aforesaid laws, which is to ask that we also ourselves should lend our help in oppressing and scattering the flock of Christ. But, trusting in God, we are confident that the most serene Emperor, when he has better ascertained and weighed these things, will reject a suspicion so empty and incredible against his faithful servants, and will no longer endure that their honour should be

assailed by so foul a calumny, and that an unmerited prosecution should be continued against them. We should, indeed, have gladly passed over in this place the letter of the Emperor, if it had not been made public by the official journal in Berlin altogether without our knowledge, and in a manner certainly unusual, together with another letter written by our hand, in which we appealed for the Catholic Church in Prussia to the justice of the most serene Emperor. The things which we have thus far recounted are before the eyes of all; wherefore, while religious and virgins dedicated to God are deprived of the common liberty of citizens, and are exiled with cruel harshness; while public schools, in which Catholic youth are educated, are day by day further withdrawn from the wholesome teaching and vigilance of the Church; while societies founded for the nurturing of piety, and even the seminaries of the clergy, are dissolved; while the liberty of preaching the Gospel is hindered, while it is prohibited in certain parts of the kingdom to teach the elements of religious education in the mother-tongue, while the priests are forcibly taken away from the parishes over which they were set by the Bishops, and the Bishops themselves are deprived of their revenues, coerced by fines, and menaced by threats of imprisonment, while Catholics are disturbed by vexations of every kind, is it possible that we should receive into our mind that which is laid before us—viz., that neither the religion of Jesus Christ nor the truth is called in question. Nor is this the end of the wrongs which are inflicted upon the Catholic Church. For to this must be also added the patronage which has been openly taken up by the Prussian and the other Governments of the Germanic Empire in behalf of those new heretics, who call themselves *Old Catholics* by the abuse of the name, which would be truly ridiculous if it were not that so many monstrous errors of that sect against the chief principles of the Catholic faith, so many sacrileges in Divine worship and in the administration of sacraments, so many gravest scandals, so great a havoc of souls redeemed in the Blood of Christ, did not rather draw abundant tears from our eyes."

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NEW SERIES.

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No. V.—THE SOCIAL DEVOTION OF THE ROSARY.

How it may be associated with a lucid and complete Exposition of the Doctrine contained in its Mysteries. The first general understanding of the Christian Redemption.

The subject which we have undertaken to treat, and which we here resume from the number for September (page 365), gains not a little in practical importance from the circumstance that the people of our particular island are eminently a sermon-loving people. They have perfectly fixed in their minds the idea that Christianity as a religion is a religion abounding in preaching, and that its followers may be called with at least equal propriety "hearers," as well as "worshippers." We are, of course, very far indeed removed from asserting that there can be no devout use of the devotion of the Rosary without its being made a peg on which to hang a discourse. The widespread and prevailing habit of nearly all the other nations of the world is that great multitudes, as well as the small family circles, should say their rosary socially simply as a prayer, without seeking to associate any doctrinal instruction with it. It is only the very marked peculiarity of our particular people, that they love the sound of a voice discoursing to them from the altar on the truths of their faith. As the Spirit of the Holy Church, then, always affectionately inclines to humour the tastes and peculiarities of the children of her widely extended family, we are here pleading the cause of the Holy Rosary as affording in an eminent manner facilities for turning this national peculiarity of our particular people to good account; and this as well for their own particular benefit, as also in charity for the great numbers of those who are as yet strangers to the Faith, and to whom it may be hoped that by the grace of God the Mysteries of the Holy Rosary, when made the subject of lucid and interesting instruction, would have great power and success in leading them to embrace the faith of the Church.

The late Professor Faraday was for many years a very successful lecturer on what were necessarily very dry subjects of physical science, at the Royal Institution. Yet, in spite

of this, he was able perfectly to fix and arrest the attention of mixed audiences of fashionable people for the hour that his lecture lasted. The secret of his success as a lecturer did not lie in his possession of any gift of a sonorous voice, or of any unusual fluency or ornateness of language—it lay in this, that he appeared to be able to gauge the capacity and willingness of his audience to listen, and he had the tact and discernment to put before his visitors in a clear, lucid manner just what could, without any strain on the mind, be taken in and understood by them in the limits of the hour. This hour, also, he was ever careful never to exceed, except very occasionally, and then always first asking the permission of his audience to detain them a little longer. The number and the class of people, to whom certainly the secrets of physical science could have possessed no particular attraction whatsoever, but who, notwithstanding, constantly frequented these lectures, sufficiently prove what we are here saying—namely, that a charm is contained in any simple, clear, and lucid explanation—even if the subject be only a portion of what we may call the mechanism of the material creation. If, then, even this when undertaken by a speaker who shows that he has mastered his subject, and that he knows the value of the evangelical maxim, applied to a lecture on physical science, "the portion of meat in due season"—that is to say, just what an audience is easily able to take in and to listen to, fills every mind with the pleasure that arises to the understanding from feeling itself to be satisfied without being tired, what may not be expected when higher truths are treated in the same wise and intelligible manner.

Here, then, we come in view of the particular benefit which the work of public instruction in Christian doctrine may derive to itself from following on in the track provided for it by the Mysteries of the Rosary. We may compare the progress which a Christian makes in the knowledge of his religion to the passage of a traveller over a tract of country. As he will pass along, he will find much to fix and arrest his attention in the various objects that will present themselves to his sight. Here a prospect over a valley covered with human habitations and smiling with the fruits of human industry will burst in view; then a mountain rises up before him. Here a village; there a ruin of times long past. Here a city, and then again plains and farms. And so he passes through, seeing and noticing everything that comes in his

way. But, much as all that engages his eye both demands and repays study and observation, the pleasure and profit derived from this will be greatly augmented if, before he enters upon the region in question, he can climb to any height commanding a bird's-eye view of the whole region spread out before him. Such, for example, was the view of the cities and fields of the land promised to his people and to the borders of which he had successfully led them, which was granted to Moses from the summit of Mount Nebo, but which he was not permitted to inspect in detail. Such also was the view of the rich plains of Northern Italy which burst on the eyes of the army of Hannibal, when he had, with wonderful daring and strategy, forced a passage for his soldiers over the Alps. The sight of the warm and sunny plains filled the soldiers of the army with an eager desire to rush down and make themselves possessors in detail of all that seemed, even to the distant view, so marvellously rich and attractive.

The Mysteries of the Rosary render a service of a similar kind to the learner who is thirsting for a satisfying knowledge of the truths of the Christian Revelation. These truths are to be known both after the manner of such a general survey as that which Moses took of the promised land from the mountain from which he was permitted to behold all its varied wealth and riches, and again also by place and place, and by hill and by valley, after the manner of those who go in to settle themselves and to take possession. And as each separate portion comes to engage the mind by itself, it will always appear in a clearer light and be surrounded with a brighter halo, from the rising up in the memory of the general view in which the glories of the whole combined prospect have burst on the eye.

In Adam all men die. This is a truth, visible evidences of which are continually rising up before us. We cannot take up a daily newspaper, but the eye is at once caught by the daily record of deaths. Scarcely a day passes which does not chronicle the lamented death of some man or other of more or less public note, and the best news that can be given is that the rate of mortality has been very satisfactory. Only so many dead in the week in one town, and so many in another. But death itself is never, naturally speaking, satisfactory; for the human spirit naturally rejoices only in life and in the thought of life, and except the Christian Revela-

tion had come to teach us what death really is, and had mercifully taken away its sting, there could be no remedy for those who in Adam must die against the horror and dread of their extinction in death. A cloud of sorrow, then, and of sorrow otherwise without cure, hangs suspended over all those who in Adam must die. But the coming of God to take the nature of man, and to take His place as an Infant in the arms of a human Mother, and then as a youth of great promise, dispels the sorrow. God would never have condescended to do this, except He had loved the creation which He had made. An infant in arms is a creature we cannot possibly associate with the idea of a visitation for purposes of justice and punishment. Nor does the record of human doings associate the age of twelve years, when life begins to smile before opening faculties and rising aspirations, with any deeds of a nature to inspire terror. If God is pleased to come into His world, and to take a place in it by means of a nature in which He renders Himself helplessly dependent, as all human infants are by nature, on the care and nursing of a mother, and consents to pass through the various stages of human growth up to the age of twelve years, submitting himself, without reserve, to the authority and jurisdiction of the mother whom he has chosen; whatever be His purpose and motive for doing this, it is perfectly obvious to the most simple understanding that it must be one of mercy and goodness. But the highest joy of which those who are under sentence of death are capable is the making known to them the mercy and goodness of the Judge, and His purpose of liberating them from their sentence and restoring their forfeited rank and dignity to them. Such, in brief, is the joyful assurance always conveyed and renewed afresh to the mind by the Joyful Mysteries of the Rosary.

The scene then abruptly changes to a vision of agony, suffering, patient endurance, submission to human power, and a Death undergone by a Voluntary Victim. He who sustains the Agony, who endures the suffering, bears with the mockery, submits to the unjust sentence condemning him to death, takes up His Cross, and who finally accomplishes His death as a victim predestined from all eternity, is the same Son of Man who, by his association with a Mother from His conception in the womb to the age of twelve years, has given us the pledge that He is come for mercy.

We see, then, briefly and clearly placed before us in these

Sorrowful Mysteries the abyss of mourning and lamentation, endless pains and torment, to which we should have infallibly come, had His Sacred Heart not been moved by His mercy and love to take compassion on our fallen condition, and to purchase a covenant of mercy and redemption from the Eternal Father, into which in His name we might be received and thereby be put into the way of grace and truth, for the present life, and eternal rest and glory for the next.

The scene again changes to another totally different prospect. He who submitted to the sentence of the human tribunal, adjudicating Him to die, now shows His power over the death to which they who judged Him were themselves already subject. Now comes the hour of victory. Now we learn to know the Captain of our salvation—conqueror over death—and from this point the glory of the prospect keeps unfolding itself. There is the Ascension into Heaven, the coming down of the Holy Spirit upon earth, with His numberless graces and His sevenfold gifts. Then there is the assuming into the company of heaven the Mother through whom He himself took His place among the children of men; and, lastly, there is the placing of the heavenly crown upon the brow of a daughter of the earth.

Thus the Holy Rosary in its Mysteries keeps continually present before the mind the three master truths of the Christian redemption: I. *The joy of deliverance.* II. *The price paid for redemption.* III. *The victory and its hope.*

I. *The joy of deliverance.* The restoration of lost joy to the world, by the voluntary association of God himself with His creation as an infant, and subsequently as a child under the care and jurisdiction of a mother and the rule of a foster-father.

II. *The price paid for redemption.* The voluntary passion and suffering of God, and the atoning death by which He purchased for us an admission to His covenant of grace.

III. *Victory and hope.* The conquest over death. The gifts of God the Holy Ghost to men, and the vision of glory.

Here is the Prophet's view of the whole of the promised land spread out before him. And the brightness of this general summary of Christian truth ought to surround us every time we take a rosary into our hands to recite its mysteries. F.

No. IV.—BLESSED MARGARET MARY ALACOQUE.

By the Rev. C. B. GARSIDE.

CONTINUATION OF HER VISIONS.

ON the first Friday of every month the Sacred Heart appeared to her regularly, under the form of a blazing sun, which poured its scorching, yet vitalising, rays into her own breast; and it was on one of these occasions that she received the following definite commands: (1) She was to communicate as often as she was not forbidden by her superiors; (2) she was to make a rule of communicating on the first Friday of every month; and (3) she was to be plunged every night between Thursday and Friday into an agony of sadness and desolation, which should be a repetition, or rather a reflection, so to speak, within her soul of the terrible woe endured by her Lord in the Garden of Gethsemane; she was to feel as if suffering it together with Him, and she was instructed to rise at eleven and, falling on her face, to remain prostrate on the ground for an entire hour. By this practice, our Lord gave her to understand that she should bear Him company, as if she had been in the Garden of Sorrows when the Apostles fell asleep through weariness, and that, whilst thus sweetening some of the bitterness which their conduct had caused in His heart, she should also implore mercy for sinners. On several occasions our Lord condescended to make this elect spouse sympathise in His sorrows, not merely by bringing before her mind the recollection of what He had undergone in the form of a mental contemplation, but by so uniting her with Himself and the scenes of His suffering life, that, by a kind of mysterious intercommunion, she became, to adopt S. Peter's expression, a real "partaker in the sufferings of Christ" (1 Peter iii. 1, 4). The Crucified drew her so close to Him, that His thorns, spear, and nails entered mystically into her own being; she lived, in some sense, which it is beyond the power of human language to explain, the life of the Man-God, as He himself declared that she should; and not only does she undergo something akin to His pain, but again and again, when He was offended by the sins of others, she was told to appease His anger by suffering with Him, and at the same time offering up those pains of her own as a mode of intercession for them. Her pains in themselves were worthless, but such is the vicarious force of charity, such is the all-pervading effect of co-membership in that Church

which is the "body of Christ," such is the desire of the Head that His virtue should flow through secondary and inferior channels united with Himself, that many souls were restored to favour and pardon through Margaret's holy afflictions, whom their Lord would not so easily have forgiven at all if she had not thrown her mite of expiation into the treasury of that Heart of Jesus which had inspired and enabled her to present the offerings. Incidents and revelations of this kind in the life of Blessed Margaret are a luminous commentary upon those deep words of S. Paul, "I fill up those things that are wanting of the sufferings of Christ in my flesh for His body, which is the Church" (1 Coloss. 24). Speaking of certain nuns who had failed in their duty to Jesus Christ, she says that He told her to charge herself with the burden of restoring them to His favour, and she succeeded; but she adds, "I had to suffer much. Hell itself is not more dreadful than a heart deprived of the love of My Beloved."

In further illustration of the peculiar expiatory office which our Lord frequently charged her to fulfil in behalf of others, we may here mention that our saint suffered in an especial manner during every Carnival, on account of the excesses that were then committed; her mental anguish caused always a severe bodily illness; but as soon as Ash Wednesday came, she was well and cheerful. In one of these states of suffering, she was told by our Lord that "a single holy soul could obtain pardon from God for a thousand sinners." On the other hand, what a warning glimpse of the rigour of the Divine justice, with regard to the dispensation of His mercy through indulgences, is presented to us in these words, addressed to Margaret Mary during a Jubilee. After saying that His own people "persecute Him by their familiarities," He bids Margaret to "weep and sigh for My Blood uselessly shed for so many souls who make so great an abuse of it in these indulgences; they are content to cut down the bad weeds which have grown in their hearts, without wishing to draw them up by their roots."

At the close of 1674, an event took place which formed a signal epoch in Margaret Mary's life. She had undergone much ridicule and rough treatment from some members of her community, in whose erroneous judgment she was looked upon as a visionary, and the dupe of fanciful impressions; the priests in Paray shared their opinion. Upon this Marga-

ret raised up her heart to God, and He so disposed events as to send a director distinguished for sanctity and wisdom to the house of the Jesuits at Paray. His name was Father Claude de la Colombière. As soon as Margaret saw him, she knew that he was sent to her by the special will of God; he also had the same conviction the very moment he beheld her; and to confirm the fact in an irresistible manner, the following vision was granted to Margaret:—

As she was going up to the altar, our Lord shewed to her His Sacred Heart, glowing like a furnace, and then two other hearts appeared to enter into and be lost in its abyss, whilst she heard internally these words, "It is thus that My pure heart unites these three hearts eternally." She then was made to understand that our Lord intended to make herself and Father de la Colombière the peculiar instruments for spreading abroad the glory and treasures of the Heart of Jesus. She was first to unfold, in a way hitherto unexperienced by himself, the value of that heart, and its power over the hearts, and for the salvation of sinners. And when she began deploring to God her unworthiness to be associated with such a superior agent as Father Colombière, our Lord said to her, "The infinite riches of my heart will equalise and supply everything."

Father de la Colombière, after a most strict examination of his penitent's heart, after watching her conduct as probed by most severe tests applied to her in order to ascertain her humility, love of mortification, and obedience, and after comparing all the lights he could obtain from nature, grace, and evidence of others, which were valuable as testimonies, came to the undoubting conclusion that her alleged illuminations, ecstasies, and spiritual intimations were really the work of God. That he was to be in some manner a fellow-apostle of the Sacred Heart, together with Margaret Mary, he knew from what she had told him about the vision of the three united hearts. But he was hitherto only, as it were, tentatively feeling his way to the twilight; the mists were still around him, although gradually moving off; he experienced an unusual desire to love more than ever the heart of Jesus, but it was not until the summer of 1675 that the light fell clearly upon the design of his Lord and Master.

One day, during the octave of Corpus Christi in the abovementioned year, Margaret was kneeling a little behind the railing in the choir of the sisters; the Blessed Sacrament was

exposed on the high altar, and as she gazed upon it she felt moved to offer our Lord some fresh return for His love. In reply, our Lord said, disclosing to her at the same time His Heart: "Look at this heart, which has loved men so much that it has spared nothing, even to exhausting and consuming itself, in order to testify to them its love; and, in return, I receive from the greater part only ingratiude, because of the contempt, irreverence, sacrilege, and coldness, which they show me in this sacrament of love. . . . On this account, I ask of you that the first Sunday after the Octave of Corpus Christi be set apart for a special feast to honour My Heart by communicating on that day, and making reparation to it by a solemn act, in order to repair the indignities it has received during the time it has been exposed on My altars. I also promise you that My Heart shall expand itself so as to shed in abundance the influence of its divine love upon those who shall pay it this honour, and procure it to be paid." Margaret Mary, overwhelmed by this intimation, complained of her inability to carry out the will of her Lord, He then reminded her how He chooses the weakest things to confound the strong, that they may attribute nothing to their own powers, and finally gave her the following explicit command: "Address thyself to My servant [indicating Father de la Colombière], and tell him from Me to do what he can to establish the devotion, and to give pleasure to My divine Heart. Let him not be discouraged at the difficulties which he will meet with, for there will be no lack of them; but he must remember that those are all-powerful who distrust themselves and place their whole confidence in Me."

The immediate result was that Father de la Colombière on the Friday after that octave (June 21, the Feast of S. Aloysius) consecrated himself to the Sacred Heart, and from that moment commenced to flow the river of this most profound and soul-melting practice of piety—at first a small rill, but afterwards destined to gather volume and intensity, until the whole world begins to be conscious of its fertilizing current.

(To be continued.)

No. II.—DR. IMBERT GOURBEYRE VISITS LOUISE LATEAU, OF BOIS D'HAINE. (Continued from the January number.)

THE *recall* (le rappel) from her state of ecstasy is one of the most significant of its marvellous circumstances, distinguishing it in a marked manner from the state of catalepsy in which the senses are completely alienated. "She preserves, under certain circumstances, the sense of touch in ecstasy. She not only feels, but she hears; she hears the *authorised* voice of recall, the voice which recites prayers in every sort of language, the voice which intones sacred canticles. She hears, feels, and even sees: if the holy or blessed object presented to her could be smelt or tasted, she would be sensible of it. Her senses are, so to speak, specialised. . . . She is recalled from her ecstasies by any legitimate superior, such as the curé, her directors, grand vicars, bishop, and even Dr. Lefebvre. It suffices for them to say '*Louise*,' or any other word, *with the intention of recalling her*, and she at once returns from her ecstasy to ordinary life. The scene of recall is deeply impressive, when Louise is stretched on the ground in the prostration or crucifixion.

"But it is a most singular fact that this recall has never been effected outside of episcopal jurisdiction. The Archbishop of Malines, Primate of Belgium, and her highest superior after the Pope, can recall her, but the Bishop of Namur was quite unable to do so. On the very day that he failed, Father Seraphin, a director delegated by the Bishop of Tournai, was instantly obeyed by the ecstatica, under the very eyes of the episcopal visitor, who had no jurisdiction, and therefore no power. The numerous ecclesiastics who have resorted to Bois d'Haine have had no better success than the Bishop of Namur. Dr. Lefebvre exercised his power of delegation from the Bishop for several weeks, but on the very day that it was withdrawn he was unable any longer to arouse her from ecstasy."

A curious experiment was tried on the 19th November, 1869. The curé was in the garden, the windows and doors of the cottage being closed. After calling out to others in a loud voice without Louise making the least movement, he said, in a gentle tone, *Redeas* (*return*). Scarcely had he pronounced the Latin word than Louise immediately returned to herself. She soon fell again into ecstasy. Half an hour after the curé again went into the garden, and called out, *Louise*, several times in a loud voice, but merely to ask questions about her, and

without the intention of rousing her, and she remained motionless.

"The question of the recall is a well ascertained fact in the history of ecstatics. Catholic biography is full of interesting facts on this subject. The recall can only be exercised by ecclesiastical superiors having jurisdiction; this power is communicable, can be granted or withdrawn at will, and has even been delegated to laics. It is generally exercised by words, but under some circumstances it has been able to be done mentally, though this is condemned by theologians. The mental recall has always failed with Louise, but she has shown herself very sensible to a certain prayer, of which we shall speak later, even when only pronounced mentally."

"Ecstatics," says Gorres, "do not hear the words by which they are ordered to return to themselves; but the power which rules them hears, and retires from them, that they may obey. This is what caused Louise to say, when I asked her what she felt at the moment of recall, 'I do not hear, *but that disappears*' (*ca disparait*).

"Everything relating to this power of recall is marvellous—a power geographically limited by the extent of jurisdiction, a power inherent solely in direct ecclesiastical superiors, a power transmissible and revocable at will by its possessors, which can be transferred even to a layman, transmitted by word or will, near at hand or at a distance. Human speech utters the words, but they have no power except according to the intention of the speaker. The word which recalls is powerless, if the will does not consent. This word, this will not manifested by words, is sufficient to rouse the ecstatic from the most profound state of ravishment.

"Three personalities are present. God, the ecstatic, and man. The depositary of the power of recall orders the ecstatic to return. It is more than the struggle against the angel of the ecstasy, it is the struggle against God. Then God retires and disappears, or rather He obeys the voice of the man who commands, *voluntatem faciet timentium se*. Well may we be astonished at this singular power granted by God to His creature. It is because God cannot deceive Himself nor deceive us; on the other hand, He loves nothing so much as His Church, and therefore He has endowed her with the power of discerning by the recall these extraordinary states which we call ecstasies, and of deciding by this criterion whether they have a Divine, diabolic, or human origin. If

we really reflect on this, we see in it an enormous and unparalleled power, one of the grandest privileges of the Catholic Church, and an additional proof of her infallibility."

Equally wonderful are the numerous instances of Louise's discernment of the presence of the Blessed Sacrament; her sensibility to relics and everything which has been blessed, and also to prayer uttered before her in whatever language. We shall only detail one instance of the latter.

"They had spoken much to me of the effect produced on Louise (during the ecstasy) by the prayer, *O good and sweet Jesus* (*En Ego*), applicable to the souls in purgatory. This experiment was repeated in my presence. We knelt down, and one of us recited this prayer aloud. The girl rose immediately, knelt down, opened her eyes, and took the attitude of a supplicant. The spectacle was most thrilling. It was the highest expression of tenderness, pity, grief, and prayer. I am not astonished, after having seen it, that this experiment has attracted particular attention. As soon as the prayer was ended, Louise fell suddenly to the earth." The effect of this prayer is supposed to be caused by her devotion to the five sacred wounds and her love of the souls in purgatory.

"On the 6th of January, 1871, a Jesuit father from Namur began to recite this prayer *mentally* while Louise was prostrate. She immediately rose, knelt down and manifested her usual transports of devotion. A fortnight after M. l'Abbé Provost, Vicar of Our Lady of Courtrai, repeated this experiment with the same success."

Dr. Gourbeyre gives the most minute and exhausting proofs that Louise's state cannot be produced by any cause known to science, such as hysteria, magnetism, catalepsy, &c. "What, then, is this extraordinary malady," he asks, "which science cannot explain? . . . . If I had to give it a name, I should call it the *malady of the Five Wounds*. . . . . It is long since this malady has been known. Jesus Christ experienced it first; He bore it for the remission of our sins. After having borne it Himself, He gave it one day, as an immense favour, to one of His dearest friends, Francis of Assisium. Now there were at that time many maladies in Europe, such as the *Fire of St. Anthony;* and for some reasons this might be called the *Fire of St. Francis;* but its first name is the best. Other maladies are often caught by contagion; Francis caught this, but it was by five luminous darts. Many maladies are caused by earthly loves; that of the Five Wounds has Divine

love for its origin: our Lord Jesus sends it to some privileged souls to inflame the hearts of men. The wise in their own conceit ignore it, or if they know its name, they deny its source and nature. The Christian people alone know it well; they know that our Lord endured it first—that Francis, His great servant, participated in it, and after him many others; they know that it still exists. Pagans, through fear, formerly deified fever and other complaints; Christians have no need to deify the Five Wounds; the God-Man has already done this; but the faithful love them, invoke and adore them, reciting in their honour the prayer which bears their name; it is this very prayer which fills the soul of Louise with such powerful emotion, even during the time of her ecstasy."

(*Concluded.*)

"SUSCIPIAT DOMINUS," &c.

O PRIEST of our High Priest above!
  May God Almighty, One and Trine,
Accept from thy anointed hands
  This sacrifice of ours and thine.

Unto the glory of His Name,
  In thanks for all He hath bestowed,
In aid of all His Holy Church,
  And to our own abounding good.

E. CASWALL.

THE ARCH-CONFRATERNITY OF OUR LADY OF ANGELS.

DEVOTION to our blessed Lady, under the title of "Our Lady of Angels," is very ancient, but, having fallen into desuetude, or rather something like oblivion, has been taken up again within the last few years, through the direct inspiration of the blessed Virgin herself, and that too in the old locality formerly hallowed by her visible presence and that of the holy angels: in what manner, will be related in a future number. For the present, it will be sufficient to say that the revived devotion commenced with few associates at Pouvourville, near Toulouse, developed with wonderful rapidity, became a confraternity, and was finally, at the request of his Grace the Archbishop of Toulouse and the Very Rev. Father General of the Jesuits, erected into an arch-confraternity by a brief of his Holiness Pius IX., dated March 3, 1871. Since the year 1864, the names of 4,200,000 associates have been registered. All who wish, in these difficult times, to draw down upon themselves the special protection of our blessed Lady and the celestial spirits by becoming members, should apply to the Secretary of the Arch-Confraternity, Mr. Deville, Grande Rue Nazareth, No. 15, Toulouse, Haute Garonne, France, from whom they will receive a short notice of the devotion; or to Lady Sausse, Beaufort Castle, Inverness, North Britain.

Devotion to our Lady of Angels in past centuries originated miraculously at a small chapel called S. Mary of Josaphat, built by four pilgrims on their return from the Holy Land, in the fourth century, on the plain near Assisi, a small city between Perugia and Foligno, in the very heart of Italy, and well known as the birth-place of S. Francis, surnamed "the Seraph of Assisi." These pilgrims, it is said, brought a stone from the tomb of our blessed Lady, which was placed upon the altar as a precious relic. This chapel, with a small portion of land adjoining, became later on the property of the Benedictines of Subiaco, who called it their Portiuncula (small portion of ground). This chapel, however, was generally called "La Madonna degli Angioli," Our Lady of Angels, because of the frequent apparitions of our Immaculate Mother, accompanied by angels, who were also heard singing the praises of their august Queen. S. Bonaventure speaks of these apparitions as a notorious and indubitable fact. Most of the following particulars are extracted from the English edition of Father Chalippe's Life of S. Francis.

The hut which S. Francis and his twelve first disciples occupied being too small to admit additional members, the Benedictines generously bestowed the Portiuncula upon the Saint and his brethren, on condition that if the Institution became more extended, this church should be considered as the place of its origin and the chief monastery. S. Francis accepted the condition with great thankfulness, and went the same day to take possession of S. Mary of the Angels.

Being in prayer the following night, in order to recommend his family to the protection of the blessed Virgin, he saw on the altar, by means of a splendid light, our Saviour Jesus Christ, His Holy Mother, and a multitude of angels, who cast upon Him looks of great benignity. He adored, and recited these words: "O most holy Lord, King of Heaven, Redeemer of the world, sweet Love, and thou, O Queen of Angels, by what excess of goodness do you come down from heaven into this small and poor chapel?" He immediately heard this reply: "I am come with my Mother to settle you and yours in this place, which is very dear to us." All then disappeared, and Francis exclaimed, "Truly this place is holy, which ought to be inhabited by angels rather than men. As long as I possibly can, I will not leave it; it shall be for me and mine an eternal monument of the goodness of God!" It became, in fact, a great object of devotion and veneration for himself and his brethren, particularly after it had been revealed to him that, among all the temples consecrated under the name of the blessed Virgin, this was the one for which she had the greatest attachment. For sixteen years S. Francis dwelt in this favoured spot, from 1210 to 1226. Here it was he prayed, loved, suffered, and died. Here, also, he was favoured with marvellous visions of the Queen of Angels and her divine Son. In the magnificent and spacious church which now surrounds the primitive chapel, the site of the cells occupied by S. Francis and his first disciples is still shown; also the spot where he gave up his soul to God, stretched out on the bare ground, and reciting the last verse of the 141st Psalm, "Me expectant justi, donec retribuas mihi" ("The just wait for me, until thou reward me"). There also his heart is preserved and venerated.

During the last moments of his life, S. Francis again recommended his brethren to cherish profound veneration for the church of our Lady of Angels, and gave very minute and precise directions that then, and in all future times, only the

members of the order who were most observant of discipline should be selected to reside there.

"My children," he continued, "be careful never to abandon this spot, and, if you are driven out at one side, return by the opposite side; for it is holy, it is the dwelling-place of Jesus Christ and of the blessed Virgin His Mother. It is here that the Lord most High has multiplied our numbers from being very few; here, by the light of His wisdom, He enlightened the minds of His poor servants; here, by the ardour of His love, He inflamed our hearts, &c., &c. Therefore, my children, have a great veneration for this place, which is truly the dwelling of the Almighty, is peculiarly beloved by Jesus Christ and His blessed Mother. Employ yourselves here joyfully, and with your whole hearts, in praising and blessing God and His Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, in unity with the Holy Ghost. Amen."

We will conclude the first part of this notice with the revelation granted to S. Francis, concerning the Indulgence of the Portiuncula, which has been the source of innumerable graces and blessings, not only to the Seraphical Order, but to all the children of the Church. Our readers will not fail to remark the share our Lady of Angels had in obtaining this stupendous favour, and will duly appreciate the benefit conferred. S. Francis had been settled eleven years at our Lady of Angels' when he had this vision.

The great lights and inspirations which this holy man received in prayer discovered to him the wretched state of sinners; he deplored their blindness, was moved to compassion and often prayed for them. One night, when he was soliciting their conversion from God with great fervour, he was directed by an angel to go to the church, where he would find Jesus Christ and His blessed Mother, accompanied by a host of celestial spirits. Greatly rejoiced, he went and prostrated himself to render due homage to the majesty of the Son of God.

Our Saviour said to him, "Francis, the zeal which you and your followers have for the salvation of souls is such that it entitles you to solicit something in their favour for the glory of My name." In the midst of the marvels which enraptured him, he made the following prayer: "Our most Holy Father, I entreat Thee, although I am but a miserable sinner, to have the goodness to grant to men that all those who shall visit this church may receive a plenary indulgence

of all their sins after having confessed them to a priest; and I beg the blessed Virgin, Thy Mother, the general advocate of human kind, to intercede that I may obtain this my request."

The blessed Virgin did intercede, and Jesus Christ spoke the following words: "Francis, what thou askest is great, but thou wilt receive still greater favours. I grant thee this one. I desire thee, nevertheless, to go to My Vicar, to whom I have given power to bind and to loose, and to solicit him for the same indulgence." The companions of the Saint, who were in their respective cells, heard all these things. They saw a great light which filled the church and the multitude of the angels; but a respectful fear prevented them from approaching.

In the early morning, Francis assembled them, and forbade their speaking of this miraculous event, and then set out with Massé of Marignan for Perugia, where Pope Honorius then was. When he came into his presence, he said to him, "Most holy Father, some years ago I repaired a small church in your dominions: I beg you to grant to it a free indulgence without any obligation of making an offering." The Pope replied that the request could not reasonably be granted, because it was but just that he who wished to gain an indulgence should render himself deserving of it by some means, particularly by some work of charity. "But," added he, "for how many years do you ask me for this indulgence?" "Most holy Father," replied Francis, "may it please your Holiness not to give me so many years, but so many souls." "And in what way do you desire to have souls?" rejoined the Pope. "I wish," added Francis, "that it may be the good pleasure of your Holiness that those persons who enter the church of S. Mary of the Angels, are contrite, shall have confessed their sins, and have properly received absolution, may receive an entire remission of their sins, as well in this world as in the next, from their baptism to the time of their so entering the church." The Pope then said to him, "Francis, what you solicit is a thing of great importance. The Roman Court has not been accustomed to grant any similar indulgence." "Most holy Father," returned Francis, "I ask not this from myself: it is Jesus Christ who sent me—I come from Him." Upon which the Pope said publicly three times, "It is my desire that it be granted you."

(To be continued.)

"CÆSARISM AND ULTRAMONTANISM."

On Tuesday evening, December 30, 1873, His Grace the Archbishop of Westminster read a paper bearing the above title before the Academia of the Catholic Religion.

The term "Ultramontanism," his Grace says, is used at this moment as a nickname to kindle persecution against the Church by false accusation and by misleading the public opinion of the country. Putting aside the question of a "nickname" as unworthy of serious men treating seriously sacred and important truths relating to God and His revelation, the truth which is sought to be discredited by it is that "the Church being a Divine institution, and by Divine assistance infallible, is, within its own sphere, independent of all civil powers, and is the guardian and interpreter of the Divine law and the proper judge of men and of nations in all things touching that law in faith or morals."

The Archbishop says, "Christianity, or the faith and law of Jesus Christ, has, as I have said, introduced two principles of Divine authority into human society: the one the absolute separation of the two powers, spiritual and civil, the other the supremacy of the spiritual over the civil in all matters within its competence or Divine jurisdiction. I do not know how any man, without renouncing his Christian name or the coherence of his reason, can deny either of these principles. I can indeed understand that, admitting both, he may dispute as to the range or reach of that jurisdiction. He may contend that it is wider or narrower, that it does or does not extend to this or that particular matter. But on this, also, I will speak hereafter. For the present, it is enough to say that these two principles are held by all Christians, except Erastians, who deny the spiritual office of the Church, if not also its existence. But I hope to show that these two principles are Ultramontanism; that the Bull 'Unam Sanctam' contains no more,—that the Vatican Council could define no less—that in its definition it enunciated nothing new, that its two constitutions were, as Parliament would say, not enacting but declaratory acts, that they have changed nothing and added nothing either to the constitution of the Church or to the relations of the Church with the civil Powers of the world.

"To make this clear, let us shortly examine these two principles. First, as to the separation of the spiritual and

civil Powers, the whole history of Christendom is sufficient evidence. The civil sovereignty is coeval with man. Society is not of man's making. The relations of authority, submission, and equality lie in the human family, and from it are extended to commonwealths, kingdoms, empires. The civil sovereignty resides materially in society at large, formally in the person or persons to whom society may commit its exercise. Immediately, therefore, sovereignty is given by God to society; mediately, through society, to the person who wields it. Both materially and formally, mediately and immediately, sovereignty is from God, and within its competence is supreme and sacred. Civil allegiance to sovereigns is, therefore, a part of Christianity, and treason is both a crime against a lawful authority and also a sin against God, who has ordained that authority. Ultramontanism teaches that within the sphere of its competence the civil power is to be obeyed, not only 'for wrath, but for conscience sake.'* It is a part of the Christian religion to obey 'the powers that are.' As to the independence of the spiritual power we need waste no words. The existence of the Church and the primacy of its head in these 1,800 years are proof enough. Further, no Christian of sound mind will deny that these two distinct and separate powers have distinct and separate spheres, and that within these spheres respectively they hold their power from God. Where the limits of these spheres are to be traced, it is easy enough to decide in all matters purely civil, or in all matters purely spiritual. The conflict arises over the mixed questions; and yet here there ought to be no real difficulty. Nobody can decide what questions are pure, or what questions are mixed, except a judge who can define the limits of the two elements respectively, and therefore of the respective jurisdictions. In any question not within the competence of the two powers either there must be some judge to decide what does and what does not fall within their respective spheres, or they are delivered over to perpetual doubt and to perpetual conflict. But who can define what is or is not within the jurisdiction of the Church in faith and morals, except a judge who knows what the sphere of faith and morals contains and how far it extends? And surely it is not enough that such a judge should guess, or opine, or pronounce upon doubtful evidence, or with an

* Romans xiii. 5.

uncertain knowledge. Such a sentence would be, not an end of contention, but a beginning and renewal of strife.

"It is clear that the civil power cannot define how far the circumference of faith and morals extends. If it could, it would be invested with one of the endowments of the Church. It must know the whole deposit of explicit and implicit faith; or, in other words, it must be the guardian of the Christian revelation. Now, no Christian, nor any man of sound mind, claims this for the civil power; and if not, then either there is no judge to end strife, or that judge must be the Church, to which alone the revelation of Christianity in faith and morals was divinely intrusted. And if this be so still, unless the Church be divinely certain as to the limits of its commission and of its message, no doubt or controversy between the two Powers can ever be brought to an end. But if the Church be certain with a divine certainty as to the limits of its jurisdiction, its voice in such matters is final. But an authority that can alone define the limits of its own office is absolute because it depends on none, and infallible because it knows with a divine certainty the faith which it has received in charge. If, then, the civil power be not competent to decide the limits of the spiritual power, and if the spiritual power can define with a divine certainty its own limits, it is evidently supreme. Or, in other words, the spiritual power knows with divine certainty the limits of its own jurisdiction; and it knows, therefore, the limits and the competence of the civil power. It is thereby in matters of religion and conscience supreme. I do not see how this can be denied without denying Christianity. And if this be so, this is the doctrine of the Bull 'Unam Sanctam,' and of the *Syllabus*, and of the Vatican Council. It is, in fact, Ultramontanism,—for this term means neither less nor more."

Justice could not be done to the momentous subject of this lecture without quoting the Archbishop's words to the above very great length. For this, however, no apology will be necessary, as the importance of the subject demands that His Grace should be heard in his own words.

The following is His Grace's own summary of his subject: "The sum, then, of our argument is this: Cæsarism consists (1) in the union of the two powers in one person; (2) in the claim of supremacy over all causes and persons; (3) in the exercise of coercion in spiritual matters; (4) in the isolation of the national religion, on the plea that no foreign jurisdic-

tion can enter the State; (5) in the isolation of the national Churches, and thereby the rejection of the universal authority of the Church. Ultramontanism consists (1) in the separation of the two powers, and the vesting them in different persons; (2) in claiming for the Church the sole right to define doctrines of faith and morals, and (3) to fix the limits of its own jurisdiction in that sphere; (4) in the indissoluble union with and submission to the universal jurisdiction of the Holy See. Such, then, was the Cæsarism of the heathen world, the dominion of man over man, both in matters of civil obedience and in matters of religious worship; and such was the restraint of this absolute and intolerable sway of man over man by the separation of the two powers, temporal and spiritual, into distinct authorities, and spheres of jurisdiction vested in distinct persons. To this we owe the order, progress, and civilization, and so far as there has been peace on earth, the peace of the Christian world."

In the comments of the general newspaper press on the Archbishop's words there is nothing new. Their objections are not probably capable of being answered to the satisfaction of those who make them. Their main quarrel is with the Archbishop's conclusion that "the Church is the source and guardian of human liberty." If there is no true liberty except in being independent of all law, the Church is certainly not the source and fountain of liberty in this sense. But the Cæsarism which the Archbishop combats is just as little the friend of this sort of liberty as the Church. The Cæsarism that gave its sentence for the crucifixion of Jesus Christ did not omit to join with it the sentence for the crucifixion of the two thieves, whose ideas of liberty were that they had only to make free with other people's property for their own uses.

Perhaps the remarks of the writer in the *Manchester Examiner* mostly deserve notice. This writer sees in the Archbishop's line of argument the establishment of one despot —that is, one supreme tribunal—in the place of another.

This is, of course, the simple truth—only on the side of the Church it is to be claimed that the supreme jurisdiction of the Church, unlike that of Cæsar, has always in view, not its own exaltation, but the advancement of human society to the greatest possible state of perfection of which it is capable. That not only is the Church gifted with the Divine gift of Infallibility, by which it is preserved from leading nations or

individuals astray, but the spirit of government by which it is animated is that of wisdom and charity. The Church is set for the healing of the nations, to be the mother and nurse of all the arts that ennoble and embellish life, the teacher of the ignorant, the friend of the poor, the reliever of their wants, the consoler of their griefs and miseries. This is the secret of the Church's power. For this cause it is that the Church has so often been able to say, "The ear that heard me blessed me, and the eye that saw me gave witness to me. Because I had delivered the poor man that cried out, and the fatherless that had no helper, the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I comforted the heart of the widow." But, because the work of the Church has to be done by human instruments, and the Scripture says, "Behold, those that serve Him are not steadfast, and He findeth wickedness in His angels," and because "the salt of the earth may lose its saltness, and come to be fit only to be trodden under foot by men"—therefore God, in His wisdom, has set Cæsarism over against the Church. "Good," says the inspired writer, "is set against evil, and life against death, and so also is set the sinner against the just man. And thus look thou into all the works of the Most High, and they are found two and two, and one against one" (Eccles. xxxiii. 15). The persecuting Cæsar is but the rod of correction in the hands of God; and though the pride of the persecuting Cæsar and his adherents stands in the way of his knowing what he really is doing, yet he only verifies the inspired words which say, "The Lord hath made all things for Himself, even the impious man for the evil day."

ANECDOTES.

No. I.—"Mirabilia Dei" (The Wonderful Things of God).

As we propose at an early opportunity to treat the subject in a more formal manner, it may probably suffice here briefly to call to mind that there were two occasions when a messenger from the unseen world gave the same kind of admonition to two quite different persons, and under widely differing circumstances. The admonition in question was "*to relate, publish, and make known the wonderful works of God.*" The first of the two who received the admonition to this effect was the aged Tobias, to whom, together with his family, the Archangel Raphael, on revealing to them who he was and how he had been sent to befriend them, said, "But do you bless God and publish all His wonderful works." The second was Heliodorus, who had been sent by the Greek king Seleucus to Jerusalem to appropriate and carry away all the money which had been placed by various families among the Jews, and others, in deposit in the treasury of the Temple. His errand was frustrated by the hand of God. On entering the Temple, he was thrown down and severely scourged by two messengers from heaven, "*the Spirit of the Almighty God,*" as the sacred writer says, "*giving great evidence of His presence.*" At the prayer of Onias, the High Priest, this Heliodorus was restored, and the same two celestial messengers appeared to him and said, "that for the sake of Onias the Lord hath granted thee thy life; but do thou, having been scourged by God, declare unto all men the great works and power of God. Saying these words they disappeared" (2 Machab. iii. 34).

The hand of God is certainly not shortened now; it would be very profane unbelief to say that it was; and the Christian people are to be supposed at least equally capable of benefiting by the "*Spirit of the Almighty God giving great evidence of His presence*" among them as were the Jews. How does it, therefore, come to pass, it may be asked, that there are so few things comparatively related of the wonders of the Spirit of the Almighty giving great evidence of His presence amongst us Christians?

There are two answers that may be given to this inquiry. The first is that "the Spirit of the Almighty God" is, in point of fact, continually giving great evidence "of His presence amongst us," and doubtless it would be well were we to take

no little blame to ourselves, that we are not more forward and alert in fulfilling our corresponding duty in relating, publishing, and declaring the wonderful works of God, of which we are the eye-witnesses. The instances of the Spirit of the Almighty giving evidence of His presence amongst us are very far indeed in excess of our readiness to publish them and make them known. Heliodorus may reasonably, in this respect, put us to some wholesome shame by his example. He did not fail to speak of these wonders; for when the Greek king asked him if any one else could go to Jerusalem and make another trial with better success, he said at once, "If you have any enemy or traitor of the kingdom, send him there to be scourged, for there is undoubtedly in that place a manifest power of God."

The second thing to be said in reply is that these instances would doubtless become far more numerous still, and that God would love to manifest His power, if we were to show ourselves less backward in publishing and relating His works. In this respect, we must certainly endeavour to do better. These marvels of God are full of edification and instruction. Indeed, one of the greatest of the German poets, Goethe, who was not a Catholic, says very beautifully, "Das Wunder ist des Glaubens liebstes Kind" (A marvel is the dearest child of Faith).

As the writer of these lines was talking on this subject to a Father of one of the Missionary Congregations who preach retreats, and was putting the question to him, if he could account for the apparent scarcity of well-authenticated narratives of "marvellous things" worked by God, he replied that he had never happened to consider the question in this particular light, of there being a positive duty on our part to declare and publish the marvels of God, but he said that, by his own experience as a preacher of missions, he was certainly able to bear witness to the truth that the "Spirit of the Almighty God is continually giving great evidence of His presence amongst us," and he had little doubt but that the experience of other missionaries would enable them to bear a similar testimony, if they were to be asked the question. Upon this he proceeded to relate, in proof of his conviction, four different events which had happened to him personally in his own missionary experience. Two of these came to pass in Ireland, and two in England; and the present writer, at the same time, received his authorization to commit them to

writing, and to give them publicity—which, indeed, he has lost no time in doing—on the principle of its being a most holy and excellent thing to comply with the admonition of the two celestial messengers above cited—namely, to bless God, and "to publish and relate all His wonderful works."

It will not be too much, then, to hope that the following narratives, which were committed to writing as soon as possible, from the lips of the missionary who related them, on coming to be read, may awaken in the minds of some of those into whose hands they may fall, and to whom any marvels of a like kind may be known, the good thought to favour this Magazine with a narrative of them for our comfort and edification. No other condition will be needed, except that the facts related be authenticated (as they can be in the present case) by the kind of testimony necessary perfectly to warrant their publication.

We shall, then, pay a well-merited tribute to the long-enduring faith of our sister island by giving the precedence to the narratives, the scene of which is in Ireland.

(I.) It happened as the missionary in question was conducting a retreat, together with his colleagues, in a thriving provincial town, near the east coast of Ireland, that there was in the town a young man belonging to the mounted constabulary force, a native of the North of Ireland, and, as frequently happens there, one who had been brought up from his childhood in vehement dislike and contempt of the Roman Catholic religion. Curiosity, or the invitation of some acquaintance, had caused him to come to the church on the evening in question. The Fathers conducting the mission are accustomed, when they become aware of any particular vice reigning in the neighbourhood where they give their mission, to devote one, or more, of the evenings to a penitential procession for the purpose of putting it down. On the evening in question, one of these penitential processions had been organized, and a large church overflowing with people was entirely given up to the work of the procession. The young man stood upright in his place, and as the large missionary Crucifix, which was being carried round the church, to the chant of the psalm "Miserere," came near him, he said mentally to himself, "Now I see with my own eyes the proof that these Roman Catholics are idolaters. Here they are falling down on their knees and worshipping an image. One thing is certain—I will have no share in their idolatry. I

shall bend no knee of mine to that image as it passes me." At this moment the whole church rang with a cry of the most acute agony that could be conceived. The young man had fallen on his knees on the ground, and had to be supported by those surrounding him. There was, as may be supposed, no little wonder as to what this extraordinary cry of agony meant; still the procession continued its way, the chant was resumed, and the evening closed in the usual manner.

The following day the young man came to present himself to the father in question, and related his story, saying that, at the very moment of the thoughts above related having passed through his mind, a ray of light, brighter than that of any illumination he could have conceived, shot from the Crucifix, and fell upon him in such a manner as to place before his mind a clear sight of all the sins he had ever committed, and of the judgment awaiting him for them. This it was that had drawn forth from him the cry of agony which for the moment had so alarmed all who were in the church; and he was now come to beg to be received into the Catholic Church. To his great surprise, the father found that a man who had hitherto proudly despised the Catholic faith was fully instructed in all its principal doctrines; still, not thinking in such a case that it was prudent to trust his own judgment, he made the Bishop of the diocese acquainted with the circumstances, and brought the young man before him. The Bishop was completely satisfied with his examination, and said that he might be received into the Church, and that when this was done, he would on the following day administer Confirmation to him.

The young man was received into the Church, and confirmed by the Bishop of the diocese, as had been promised to him. He returned to his duties in the constabulary force, but after some years he petitioned to be received into the congregation of the Fathers who had conducted the mission as a lay brother, and, having given great edification as a novice, he is now at this present moment doing service as teacher of a school in one of the missions served by the Fathers of the congregation in a distant colony of Great Britain.

(To be continued.)

CURRENT EVENTS.

His Holiness Pius IX., as is customary at Christmas time, received numerous visits. On one day he administered, with his own hands, Holy Communion to over 150 persons, who had been privileged to present themselves at Mass in the Vatican. Large offerings of Peter's Pence were likewise made at this season. A Belgian deputation on the Eve of the Nativity presented no less than 79,000 francs. This deputation included the Count de Villermont, Baron Cannaert de Hamale, Senator of Belgium, Count de Hemptinne, and others. The Diplomatic Body accredited to the Holy See paid complimentary visits. Dr. Chatard, Rector of the American College, laid at the feet of His Holiness £5,000 sterling in gold, sent by Monsignor Wood, Bishop of Philadelphia, as the contribution of his diocese. The health of the Pope is excellent, and the reports to the contrary need not be credited.

January 3.

His Holiness, on the morning of New Year's Day, celebrated Mass in his private chapel, and administered Holy Communion to thirty gentlemen, members of the Circolo di S. Pietro. Upon S. John's Day, the *name-day* of the Holy Father, the ex-officers of the Pontifical troops, to the number of over 300, assembled in the hall of the Consistory, and presented an address to Pius IX., in which they offered him their hearty good wishes for a prolongation of his life and for the triumph of the Church over her foes. The Pope, in his reply, compared the Christians of to-day with the Israelites in the desert, punished for impatience and want of faith. "They had the cloud for their guide by day, and at night the pillar of fire. We," said His Holiness, "have the infallible Church as our secure and sufficient guide." General Kanzler read the address of his former comrades in arms, and, after the Pope's reply, members of the deputation were invited to accompany His Holiness in his walk through the galleries. Many ex-Zouaves from foreign countries came to Rome expressly for this occasion.

January 10.

His Holiness continues to enjoy uninterrupted health, and has received numerous visits during the Epiphany week. Monsignor Nardi presented to him, on the 5th of January, an address and 25,000 lire from the *Osservatore Cattolico* of Milan. The *Unita Cattolica* sent from Turin 30,000 lire in gold, as an

Epiphany offering. The Holy Father will consecrate with his own hands, on the 11th of January, Cardinals Bilio and Monaco La Valletta, the first for the Bishopric of Sabina, the second as Abbot Commendatory of Subiaco.

His Holiness received, on the 5th of January, a deputation of Irish Catholics. The deputation was headed by Dr. Conroy, Bishop of Ardagh, and Monsignor Kirby, Rector of the Irish College. Bishop Conroy read the address, to which the Holy Father responded in happy terms, praising the fidelity of the Irish in past centuries to the Holy See, and recommending union and harmony as the best means of securing the continuance of the faith amid the perils of the future. Monsignor Kirby presented an offering in gold in the name of the Irish Catholics.

THE EPIPHANY IN ROME.—There is a beautiful custom observed in Rome of having sermons preached in the Church of S. Andrea della Valle, in different languages during the Octave of the Epiphany, Mass also, in the same manner, is celebrated in the various rites in succession in this Church. The preachers for the English language were the Bishop of Ardagh, in Ireland, and Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, in Canada.

FRANCE.—The political state of France still continues in a condition torn by discord and rivalry on the part of contending factions, sad to contemplate, and in behalf of which Catholic charity may be most becomingly asked to pray, that peace and good government may be granted to a people whose merits in the cause of the Catholic faith are so very great.

"The Orleanists," says a writer in the *Civilta Cattolica*, "hope that in the course of the seven years, to which the powers given to M'Mahon are prolonged, some propitious event may place the Count of Paris on the throne, without his breaking his faith with the head of the house of Bourbon. Others, less scrupulous, hope to place the Duke of Aumale at the head of France as president of a conservative republic. The Bonapartists are waiting for the son of Napoleon III. to attain his majority; and, in the meantime, are cultivating the plant of universal suffrage, from which they hope the fruit of a restoration of the Napoleonic Empire. The Radicals are looking on, expecting that they may step in and seize hold of the booty." Such is the state into which a people come who have broken loose from the old traditions of Christian civil government.

THE

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NEW SERIES.

No. 20.] MARCH. [A.D. 1874.

No. V.—SACRUM SEPTENARIUM:

How the Holy Mother of the Christian Family Exemplifies the Third Gift of the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Knowledge.

Let us suppose ourselves to be listening to a thoughtful and prudent father who speaks to his son in the following words: "My dear boy, I am very happy indeed to see that you always show yourself so dutiful and affectionate a child to your father and mother, and I bless God that He has given you this good spirit of duty and love to your parents; but you cannot understand too soon that you have it before you to make your own way in the world for yourself. I wish, therefore, to see you showing yourself just as diligent and earnest now in acquiring all the good and useful knowledge that you will need in your after life, as I thank God for it you are dutiful and affectionate towards myself and your mother. You must not fail to know, my dear boy, that the first law of God for the human family which He has created and placed on this earth is labour. He said to them, 'Increase and multiply, and fill the earth, and *subdue it.*' Now, labour without the knowledge and understanding necessary to direct it, can avail nothing worth speaking of in the way of subduing the earth. The wild and savage people, of whom there are still great numbers in various parts of the earth, frequently labour exceedingly hard in their hunting and in their pursuit of the wild beasts and fish that serve them as food, and yet they cannot be said to 'subdue the earth,' for they have wandered away, and have broken themselves off from intercourse and society with the nations and people who cultivate the sciences and the arts of life, and, having thus lost the knowledge which is necessary to form and direct labour, their way of life has become, what we see it to be, wofully fallen from the dignity of human life which God intended, and sunk into a condition in which they are veritable objects of pity.

"The difference between the savage man, such as are the Red Indians of the prairies of North America and many other similar people in other parts of the earth, and the civilized

man, such as he is found among the European nations, is that among the civilized men knowledge is studied and cultivated, and perpetuated by means of schools and similar institutions and their teachers, for the purpose of directing that daily labour by which the earth, according to the will of the Divine Creator, is to be subdued to the wants of men, who have been formed, by the providence of God, into the different nations and people that now divide the earth amongst them and possess it. Whereas, the savage man, having broken away from the means necessary to acquire the knowledge by which labour must always need to be directed, has come into the terribly abject and degraded condition which ought to be our warning.

"See, then, my dear child, the importance of your being diligent in acquiring and in daily adding to your store of the knowledge which is to direct and form the labour and industry of your life. By this it is that you are to fulfill the first commandment of God, which is to 'subdue the earth,' and by this it is that you have to earn an honest subsistence for yourself, and an honourable rank in the society and place of abode in which your lot may be cast by the good providence of God.

"There is, no doubt, as I need not here specially insist, a great deal of human knowledge that may be justly called useless and impertinent, as there is likewise the knowledge of vices and crimes, which is worse than useless—positively bad, and to be avoided (except where, in order to the office of the magistrate or physician who has to apply the remedy, there must be an adequate knowledge of that to which the remedies have to be applied). In knowledge, as in all other things belonging to our world, we must bear in mind the words of the prophet foretelling of Christ, 'Butter and honey shall He eat that He may know how to choose the good and reject the evil——.' Moreover, the revelation that has been made to us of a future life by Jesus Christ, does not (except to those who may receive some special call to serve God in one or other of the various offices of His Church—and then those so called do but substitute one kind of labour for another) cancel the ordinary condition of life, which remains substantially what it has ever been from the beginning—namely, a state of active and intelligent labour in subduing the earth for the purposes of man. It introduces, indeed, and makes room for the worship of God, to which in a special manner it appropriates every seventh and certain other festival days, on all of which it requires that all such labour

as is justly reputed servile should be suspended, in order that all may have their time free for the public worship of God, and for otherwise sanctifying the day; but after this it leaves the original command, 'to subdue the earth,' in its full force. 'Six days shalt thou labour,' are the words of the command given to Moses.

"You may thus see then, my dear boy, that I cannot have sufficient ground to be fully satisfied with you solely because you are a dutiful and affectionate child to me. I wish you, both for your own sake and mine, to approve yourself as a patient, active, and intelligent student in acquiring the knowledge necessary for your future life."

Who is there, we may ask, who could refuse full and perfect praise to any father who might be heard to speak in the manner above described to his son? Who can for a moment doubt the solid importance of the knowledge which is to be the guide and director of that labour of a whole life which is required in consequence of the Divine command to subdue the earth; to be destitute of which knowledge, be it always remembered, is to fall into the degraded condition of the untutored savage?

Now, the voice of the earthly parent thus speaking to his child is, in the above respect, but the mirror in which we may see reflected the mind of the Heavenly Father of all towards the children of His family upon earth.

It is His good pleasure that they should all be able to look up to Him, and to love Him as a Father; and that they may be able to do this, He gives them, as we have seen, the second gift of the Holy Ghost, the *Spirit of Piety*. But He has nowhere revoked His words to the Christian people, as spoken in the beginning for all times and generations, "Increase and multiply, fill the earth, and subdue it," and, that the Christian people may be able the better to subdue the earth as becomes Christians, He gives them the third gift of the Holy Ghost, the *Spirit of Knowledge*.

God is spoken of in the Psalms as "one who teaches man knowledge" (Ps. xciii. 10.), and if knowledge is of such importance to the life of men that God himself condescends to become the teacher of knowledge, it is not to be supposed that we can be left under any uncertainty as to the mind of God with reference to the knowledge that properly belongs to the life of men.

S. Thomas says "that God in the beginning did not create

the works of His creation that they might simply exist in themselves, but that they might be the fountain of being to others, and, therefore, they were created in the perfect state. Adam was consequently brought into being, not only perfect bodily, but also as regards the gifts of the mind, that he might be at once able to instruct and govern others, a thing which cannot be done without knowledge. He was, therefore, taught in such a manner by God as that he possessed the knowledge of all the things in which man, according to his nature, requires instruction.

And again, in order to the good government of a man's own life and also that of others, not only is there need for the knowledge of all that can be known naturally, but also for an order of knowledge that surpasses the ordinary condition of nature, just as in our case we need the knowledge of faith for the right government of our own lives. Adam, therefore, received such knowledge of this kind as was necessary for the government of human life in the state in which it was created."

Adam, then, the first man, created by God as the beginning and the pattern for the whole human family which is to come from him, receives from God an ample and full endowment of the knowledge which is necessary for the government of his own life and that of the society to spring from him, and for its due instruction in knowledge. God is, then, not only the author of being to the human creation, but the teacher to it of the knowledge that is necessary for its well-being.

Adam's descendants all necessarily differ from him in respect of the state of infancy, childhood, and youth, through which they are all appointed to pass, and during which it is provided that, by their own labour, aided and directed by the instruction which they receive from those older than themselves, they have to attain to their measure of the knowledge which Adam himself received directly from the instruction of God. And as the second Adam differs from the first in this very respect—namely, that He did pass through the states of infancy, childhood, and youth up to manhood, so He has supplied the pattern which Adam could not give of the right use of the state of youth, as the time for advancement and progress in the knowledge that is required for the perfect condition of manhood. For "Jesus," says S. Luke, "advanced in wisdom and age, and in favour with God and men" (Luke ii. 52).

But S. Paul says, "One star differeth from another in magnitude." The measure of knowledge proper for human life

is subject to an immense diversity, according to the almost endless varieties of the conditions of life and their occupations. "With what wisdom," says the sacred writer, "shall he be filled who holdeth the plough, who glorieth in the goad, driveth the oxen therewith, and is employed with their works, and all whose talk is of bullocks" (Ecclus. xxx. 8.)

One consequence of this endless diversity of conditions is that human knowledge becomes marvellously increased, and, as S. Augustine says, "bears witness that there is, in consequence of the fall, a great deal of vain superfluity and noxious curiosity in what may be known by man." S. Peter, therefore, to meet this, lays down the rule for Christians that, "while they must be diligent to add knowledge to their faith, they must also minister abstinence in their knowledge"—that is to say, that while the knowledge that is good must be diligently cultivated, the knowledge that is bad must be as carefully avoided.

But if the natural life of man gives birth to an endless diversity of knowledge, which by its extent and variety vastly exceeds the limited capacity of any individual men, rendering it necessary for them to restrict their pursuit of knowledge to the particular branches and kinds proper to their condition, or those of which they may make a reasonable and prudent choice, there is one branch of knowledge that is common to both sexes and to all ages and conditions of human life, wherever found, in its proper measure and degree. This is the knowledge of God and of His works as revealed and made known in the volume of the Sacred Scriptures.

The sacred writer already quoted, speaking of the condition of the vast multitude of people who live by the labour of their various callings, in obedience to the order of God appointing men to "subdue the earth," says of them, "They shall not sit in the seat of the judge; they shall not teach and give judgment in public; but they shall strengthen the state of the world; their prayer shall be in the plying of their art, contenting their soul, and studying in the law of the Most High." (Ecclus. xxxviii. 38.) God the Most High is the common Father of all, and in the law of God is contained the knowledge in which all alike, according to the degree and measure of their conditions and capacity, are called and invited to share, and in which all, in their respective degrees, reap the benefits and blessings attached to its acquisition.

The Mother of the Christian family, then, while she cannot

be expected to give the weight of her great example to any one particular branch among the numerous diversities of human knowledge that is needed to subdue the earth, to the prejudice of others equally good and honourable, may be expected to set before her children the example of the third gift of the Holy Ghost, animating, guiding, and directing her in the acquisition and use of that branch of knowledge which is the gift of God to every condition of life, and the common prerogative of all people and nations; that is, the knowledge of God contained in the Sacred Scriptures.

But in what manner the Mother of the Christian family gives her example, we must reserve for a succeeding number.

No. V.—BLESSED MARGARET MARY ALACOQUE.

By the Rev. C. B. GARSIDE.

(*Conclusion.*)

SATAN, the great enemy of man from the creation, and especially of those souls who are the most complete representatives upon earth of the Spirit of Jesus Christ, did not forget to annoy Margaret Mary with his malicious attacks. Sometimes he endeavoured to destroy her trust in God by filling her imagination with desponding ideas; sometimes he assumed a visible form of horrible loathsomeness; once he threw her down headlong from the top to the bottom of some stairs, whilst she was carrying a brazier of burning coals, in the presence of several sisters, who were astonished to see that not a single ember was thrown out of the pan by a shock violent enough, as they considered, to have broken both of her legs. But the most distressing of these diabolic assaults was a ravening hunger for food: the singularity of it consisting in the indisposition she experienced for food when it was placed before her, and the instantaneous cessation of hunger as soon as ever the food was removed. The diabolic torments were, however, trifling compared to another trial which came partly from the hand of God, and partly from the community at Paray. Margaret Mary was told by her Lord that, in order to propitiate His mercy for certain faults of His elect spouses, she must become a victim of immolation.

For this end He disclosed to her His offended justice in such an awful manner that she says, "it seemed as though I saw hell opened to swallow me up. I felt as if I was burning all through the marrow of my bones; my whole body quivered, and I could only cry out, 'Have mercy on me, O God, according to the greatness of my mercies.'" Prostrate as she was, through being unable to move, or eat, or explain the depth of agony in which she was ever sinking deeper as in a fathomless abyss, tormented by Satan besides, she drank the last dregs of confusion, when she found herself regarded by many of the religious as a hypocrite; by others as possessed by the devil; and by almost all as a morbid visionary, who would be best cured by being roughly handled; signs of the Cross were made over her, and she was sprinkled with holy water, and dragged violently about through the convent. Her only thought was how best to carry out one of her own maxims, "If I had a thousand bodies, a thousand loves, and a thousand lives, I would sacrifice all in order to serve Thee, my God." Afterwards, all who had, through ignorance, treated Margaret as the dupe of a diseased fancy or of the devil's arts, instead of being what she was—a victim of the love and sanctity of God, whom He chose thus to assimilate to Himself—confessed their error; and the saint's character shone forth more brilliantly than ever in its wonderful simplicity and humility.

The above mentioned trial took place on the 20th of November, 1677. On the last day of December, 1678, Margaret Mary made a complete oblation of her whole being to our Lord, in the form of a mystical testament; she offered also all the good that she might ever do in her life, or that might be done for her after her death, beseeching the Adorable Heart to dispose of it as He wished, for the advantage of anyone, alive or dead, whom He should choose for that participation.

In token of her sincerity, she cut with a pen-knife the name of Jesus upon her breast, over the heart; our Lord then intimated to her that He, in return, made her the heiress of His heart and all its treasures, and that she was freely to use this amazing mercy for the benefit of sinners, and that He would never fail to have pity upon them on her intercession. As the words were dictated to her soul, she wrote them down in her own blood. In reference to this will, it is narrated that, when the tracing over her heart became slightly lessened in distinctness, she burned the place with a lighted taper, thus

causing a wound so severe that she was obliged to mention the fact to the Mother Superioress, Madame Greyfié. Upon this she was ordered to show the wound to one of the sisters. Margaret, however, full of confusion at the circumstance being known, prayed to God for a cure; and her prayer was heard, for when the sister saw the place, she found, as she herself deposed, a great scar forming the letters "Jesus," in similar characters to those which are "stamped with moulds on large books." As a correction, however, for some slight act of disobedience to the Superioress, our Lord told her that the tracery should entirely disappear, and such was discovered to be the case when the sisters laid out her body after her death.

In 1682 Margaret Mary sustained a great loss in the death of Father de la Colombiére, who, after being banished from England in 1679, and having undergone various labours for the salvation of souls, expired at Paray, according to Margaret's prediction. In May, 1684, Margaret Mary was made assistant to the new Superioress of the convent, Marie Christine Melin, and six months afterwards, in consequence of the illness of the mistress of the novices, Margaret Mary was appointed in her place. She was fervent in recommending to her novices a constant devotion to the Sacred Heart, and in order to further her wishes, they erected a little altar, upon which they placed a pen-and-ink picture of the Sacred Heart. This is the earliest instance of any public manifestation of devotion to the picture of the Heart of Jesus; but, strange to say, the fervour of the mistress and her novices only served to bring upon all of them a severe cross: for some of the sisters, when they were invited to join in the devotion, not only refused, but severely blamed Margaret Mary for introducing novelties and violating the spirit of the rule of the Order.

Our Lord had told His servant that His heart would reign, in spite of all opposition to it, and the change of the current came in a manner as striking as it was unexpected. In 1686 Margaret Mary had a vision of S. Francis of Sales, in which he told her that the devotion of the Sacred Heart was to be the principal means of preserving his Order from the danger of falling away from its true spirit. Madame Greyfié, formerly Superioress of Paray, and now of Semur, was so impressed by this revelation that she erected an oratory, and placed in it a picture of the Sacred Heart; of this picture

she sent a miniature copy to Margaret Mary, and, on the last day of the octave of Corpus Christi, Margaret Mary, to her surprise, received a request from one of the sisters that she would allow that little picture to be exposed in the choir. The name of that sister was Mary Magdalen des Escures, and she was one of those who, from mistaken but conscientious motives, had been hitherto a most determined opponent of the devotion. This was only a beginning of victory. On the 21st of June, 1686, the first stone of a chapel within the enclosure of the convent at Paray, in honour of the Sacred Heart, was laid, and Margaret Mary, with her novices, sang a Te Deum in thanksgiving. Her grand absorbing love was now somewhat satisfied; "I have now," she said, "nothing more to desire, since the Sacred Heart is known, and begins now to reign over the hearts of others." On the 7th of September, 1688, a nun was seen in that chapel, then completed, rapt and motionless in prayer; a procession of many priests and laymen entered, and for two hours the building resounded with sounds of supplication and joy; but Margaret Mary, for it was she, never stirred; she felt and saw nothing but her own annihilation and the ineffable grandeur and sweetness of that Heart which had become the ceaseless home, refuge, stay, peace, and bliss of her own.

It was in the same year (July 2nd, 1688), that Margaret was told, in a remarkable vision, that the Order of the Visitation and the Society of Jesus were to be the two especial instruments in spreading the devotion to the Sacred Heart. The Sacred Heart appeared on a throne, the whole church being lighted up and sensibly heated by the burning rays that streamed from Its wound. On one side was the Blessed Virgin, and on the other stood S. Francis de Sales and Father de la Colombière; whilst around them were grouped the daughters of the Visitation, and their angel guardians. The Blessed Virgin told these daughters that the treasure of her Son's heart was especially manifested to them on account of His love for their Order, and turning to Father de la Colombière, added that the particular office of the Society of Jesus would be to "make known the usefulness and value of the Sacred Heart, that all men might profit by it." S. Francis de Sales also charged his daughters to make "the love of it their constant exercise."

Two years after the above vision, Margaret Mary foretold the approach of the time for her departure from this land of exile. "I shall not live much longer," she said, at the end

of July, 1690, "for I have no longer anything to suffer; I shall certainly die this year, in order that I may not hinder the great fruit which our Divine Lord designs to produce, by means of a book of devotion to the Sacred Heart." This prophecy evidently referred to a book commenced by Father Croiset, S.J., in 1690, but whose publication was unavoidably delayed until the next year, thus enabling him to give an account of Margaret Mary's wonderful life and graces, a circumstance which providentially gave immense force to the recommendation of the object of the work, and also fulfilled her prediction.

It was the custom of the nuns to make an annual retreat, and, on being asked if she wished to join it, for she was in a very feeble state of body, she replied, "Yes; but it will be the *great* retreat." During the retreat she was confined to her bed, but the usual medical attendant of the convent had seen Margaret Mary so often recover when on the brink of death that he thought there was no real danger. She, however, earnestly begged to have the Holy Viaticum brought to her, and she communicated with, if possible, more than usual fervour. She refused all alleviation of her painful discomfort, saying, "that time was too precious not to turn it to the best account." Then a shadow of the justice of God seemed to pass through her soul for a few moments, and she trembled; but a glow of radiant peace, yearning, and joy, soon almost transfigured her emaciated face. Often she exclaimed, "Oh! what a delight it is to love God! beg pardon of Him for me, and love Him with all your hearts, to make amends for the time during which I have failed so to do."

Her humility was, next to her love, "her strong passion" even in death, and some of her latest words were a request that the Mother Superior would promise never to reveal anything to her own advantage that she might have told her in the intimacy of confidence and obedience. As her whole thoughts and affections "lived and moved" in her Lord, so the last word that the two sisters, whose arms were supporting her, had the supreme happiness to hear from her dying lips, was the name of Jesus. This sweet omnipotent word was breathed out together with her soul, and, safe under its shield, penetrated through and through with its fragrance, and borne on high, exultant through its triumphant might, she passed from her poor cell into the merciful embrace of Him to whom she was "faithful even to death," and from whom she was to

receive her "crown of glory." Margaret Mary died October 17th, 1690, and it only now remains to add that she was declared venerable in 1830; in 1864 the decree was published attesting the truth of the miracles attributed to her; and on the 18th of September thousands of voices swelled the Te Deum in the Basilica of S. Peter's at Rome, on the occasion of her beatification by Pius IX.

Great as is the glory of all the saints of the church, on account of their extraordinary virtues, there is a peculiar kind of immortality about that of Margaret Mary Alacoque, for, as her name will ever be associated with the history and spread of the devotion of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, it will be for ever encircled by the reflected light of Its infinite splendour.

P.S.—The author cannot terminate his sketch of the Life of Margaret Mary Alacoque without gratefully acknowledging how much he has been indebted to Father Tickell's admirable work, "The Life of Blessed Margaret Mary," from which he has mainly derived his materials.

PIUS THE NINTH.

THE memory of the birth and childhood of Pius IX. is like a bright golden pencil of light, shooting through storm and darkness, right across that dreadful decade which closed the last century. For, although the year 1792 is the officially recognised date of his birth, we have excellent authority for saying that the Pope believes he was born two years earlier; but that the mistake made at his accession, in consequence of the destruction of the parochial registers during the revolution, could never afterwards be rectified.

John Mary Mastai Ferretti was born on the 13th of May, at Sinigaglia, a town in the March of Ancona. His parents were Count Jerome and Countess Catherine Mastai. His uncle, Andrew Mastai, Bishop of Pesaro, was famous for his courageous fidelity to Pope Pius VII., which was punished by imprisonment in the citadel of Mantua. He was an author of much literary reputation. The family of Mastai had been illustrious since the 13th century, for their services to their country. Intermarriage with the last scion of the house of Ferretti was the cause of their assuming that name.

The Countess Mastai was a most pious and holy woman, whose virtuous life commanded general admiration and respect. Within the last few years, there were still old people of the town who could remember her, and the beauty and intelligence of her little son. They would tell how his heart was even then inflamed with love and tenderness towards the poor; how he would implore his mother to relieve their wants; and then hasten her away from the spot, blushing with modest fear that their feelings might be wounded.

John Mary was placed at the College of Volterra, in Tuscany, now conducted by the Fathers of the Scuole Pie, in 1803, where he remained six years. Here his virtuous conduct, marked talent, and sweet, lively disposition, endeared him both to his masters and companions. Notwithstanding his perfect amiability, it was remarked that he always took the lead of his companions, and the highest hopes were formed of his future career. The circumstances of his vocation to the priesthood have been variously stated by historians. We give what appears to be the most authentic and trustworthy version.*

* Maguire's Pontificate of Pius IX.

It was the ardent desire of his pious mother that he should become a priest, and, as this accorded with his own inclinations, he received the tonsure from the Bishop of Volterra, in 1809. In the October of that year he left the college, and proceeded to Rome, in order to complete his ecclesiastical studies in the house of his uncle, a canon of the Vatican Basilica. The troubles of the time, however, soon forced the latter to leave Rome; young Mastai followed, and returned to Sinigaglia in 1810. Spotless innocence of morals, tender piety, studious habits, and the most heroic charity, characterized the whole of his youth.

The terrible malady of epilepsy, to which he had first become subject during the last year of his collegiate life at Volterra, now threatened to overshadow the whole of his future life, and was, of course, a bar to all hopes of the ecclesiastical state. It also exempted him from joining the Guard of Honour at Milan, to which he had been summoned, on account of his noble birth, in 1812.* On the return of Pope Pius VII. from his captivity, he passed through Sinigaglia, and Mastai was presented to him. The very shadow of this holy Pope, so mysteriously connected with his own future destiny, seemed to revive the courage of the afflicted young man. He hastened to Rome, and witnessed the triumphal entry of the Holy Father, and the enthusiastic joy of the people, on the 14th of May, 1814.

He remained at Rome, and resumed his ecclesiastical studies, at first in the dress of a layman; but, by degrees, the attacks of his malady became less violent, and he was admitted to minor orders. In 1818 he was invited by Monsignor Odescalchi to take part in a mission given in his native province of Sinigaglia. He assisted with singular zeal, and with the most happy results, so that, on his return to Rome, he obtained a dispensation to receive further orders, and was ordained sub-deacon on the 18th of December, 1818.

There are many different accounts of the interview which he had with Pope Pius VII. at this time. It is asserted that the Pope desired him to pray in the church of Our Lady of the Angels, assured him that his malady would never return, and distinctly prophesied his future elevation. The last of these facts, as we shall see later, has had a singular confir-

* Other accounts state it was the Guardia Nobile, formed after the return of Pius VII.

mation. Be this as it may, he was about that time completely, and, as it is considered by all, miraculously, cured; not the slightest return of the disease having ever occurred, although it had been pronounced incurable by all his physicians.

On Easter Sunday, 1819, the Abbé Mastai celebrated his first Mass in the church of S. Anna de Falegnami, in Rome. Fifty years later the whole Christian world commemorated the joyful jubilee of this anniversary. The humble young priest chose this church on account of its adjoining the orphanage to which he had long devoted himself, and in which he spent the four first years of his priesthood. It was that known as Tata-Giovanni, from its founder, a poor mason, whose work it was Mastai's highest ambition to continue and perfect. There is still to be seen the cell in which he slept for seven years, and the chair in which he sat every evening to instruct the orphan boys. Four years later the separation from these orphans was terribly grievous both to them and himself. How much he loved this particular work of charity may be gathered from the fact that a similar institution, for educating and teaching mechanical trades to destitute boys, was the very first of all his foundations at Spoleto, when he was made archbishop of that diocese.

It seems by the most special design of Providence that he was chosen to take part in a mission to Chili in 1823, during which he accompanied Cardinal Genga. On the way they visited Monte Video and other places in South America. Everywhere they went he laboured incessantly; preaching, instructing, and confessing, and giving to the poor everything he possessed. He passed two years in these labours at Santiago. On one occasion, while he was making a sea-voyage from Valparaiso to Lima, a violent storm arose, and the vessel was nearly dashed to pieces on the rocks. They were saved by a fisherman named Bako, who came on board and piloted them safe into the port of Arica. The next day, the Abbé Mastai went to the fisherman's hut, and presented him with four hundred piastres (nearly £100).

After he became Pope, he sent him his picture and a similar amount of money. But the first piastres had so prospered with Bako that he had become rich. He gave the amount in alms in the name of the Pope, and placed the portrait in a little chapel which he built at the top of his house, overlooking the sea. Many travellers have heard this story from Bako himself, and knelt there to pray for Pius IX., and his Church.

Once while travelling in America with the Bishop and his party, they found a Protestant English officer, named Miller, lying sick and destitute of all help and comfort at a miserable way-side inn. Mastai remained behind his companions, watched by him, nursed him with the tenderness of a mother, and did not leave him till he was quite restored to health.

In December, 1825, he returned to Rome, and was appointed President of the large and important Ospizio of San Michele. Here he displayed his remarkable talents for administration and reform, and before two years had elapsed, he was made Archbishop of Spoleto by Leo XII.

During the five years that he administered this diocese, he won the admiration and confidence of all by his active zeal, pastoral vigilance, and tender charity. These qualities were put to the test during the political troubles of 1831 and 1832. The authorities of the provinces of Perugia and Spoleto having fled, Cardinal Bernetti, the Secretary of State, entrusted the Archbishop, for a time, with their double functions. It was a trying time; at the approach of the Austrian troops, about 4,000 insurgents abandoned the siege of Civita Castellana, and took up their quarters in Spoleto. But the prudence and firm but gentle influence of the Archbishop saved his people from the horrors of civil war. On the one hand, he pleaded with the Austrian general, in behalf of the fugitives; on the other, he persuaded the insurgent troops to return to their allegiance and yield up their arms. Many thousand stand of arms and five pieces of cannon were, accordingly, transmitted to Rome. A few thousand scudi were promised for this surrender, and it is a curious fact that the insurgent band could not trust their chosen general, Cercognani, to divide the money, but insisted that it should be distributed by the hands of the Archbishop, although they had been so lately in arms against the institutions which he represented by his office. It is well-known that Prince Louis Napoleon, who was taken prisoner in one of the engagements at this time, and conveyed to Spoleto, was released by the intercession of the Archbishop.

On one occasion the police discovered that some of the inhabitants of the town were in secret league with the insurgents, and a list of their names was taken by the agent to the Archbishop. "My good man," said the Prelate, "you neither understand your own profession nor mine. When the wolf wants to devour the sheep, he does not give notice to

the shepherd." And the astonished police agent saw his list thrown into the fire.

In December, 1832, Pope Gregory XVI. transferred the Archbishop of Spoleto to the far more important diocese of Imola. In the consistory of the 23rd December, 1839, he was reserved *in petto*, and proclaimed Cardinal on the 14th December, 1840. We must pass over very briefly his arduous episcopal labours and reforms in the See of Imola. He founded many useful and permanent institutions. Among others, a college for ecclesiastical students; male and female orphanages, and a refuge for female penitents under the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. As a young nobleman he had been accustomed to give away every farthing he had to the poor, and the same habit continued with the bishop and cardinal. The officers of his household were often put to the sorest straits to provide him the necessaries of life. On one occasion he had to part with his watch to procure dinner for a bishop who came to pay him a visit. His giving a silver dish from his table to a poor woman to take to the Mont de Piété, when he had no money to relieve her distress, may probably have suggested the idea of a famous scene in a French novel.

On an evening in the Carnival in February, 1846, the Cardinal was praying in the Cathedral before the Blessed Sacrament, when the sacristan rushed in with news that murder was being committed in the sacristy. He hastened to the spot, and found a young man of twenty lying dangerously wounded. The Cardinal boldly confronted his three armed assailants, and, struck with awe, they retired.

One of his chief cares had been to preserve the ecclesiastical spirit in his clergy; and for this purpose he opened a house for spiritual exercises, where they retired at stated periods to make a retreat of ten days.

In the beginning of June, 1846, the Cardinal, with a considerable portion of the clergy, was engaged in one of these spiritual retreats, when the announcement of the death of Gregory XVI. arrived. On his journey to Rome, to attend the Conclave, he stopped for a few minutes in the town of Fossombrone, and a white dove suddenly alighted on his carriage, and could not be dislodged.

He arrived in the capital on the evening of the 12th of June. The Conclave of fifty-four Cardinals assembled on Sunday, the 14th of June, 1846. On the 15th the testing of the votes began; on the evening of the 16th the astonished

populace saw that smoke no longer issued from the funnel in which the voting papers were regularly burnt; Cardinal Mastai had been unanimously chosen Pope, and on the morning of the 17th the election of Pius IX. was proclaimed to the Christian world. The following description of the election, by Cardinal Acton, a member of the Conclave, has even greater interest now than when it was first published.* "On that day it fell to the lot of Cardinal Mastai, supported by two others, to count the votes, which he did with a firm voice, until his own name occurring so often that he found two-thirds of the suffrages to be his, he paused, and his hand shook so much that Cardinal Patrizzi, who was one of his supporters, held it and the papers. Cardinal Mastai then refused to continue reading, and proposed that the Conclave should proceed to a fresh scrutiny; but by a simultaneous movement all we other Cardinals drew the cords which support the dais over each throne, his alone remaining, and exclaimed, "Viva il Papa!" Cardinal Mastai, or rather the new Pope, then became so much agitated that we feared a rush of blood to the head. He was in a state of the greatest nervous suffering, and we had not a drop of cold water to give him. We altogether made such a noise that it was impossible for those without not to discover that we had finished the Conclave; and yet we dared not open the door. At length the Pope revived and exclaimed, "It is the will of God! Oh, holy soul of Pius VII., who predicted this to me, protect me!"

(To be continued.)

* "Rome and the Abbey."

No. II.—THE ARCH-CONFRATERNITY OF OUR LADY OF ANGELS. (*Continuation.*)

THE Cardinals who were present when Honorius III. acceded to the humble petition of "the poor one of Christ," made some objections to the granting of so important an indulgence. The Pope replied: "The concession is made, nor is it right it should be revoked; but let us modify it." Recalling Francis, he said to him, "We grant you this indulgence which you have solicited. It is for all years in perpetuity, but only during one natural day—from one evening, including the night, to the evening of the following day." At these words, Francis humbly bowed down his head. The day upon which this indulgence could be gained by the faithful was not fixed till two years later. The saint waited till Jesus Christ, who first conceded so precious a boon, should Himself mark the day; nor was he disappointed. One night, when he was praying in his cell, at S. Mary of the Angels, in the beginning of the year 1223, the tempter suggested to him not to watch and pray so much, but rather to adopt other modes of penance, because, from his age, more sleep and rest were necessary for him, and those watchings would be his death. Being aware of the malice of his infernal enemy, he retired to the woods, and threw himself naked into a bush of briars and thorns, till he was covered with blood. "For," said he to himself, "it is much better that I should suffer these pains with Jesus Christ, than that I should follow the advice of an enemy who flatters me." A brilliant light which surrounded him discovered to him a great number of white and red roses, although it was a very severe winter. This was an effect of the power of God, who had changed the briars into rose-trees, which have ever since been evergreen and thornless. Angels, who appeared in great numbers, said to him: "Francis, hasten to return to the church; Jesus Christ is there, together with His Blessed Mother." At the same time, he perceived himself miraculously clothed with a new habit of pure white: he gathered twelve roses of each colour, and went to the church. After a profound adoration, he addressed the following prayer to Jesus Christ, under the protection of the Most Blessed Virgin: "Most Holy Father, Lord of heaven and earth, Saviour of man, deign, through Thy great mercy, to fix the day of the indulgence which Thou hast been pleased to grant to this sacred place." Our Lord assured him that it was His desire that it

should be from the evening of the day when S. Peter the Apostle was delivered from his chains (1st of August), to the evening of the following day. Francis, again asking in what manner this should be publicly made known, and whether his own assertion would be given credit to, was directed to present himself before the Vicar of Jesus Christ, to take with him some white and red roses as testimonials of the truth of the fact, and also some of his brethren, who would testify to what they had heard; for, from their cells, which were near the church, they had, indeed, heard all that had been said. Then the angels sang the hymn, "Te Deum Laudamus." Francis took three roses of each colour in honour of the Blessed Trinity, and the vision disappeared.

Francis, accompanied by Brothers Bernard of Quintavalle, Peter of Catania, and Angelus of Rieti, set out for Rome, when he related to the Pope all that had happened at S. Mary of the Angels, in proof whereof he presented to him the roses he had brought.

The Pope had no hesitation in believing the revelation, authenticated as it was by the miraculous roses, borne to him in the depth of winter in the hands of the saint. Francis was desired to return the next day. Meanwhile, Honorius had consulted with his cardinals, and the following day, in consistory, confirmed, in their presence, the indulgence. He then desired that the Bishops of Assisi, Perugia, Todi, Spoleto, Foligno, Nocera, and Gubbio, should proclaim it at S. Mary of the Angels on the 1st of October.

We can relate only one out of the many interesting miracles which occurred on that occasion.

After the ceremony, the religious had retired for their short rest on that eventful 1st of October; but they were soon awakened by a murmur of joy and devotion, which broke from the crowds who watched in the church.

On entering it to ascertain the cause, they saw a white dove, which hovered over the altar, and then flew five times round the church. Blessed Corrado of Offiado was praying near the altar. When questioned as to the cause of this unexpected outburst of devotion, this holy religious declared that he had just seen the Blessed Virgin, who had entered the church, holding her Divine Son in her arms. Encircled by a light of ineffable splendour, she had blessed the kneeling crowds, and the dove, which they had all beheld, appeared at the same moment.

The people had not seen the vision, but they had felt it, and this occasioned their expression of joy and reverence.

Pope Innocent XII., through veneration for this holy place, granted, in 1695, a plenary indulgence for every day in the year, to be gained on the usual conditions of communion, etc. Thus was the ardent desire of S. Francis fulfilled. He had requested the indulgence might be granted without limitation of time, and for ever. The great concourse of the faithful is, however, principally on the 1st and 2nd of August. Formerly, sixty thousand persons might be seen at a time; in our own days there are usually fifteen to twenty thousand pilgrims each anniversary of the feast. The convent of Franciscan Fathers attached to the church has been suppressed by the Italian government, yet the pilgrims do not cease to visit it: their numbers seem to increase rather than to diminish. For a long period the Sanctuary of Our Lady of Angels, at Assisi, alone enjoyed this amazing privilege; but, by degrees, the Sovereign Pontiffs conceded it for the 2nd of August to some other churches, and to all those of the three Orders of S. Francis. Holy Communion being required as a condition, His Holiness Pius IX., by the decrees of February 22nd, 1847, and December 24th, 1849, has confirmed the peculiar privilege belonging to the Portiuncula of gaining the indulgence "toties quoties," that is to say, as often in the day as the visit is properly made. (From the 1st, Vespers of the Feast of Our Lady of Angels; 2nd of August, till sunset of the Feast itself—applicable to the dead.)

In localities where the Franciscans have no monastery, it is easy to obtain a brief permitting the indulgence to be gained in a parochial church. For fuller particulars, and a list of the churches in the British islands where the Portiuncula may be gained, reference can be made to a small but very instructive pamphlet, entitled "Portiuncula," by the Very Rev. Father Emanuel Frenners, O.S.F., printed by Leech, Bond Street, Manchester.

Having shown the antiquity of devotion to our Blessed Lady as Queen of Angels, and the blessings and graces attached to her chosen and beloved sanctuary at Assisi, we hope in our next number to say something of the recent renewal of the devotion. The connection between the two will be too obvious to require comment.

(To be continued.)

No. III.—MISSIONARY WORK.

Recent Missions to the Negroes of Africa.

Our Lord teaches us in his parable, that when the guests who were invited to the wedding feast disdainfully refused to come, their disdain became the signal for the servants being sent out into the highways and byeways to constrain other guests to come in to take their place, that the house might be filled. The truth of which this parable is a figure has had numerous signal fulfilments in the course of the Christian history. The fall of the Jews at the very outset became, as St. Paul says, the riches of the Gentiles. The fall of the Roman Empire from its allegiance to the Church brought down the hordes of barbarous people as the scourge of God upon it, and these savage people learned the doctrines of the Church, and became the present Christian nations of Europe. The fall into heresy and schism of so many of these same European people in Luther's time ministered to the planting the faith of the Church among the people of Asia and the newly-discovered continent of North and South America. The widespread disdain now entertained for the doctrines of the Catholic faith by so large a number of the educated people of Europe, who allow themselves to be carried away with the conceit of their being in some very special manner "strongminded," together with State persecution of which this disdain is the main support, is bearing its fruit in awakening a new outburst of zeal for the missionary work of the Church. Those who are justly horrified with this disdain, and who in other times might have been content to stay quietly at home and to live quietly in the midst of all the cares and interests that naturally and properly surround a Christian home, begin now to bethink themselves what numbers of people there are in the world who would be thankful to be taught what these proud men disdain. Of course, all good Christian people are reasonably and properly filled with horror at witnessing the signal acts of public dishonour to which the doctrines of Jesus Christ are subjected in all the European nations. Not to go outside the limits of our own country, we have quite enough to fill us with the most serious and just horror. We see in our own land the Divine Law of Christian Marriage trampled under foot, and the code of morals of the poultry-yard legally substituted for it. We see a law in operation by which the public revenues of the nation are employed in promoting, opening, and carrying on public elementary schools

for the youth of both sexes, on the condition that the knowledge of God, and consequently His fear (for how can we have fear where we do not know whom we have to fear), are to be withdrawn from and to form no part of the instruction proper to such public elementary school. The whole spirit of the nation has, it is quite true, and thanks be to God for this, by no means as yet become openly and avowedly anti-Christian; but it would be simple blindness to shut our eyes to the deplorable fact of the signal steps in the path of open and undisguised contempt of the Christian law which the public legislation of the country has recently made; and which, all indications portend, are to be followed by others of a like kind, rather than themselves to be cancelled and withdrawn.

If any reparation for these things be possible, who will say that such reparation is not a duty? But what is the reparation which we have it in our power to make for these plain and undeniable acts of public legislative disdain and contempt for the honour of Jesus Christ and His law on the part of the national government under which we live. The acts have obviously been done in the exercise of a power of choice and discretion over which we possess no control. To cancel them, it is plain, is out of our power, but to make a reparation for them, at least to a certain extent, cannot be said to be out of our power: and what may and what should this reparation be? We may reply, an increase of the resolve to co-operate with the work of the Catholic missions to the heathen. Of course, the great multitude of our Catholic people are already settled down, each in their own particular way of life; and having no longer any choice to make of a state of life—that they should be called upon to start up and leave the country as missionaries can enter the mind of not even the most sanguine and enthusiastic lover of missionary work. But surely there is a perfectly practicable middle term between the quitting home and leaving all to go to work at some missionary station for the remainder of life, and being a mere unconcerned spectator of the missionary work that others are doing. It is manifestly open to everyone to put the case quietly before his own mind, and to speak to himself in some such way as this: "The religion which I profess is plainly a missionary religion. Jesus Christ, in whom I believe and in whom is placed all my hope, always has been and most plainly is the supreme Chieftain over missionary men. They are always going in His name to all the people of the earth, and the mission and bless-

ing of His Church goes with them. Now, my soul, answer me my question, What are you doing to make me take my share in this missionary work? Are you pushing me on to put by any of my own actual earnings? or are you making me think what I could do by which I could earn something extra, that I might place this at the disposal of those who have chosen the way of life of becoming missionaries? Are you prompting me to speak among my own friends and acquaintances on the subject of the missions of the Church? Do you ever suggest to me to propose to them to join in taking counsel what we might do by a joint effort? Do you ever, perhaps, admonish me to pray to the Lord of the Harvest to send labourers into His Harvest? How often, for instance, is it that you have advised me to say even a rosary for this intention?"

Now, when we witness with grief and dismay the steps which the national government of Christian England is taking, year by year, to unchristianize the nation, the solid effect of this dismay should certainly be to prompt us to an examination of conscience, in which the truth above briefly stated will come before us, namely, that as one people is seen to fall away, others are seen to rise up in their place. From this should certainly spring the inquiry: Am I in particular doing anything at all to bring this about? Am I, in short, in any way promoting the missionary work of the Church?

The recent acts in which England is now manifesting her falling away from the Christian law proceed from her wealth and her pride. It is her wealthy and rich men who have extorted the removal of the Christian law of the indissolubility of marriage, and it is her unbelieving pride which vainly imagines that youth can be taught all they need outside the knowledge and the fear of God. In order, then, that there may be something especially befitting in the missionary zeal which is needed to make the required reparation, it would appear very becoming that Catholic England's share in the general work of the missions should be given to that portion of the heathen—if there is such a portion—which surpasses their average condition in its extreme of misery and abject degradation. God has chosen, St. Paul says, the weak things of the world to confound the strong, and the things that are not to put to shame things that are. It would be indeed a beautiful sight to see great numbers of the youth of the haughty and prosperous nation willingly surrendering themselves to go out of the country as missionaries of the very

faith and law which their countrymen at home are setting aside. And, further, inasmuch as their countrymen are led into their sins against the Christian law mainly by their pride and their luxury, it would be a most consoling sight if English Catholic youth should be seen going out, not only as missionaries, but as missionaries to the most wretched and abject of the heathen. But what people are in a more abject state of degradation than the blacks of the African continent?

Now, God Almighty would almost seem to be preparing the way for missionaries to penetrate into the continent of Africa. Designs of mercy for the unhappy Negroes have certainly become apparent. The explorations of so many different distinguished travellers into the interior of Africa we may fairly hope are to have some better reward than the mere settlement of some geographical question as to the whereabouts of the watershed from whence the falling rain drains itself into the course of the Nile, or into the rivers flowing westward and eastward. The march of Roman legions into the territory of barbarians used to be followed by the establishment of stations for the civil government of the conquered people. We must hope that Christian England is both willing and able to effect something better with her soldiers than a mere filibustering raid into the territory of the Ashantees. But all things must have their beginnings. We gave our readers, a little time back, an account of the Missionary College of St. Joseph, at Mill Hill, founded especially for missions to the heathen. This has been, as we related, put in charge by the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda with a special mission to the Negroes, beginning, indeed, with those of the United States, but ultimately designed to plant missions on the African continent itself. Let us hope that this foundation is destined to grow and prosper, and fulfil its errand of grace and mercy for the poor Negroes.

In the meantime we find, in the monthly missionary journal published in Germany, *Die Katolischen Missionen*, a carefully drawn up account of two separate and independent missions to the Negroes of the continent of Africa; and that our readers may be introduced to some timely knowledge of the difficulties that have to be encountered in carrying out the work of these missions to the African natives, we propose to give a sketch of their rise and progress, taking our information as it is given in the pages of the excellent journal in question. The first of these shall be the work of the Fathers

of the Missionary Congregation of the Holy Ghost and the Sacred Heart of Mary, who have their mother house in Paris, Rue Lhomond, No. 3, and who have planted their mission in the island of Zanzibar, from whence they are extending it to the African continent.

(To be continued.)

MIRABILIA DEI.

THE second narrative is as follows: —During a mission held in the city of Limerick, there presented herself at the Confessional of the father whose narrative I am transcribing, a poor woman, quite unknown, who, having completed her confession, said, "Father, now that all is over, may I say a word about my temporal affairs?" "Yes," replied the father, telling me at the same time that something in the woman's voice inclined him to assent, contrary to the usual rule of not occupying the time of the mission needed by others who were waiting. Whereupon the penitent related her story thus: "My husband is a labouring man, and we live by his labour. He fell ill, and could no longer go to his work; and from being very comfortable we were forced to sell one thing after another to buy food, till nothing was left. Then, for the first time in my life, I went out to see what I could get by begging; but not knowing how to beg, I came home at night having got nothing. I had to put my children to bed on the floor, hungry and crying, and there was nothing for my sick husband. I sat up myself by his bedside, and towards midnight a terrible temptation came into my mind: I felt myself inwardly driven to accuse God, and ask Him how He could think of bringing me to such a terrible state of destitution. There was one thing only that we had not parted with, and this was a little statue of the Blessed Virgin with the Holy Infant in her arms. As I was on the point of being driven to desperation by the thoughts passing in my mind, my eyes rested for a moment, by the dim light of a candle not quite burned out, on this image, and the thought came into my mind, 'Holy Mother, you had to bear greater sorrows than mine," and yielding to an impulse within, I threw myself on my knees before her, and prayed most earnestly to be delivered from the dreadful thoughts

passing in my mind, and that she would have compassion on our distress and help us. Soon after this there was a knock at the door, and on my going to answer the knock, and opening the door, a lady in a religious habit spoke to me and said, "I have heard of your distress, and have come to see you." She then came in and sat down by me, and spoke to me in so beautiful a manner about always having a firm trust in the mercy of God, that I can never forget it. On rising up she went to the statue and placed a five-shilling piece at its feet and retired. I have never seen her since, and I do not know who she was; but, O Father, there has been a blessing on our house ever since she came into it. My husband got well soon after, and has gone to his work, and everything has gone well with us ever since this lady came to see us.

The Father who related this to me does not know who the good woman was, but was perfectly satisfied, from the grateful and pious manner in which she told her story, that she was relating the simple truth.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE time that has elapsed since the new year set in has been rich in the accounts that it has brought from Rome of those words uttered by the Holy Father on the occasion of the audiences at the Vatican, which speak to the hearts of all the nations of Christendom.

On the 6th of January, the feast of the Epiphany, there assembled in the "Sala del Concistoro," in the Vatican, some 500 representatives, members of the circles of the Association of Catholic Youth, the President General of which, the Cavaliere Acquaderni, read to His Holiness an address expressive of their loyalty and attachment. The sum total of the offerings presented reached the amount of 135,000 francs (£5,400). After personally addressing a few of the affectionate words which find their way to the heart of many of those who were present, the Holy Father rose up, and spoke to the whole assembly. The sum of what he said is thus reported in the columns of the *Voce della Verita:*

"*Quam bonum et quam jucundum habitare fratres in unum* (how good and joyful it is for brethren to dwell together in

unity). It is many years ago since I have blessed Italy, and I have been accused of having withdrawn my benediction. The Italy which I blessed then I bless again now—(great applause) —and this is the faithful Italy which stands firm on the side of its Pontiff, of its faith, and of God. But I have not blessed, and never can bless, that idol to which many even in this favoured land offer incense, and this is the revolution,—an idol that has been, as it were, the Jupiter of an abominable Olympus, in which, as around the principal deity, there have been ranged, one after another, numerous degraded idols, venerated and followed by the evil-minded. Foremost amongst these is the greed which appropriates to itself what belongs to others, and fattens itself no little with property that is not its own. Such is the pride of those who, a little while ago, were in such a low condition as scarcely to be able to look up, and now carry their heads in the most superb way. I formerly knew what they were at first, and now I see them again. I know what they were, and I perceive now what they are. Thanks be to God, the greater number of the Italians do not adore these idols, and remain faithful to their ancient glory, the true faith, giving continual proof of their attachment to this Holy See, both by word and deed.

Great is the good you do with these circles and Catholic associations, spread over the whole of the peninsula, by which, under the direction of your Bishops, you give a great impulse to works of Christian piety. Continue steadily in them, and the worse the times become, stand all the more steadfast. Perhaps some of you, perhaps some of those who are associated with you, or resemble you, may begin to have your confidence a little shaken through the long duration of the affliction and the failure to be able to see the approach of a ray of hope. The wonderful history which the Church commemorates at this season will be of great use in driving away such thoughts, and in refreshing our hopes. Christ was a fugitive and an exile in a strange land, and his persecutors sat on the throne. But not many years passed before an angel recalled the exiles to their native land, informing them, "Behold they are dead that sought the life of the child" (great sensation). We must not seek to pry too narrowly into the counsels of God, but to adore them; and we know that He is faithful, and never forsakes those who trust in Him. Place your hopes in, therefore, and live with Him."

The editor of the *Unita Cattolica*, during the Octave of the

Epiphany, offered to the Holy Father thirty pieces of gold, each piece of the value of 100 francs (£4), in imitation of the Magi who offered gold to the infant Jesus. Gold is fast disappearing from Italy, but Catholic loyalty has been able to find still thirty pieces to make an offering to Pius IX.

On the 15th of January, 250 children of the noble and civic families of Rome were received to an audience, and they brought as an offering their savings from the presents made to them at the season of the Epiphany. The sight of the children, and their loyalty to the Pope, moved many of the spectators to tears.

On the 13th, the day but one before, a deputation from Buenos Ayres was admitted to an audience, bringing an offering of 22,700 francs (£828) in gold, and two very rich albs, worked by ladies in Cordova, in the Argentine Republic. Many others also were admitted to an audience, all of whom brought their offerings.

On the 18th of January, a chosen deputation from the nobles of Naples was admitted to an audience, to whom, after the reading of their beautiful address, the Pope addressed the following words:—

"I spoke yesterday (alluding to a discourse spoken to the officials of the Pope's civil government, who had been dispossessed of their posts by the invaders) of a miracle which has been worked, and which is being worked, every day by Divine Providence, and which challenges the eyes of the whole world, seeing that the elements from which the miracle of which I speak proceeds belong to the whole world. I refer to the sentiment of filial affection, so eminently splendid and luminous, which moves the hearts of so many of the children of God to come to the aid of the common father of the faithful. Though stripped of all that he possesses, he comes to be succoured by his children in Jesus Christ, and succoured so amply that the aid suffices not only for himself (his wants would be small), but for all those who surround him, and to be able to give a share to all those formerly in his employ, who have remained faithful to their principles of honour and justice, as likewise to offer a modest assistance to the larger part of the Italian Episcopate."

THE

Monthly Magazine of the Holy Rosary.

NEW SERIES.

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No. VI.—SACRUM SEPTENARIUM:

The third gift of the Holy Ghost, the Holy Spirit of Knowledge, aids us to acquire our measure of the knowledge of God, the chief storehouse of which is in the Holy Scriptures, and the great Mother of the Christian family sets before her children the example of her own diligence in acquiring this knowledge.

We have learned briefly, in what has preceded, that the knowledge necessary for subduing the earth to the purposes of men is, by the will of God, a thing indispensable to the life of men. Indeed, so indispensable is this knowledge, that God did not only deign to take upon Himself to be its first teacher, but has not failed to annex to the breaking away from the schools in which this knowledge must, in the nature of things, be perpetuated by its proper teachers, a most terrible penalty. Human life, separated from this knowledge, falls from the state of civilization into the degraded condition of the savage man, such as he is found at this day in the forests and prairies of North and South America, the African Continent, and elsewhere.

It is, however, not enough for each man by himself to possess the knowledge required for subduing the earth, and nothing more. By the virtue of the Divine blessing on the human creation, men were to multiply and to fill the earth. The fruit of this multiplication is the need, which appertains to and springs out of their nature, to live in a well-ordered society together, one with another.

But to the right ordering of this society the knowledge of God is indispensable. It is not merely becoming, on grounds of reason, that a creature made in the likeness and the image of his Maker, who is God, should be taught his due measure of the knowledge of the God who made him; but this knowledge is actually so indispensable to the formation and preservation of the social order, in which the human family, when multiplied, naturally and properly seek to live, that

without it they cannot possibly have either the personal happiness or the social well-being proper to their nature.

The human creation, multiplied and spread over the earth in its various families, requires to know God (1st) as the Divine Source of the power which is needed for the government of their society; (2ndly) as the Divine Origin of the laws, according to which their life is ordered; (3rdly) as the Divine Fountain of their sense of right and wrong, by which their words and dealings one with another are regulated; (4thly) as the Supreme Judge, to whose judgment every one knows himself to be accountable for his actions, and who is also frequently seen, in the present life, to give such visible effect to His judgments as is proper to maintain His fear amongst men.

Without this knowledge of God, no society amongst men can have any other than a short-lived existence, in which it has to progress from bad to worse, until it ends in the anarchy in which every one is at war with his neighbour, and all labour is limited to that which destroys. "Vain are all men," says the inspired writer, "in whom there is no foundation of the knowledge of God." (Wisdom xiii. 1.) God having given to man his being, man can only live in society where he knows and fears God, and is subject to Him. Then God blesses and upholds him in his social and political being. "Except the Lord build the house, their labour is but lost that build it. Except the Lord keep the city, he that keepeth it watcheth but in vain." (Ps. cxxvi.)

All experience goes to show that no lasting social life of men on earth is possible apart from the knowledge of God. This knowledge, consequently, has to be perpetuated by being taught in its proper schools, the living generation passing it on to that which is rising up, and this under the inevitable penalty of the future ruin of the society which neglects to do this. Barbarism and savage life is the inevitable penalty of not preserving the knowledge required for subduing the earth; and when to this is superadded, as appears to be always the case, loss of the knowledge of God, barbarism becomes then complete, and falls to its lowest possible depth.

But God did not create man a little lower than the angels for no other end than that he should acquire and use knowledge in subduing the earth. The labour of subduing the earth was not to last beyond a certain term. The plan of God for His human creation, provided from the beginning

that a promotion to a higher and more honourable order of life should succeed to the term spent in the labours of subduing the earth. In the beginning, consequently, the knowledge of God would necessarily comprise the knowledge of this intended promotion, and of the service of religious worship connected with it.

But then there quickly came to disturb this order the sin of Adam and Eve, followed by its penalty of death, to which all are subject. Out of this sin sprang the necessity for the work of God the Redeemer, in order that the original Divine plan of the promotion of man to a higher and better life, after his appointed term in this life is over, might not be frustrated.

From this time forward, in addition to the knowledge of God, which was as indispensable before Adam's sin as it has continued to be after, it became necessary to superadd the knowledge of the work of God the Redeemer, in proportion as this knowledge was gradually revealed; not omitting, also, to accumulate and preserve the further knowledge which it pleased God to make known to His creatures respecting Himself in the various acts of His general providence and government over the world which He had created.

The first great universal apostacy of men from God, and their rejection of His knowledge, was punished by the waters of the Deluge. And that a new generation might people the earth, preserving this knowledge and perpetuating it, the family of a priest and a preacher of justice alone was preserved from the Deluge; and God blessed this family, and bid it to increase, that it might multiply and fill the earth with a succession of generations preserving the knowledge of God, and transmitting it, by the necessary teaching, to those who rose up to take their places.

But when this knowledge was again no longer faithfully taught, God made choice of the patriarch Abraham, called him away from his kindred, obliged him to live the life of a pilgrim on the earth, and promised to make a great nation of his seed, who were to possess the land in which he wandered about as a stranger, adding, that all the nations of the earth should be blessed in his seed.

This promise of God did not begin to receive signs of its fulfilment until several hundred years afterwards, in the time and through the ministry of the prophet Moses. The children of Israel, now greatly increased, were delivered by a series of

miracles out of their servitude in Egypt, in order that they might be entrusted with a large accession of the "knowledge of God," and be made the keepers and depositaries of this knowledge, under the strictest obligation that the existing generation should carefully teach it to the generation that was rising up. The injunction of Moses in this respect deserves to be most attentively studied. "Keep thyself, therefore, and thy soul most carefully," says Moses to his people; "do not forget the words which thine eyes have seen, and let them not fall out of thine heart all the days of thy life. *Thou shalt teach them to thy children and to thy grandchildren.* From the day in which thou didst stand before the Lord thy God in Horeb, when the Lord thy God spake to me, saying, 'Gather the people together to Me that they may hear My words and may learn to fear Me all the time they live on the earth, *and may teach their children.*'" (Deut. iv. 9, 10.)

It is not to be passed over here that Moses by no means understands that he is here taking measures proper only to secure the formation of a people that is to be distinguished for their piety. He tells his people that he is laying the foundation for their knowledge and understanding, which is to challenge the admiration of all the people of the earth. He says to them, "This is your wisdom and your understanding in the sight of all people, that hearing of all these precepts, they may say, 'Behold a wise and an understanding people, a mighty nation.'" (Deut. iv. 6.)

Centuries after the time of Moses, during the whole course of which this nation of Israel had never been without the continual experience of the government of God over them, and had been made the depositary of much additional knowledge of God, we have their prophet, Baruch, addressing them these remarkable words, in their captivity in Babylon:

"Why is it, O Israel, that thou art in the land of thine enemies, that thou hast grown old in a land that is not thine, that thou hast been defiled with the dead, and art numbered with them that go down to the pit? *Thou hast left the fountain of Wisdom.* For if thou wouldest have walked in the way of God, of a truth thou wouldest have dwelt in everlasting peace. Learn thou where is prudence, where is virtue, where is understanding, that thou mayest know also where is length of days and abundance, where is the light of the eyes and peace." The prophet then goes on to pass in review the neighbouring people, and says: "Wisdom has not been heard

of in the land of Canaan, and has not been seen in Theman. The sons of Agar also, that search after the wisdom that is of the earth, the merchants of Merrha and of Theman, the tellers of fables and searchers of prudence and understanding, all these have not known the way of Wisdom, neither have they remembered her paths. . . . The Lord hath not chosen such as these, they have not found the way of learning, and therefore they have perished. . . . He alone who knoweth all things, hath known Wisdom, and hath found her out by His understanding. He, namely, who made the earth in His eternity, and filled it with cattle and four-footed beasts. . . He is our God, and there shall be no other accounted of in comparison with Him. He hath found out the way of knowledge, *and hath given it to Jacob His servant, and to Israel His beloved.*" (Baruch iii. 10, &c.)

Of this knowledge, which God gave to the people of Israel, we distinctly learn that it was not given as the prerogative of the chosen few, but as the gift of God without respect of persons, for the universal benefit and good of all, for the wise and the simple, for the learned and the unlearned; to each, however, in their respective measure and degree. "The proverbs of Solomon, the son of David, king of Israel," declare themselves to be "for the knowledge of wisdom and learning;" but also to give "subtlety to the little ones, to the young men knowledge and understanding." "The wise man," says Solomon, "that heareth these things shall become still wiser, and he that understandeth them shall have the secret of government." (Prov. i. 4, 5.) As we have seen, the vast multitude of men who labour and have no time for the pursuit of learning, are still to have thrown open to them the search into the law of the Most High. (Eccles. xxxiii.) And S. Paul applauds Timothy, "because from *infancy* thou hast known the Sacred Scriptures." (II. Timothy, iii. 15.) Here, then, we have placed before us what we may call the Royal way which God has taken to furnish all men with the knowledge their life requires, without distinction of persons and from the first moment the faculties become ripe for the acquiring of such knowledge—namely, "the Sacred Scriptures," given to the people of God through the hands of their accredited teachers, "knowing," as S. Paul says to Timothy, "from whom thou hast learned them." (II. Timothy, iii. 14.)

Of this body of Sacred Knowledge, this is not here the place to speak in detail. We must limit ourselves to saying

that it preremptorily and absolutely negatives the unreal distinction that modern unbelief attempts to set up between secular and religious knowledge. God has made Himself from the beginning one with His people Israel, and in taking our humanity and becoming the Man Jesus Christ, He has only still further fitted the knowledge of Himself to the wants of our present life. If S. Paul could appeal to a poet of the nations (Hesiod) in confirmation of his saying, "In Him we live, and move, and have our being," the member of the household of faith does but say further of God, "In Him I have all my knowledge." And this knowledge is such that all who through pride and unbelief separate themselves from it, are given over to vanity, and must perish from off the earth; while those who adhere to it are able fearlessly to challenge the admiration of all people, who are compelled to exclaim, "Behold a wise and an understanding people."

Such, then, being the knowledge which God has given, and which is so little ashamed of itself that it confidently challenges the wonder of all people, and declares that all who despise it must inevitably perish from off the face of the earth, what is the example which the great Mother of the Christian people sets before the children of her wide-spread family? Is she one who has been diligently brought up in this knowledge, and does she show herself to be one who has diligently employed her time to great profit in acquiring it? We can thank God from our inmost hearts to be able to answer, most emphatically, Yes.

She gives the proof of her having been carefully brought up in this knowledge, where she says, in her Magnificat, "He hath taken up Israel His servant, as he hath spoken to our fathers, to Abraham, and to his seed for ever." Truly marvellous words, and words of the very deepest import. Here is a summary of the entire history of the chosen people of Israel, and of the dealings of God with them, following on from one generation to another, through the long course of centuries down to her own time, in which these promises were fulfilled. To know the promises of God made to our fathers, to Abraham, and to Abraham's seed for ever, is the same, in effect, as to know the whole contents of the Sacred Scriptures; for scarcely a single page of these holy writings but contains, in some form, the promises of God made to the seed of Abraham, and the witness of the inspired writer to their fulfilment.

"Thou shalt teach these words to thy children," said

Moses. The great Mother of the Christian family did not acquire her knowledge of the promises made by God and recorded in the Sacred Scriptures, in any miraculous manner, such as renders it impossible for the children of her family to follow her example in acquiring the same knowledge. She was taught it precisely in the same way as they are to be taught it, and she learned it with praiseworthy diligence from her teachers, as they may and should learn it, with the same praiseworthy diligence, from theirs. She is the Mother of the family, and she gives her children no other than a mother's example—that is to say, such an example as her children are perfectly well able to imitate.

There is, however, a feature in her example and a value in her words, that does not altogether appear on the surface, but which we must by no means omit properly to appreciate and understand. Nor can the importance of the truth contained in it be very easily exaggerated. The Holy Mother of the Christian family does not merely appeal to the past, for her proof that God has taken up Israel His servant, as he promised to Abraham and to his seed. She exhibits herself as the present living proof of proofs of the fulfilment of these promises. "He that is mighty," she says, "hath done great things for *me*. Holy is His Name!"

The Christian Israel of the Apostles and the Martyrs is never to be left without the same succession of the marvellous works of God in their behalf as those which were continually worked for the Jewish Israel of Moses and of the prophets. The words of the inspired speaker, speak not simply of the promises made by God to Abraham and to his seed, but to Abraham and his seed, *for ever* (*in sæcula*). All the nations of the world become the Israel of God, in Jesus Christ, the seed promised to Abraham; and this Christian Israel of God is to continue to the end of time (*in sæcula*); and the promises of God, as the inspired Virgin says, are to hold good and to have their fulfilment, for this Christian Israel, equally to the end of time.

In order, then, that our knowledge as Christians may (and when do the loving children of the family otherwise than desire to conform to the example of their Mother?) be rightly formed upon the pattern of that of our great Christian Mother, it must, of necessity, comprise the knowledge how God has taken up the cause of Christian Israel, His servant, according to His promise, down to our own present time. Time does not

stand still, but unfolds itself. The promises of God to Abraham and his seed not only stand good to the end of time, but are to have their never-ceasing accomplishment to the end of time. If, therefore, the knowledge which the Blessed Virgin had of the fulfilment of the promises of God was complete in this, that it came down to her own time, indeed to her very own self, our knowledge, to be equally complete, must, in the same manner, come down to our own time. It must, in a word, be able to trace the fulfilment of these promises of God through the eighteen centuries of the Christian history down to our own present time, as, in like manner, the proper Christian knowledge for the generations that come after us will have to trace the fulfilment of these promises so much further still, down to their own time, each generation adding its own share to the tale of this fulfilment, and, consequently, adding so much more also to the general body of the knowledge that is proper for the Christian people to acquire.

In other words, we can only, then, have—and no statement can easily exaggerate the importance of this great truth—a Christian education of the youth of the Catholic Church rightly formed on the pattern of that of the great Mother of the Christian family, when the knowledge of the fulfilment of the promises of God is traced and taught not only through the Hebrew history, but also through the successive centuries of the Christian history down to our own times. This alone is really our Christian Mother's pattern of the knowledge which she acquired under the guidance of the third gift of the Holy Ghost, the Holy Spirit of Knowledge. It was only by the possession of such complete knowledge as this that she was able to glorify God for the fulfilment of all His promises made to Abraham and his seed *for ever*. It was only in the strength of such complete knowledge as this that she was able to say, "He hath done great things for *me*. Holy is His Name!"

F.

THE BEATITUDE OF SORROW.

I.

Blessed are they who mourn;
Sowing in tears,
They reap in joy:
Then, happiness is theirs
Without alloy.

II.

Whence comes this joy in tears?
Whence this delight
For those who mourn?
From Sorrow's darksome night,
Can Day be born?

III.

Yes. "Jesus wept!" Behold,
His tears the fount
Whence blessings come
To those who bravely mount
This pathway Home.

F. D. T.

No. III.—THE ARCH-CONFRATERNITY OF OUR LADY OF ANGELS. (*Continuation.*)

In the October number, for 1873, of the "Annales de la Saintété au 19me Siècle," may be found some interesting particulars respecting the origin of the Arch-Confraternity of Our Lady of Angels. We quote largely, and often textually, from this religious periodical, which is conducted by holy and learned ecclesiastics and religious, and has been honoured by a Brief of our venerated Pontiff Pius IX.*

"Six centuries had passed away since the great grace of the Portiuncula had been accorded to the world, and the world seemed to have forgotten it,

* The following translation of this Brief, addressed by his Holiness Pius IX. to the Editors of the "Annales" from which we quote, will interest our readers, not only because it establishes the character of the particular publication, and the consequent trustworthiness of any narrative admitted into its pages, but also for the sake of showing how much the

and to heed it no longer. The Queen of Angels saw her benefits disregarded by those who most needed them; by poor sinners whose souls were lost by thousands for want of having recourse to the maternal hand which could have saved them. To reanimate faith in guilty souls, and excite fervour and devotion in faithful ones, required a visible intervention of heaven, supported by numerous and striking miracles. The Queen of Angels charged herself with this intervention, and set her own hand to the work.

"Hence her multiplied apparitions; La Salette (on the 19th of September, 1846,) Lourdes (from the 11th of February to the 5th of April, 1858,) Pontmain (the 19th of January, 1871,) and a hundred others less known, but not less real, which have been convincing proofs of the tenderness of Mary, and the immense compassion with which our crimes and misfortunes have inspired her. In the same order of supernatural graces may be placed the facts we are about to relate, and which we have from the person who was the recipient of the favour. (We are not qualified to pronounce upon the supernatural character of the facts. We submit them without reserve to the judgment of the Holy See. Nevertheless, in the character of historian, it is our duty to testify to their truth for the glory of the Blessed Virgin; for ourselves, they are no matter of doubt.)

Sovereign Pontiff desires that the Catholic people should be drawn away from the sort of reading which is quite unworthy of them, and that they should substitute in its place that which makes them acquainted with the glories of their faith:—

"Beloved Sons. Health and Apostolical Benediction.

"At a time when the art of printing is everywhere employed to disseminate impiety and corruption, those who labour to oppose to these abandoned publications reading of a religious kind acquire for themselves no little merit and praise, seeing that they strive to apply the antidote in the very way in which the poison is instilled.

"And as the examples which they in a manner have under their eyes are wont to produce a greater impression upon readers than any mere reasonings, t is to be held opportune in the highest degree and most useful that the actions of such Christian heroes should be put before the faithful as, according to the various conditions of life and suited to the difference of dispositions, exhibit a living pattern of faith and good living, and by the charm of their courage and charity induce those who contemplate and study them to follow on themselves in the same path.

"Your plan, therefore, for publishing lives of the servants of God who have lived in our own times we judge to be deserving of the greatest praise and so much the more, because recent facts that have been witnessed by great numbers of our own contemporaries, carry with them a charm and an efficacy peculiarly their own, and it becomes a source of peculiarly sweet consolation to be able to meet with instances of such great integrity and piety in the midst of such complete decline of morals. Your intention also of deriving all the facts you relate from judicial records assures us that you will publish nothing which is not certain and agreeable to truth."

The Brief concludes with the Apostolical benediction, and bears date 11th of August, 1870.

These "Annales" are now in their fifth year, and abound in biographical and other information of the highest interest.

The authenticity of the following letter dated Rennes, Brittany, August 11th, 1867, is guaranteed. We give it in extenso:—

"In 1852 I had spent two months in Rome, waiting for an opportunity to write to His Holiness a communication which concerned him personally, when my Confessor desired me to go to Assisi, where he thought I might receive some special graces. I did, indeed, receive there the grace of a strange, unknown suffering which lasted during the four days I spent at Assisi, previous to the 2nd of August, known as the Feast of the Portiuncula. On that day, quite exhausted from suffering, I was between three and four o'clock in the evening upon the Esplanade which overlooks the plain, upon which our Lady of Angels is built, when, completely overcome by the excess of my suffering, my eyes fixed on the immense plain stretched out before me, I said, half aloud, to our Lord some tenderly reproachful words, expressive of my anguish—'O Lord, I exclaimed, 'I no longer know myself, what I am, nor what the martyrdom is I am enduring.' And I spoke the truth. I was deprived of thought, intelligence—I no longer understood anything. Then a feeble interior ray enlightened my soul, and our Lord made me understand 'that I was suffering for the ingratitude of men, who allowed the great grace which His Mother had obtained for them, to fall into desuetude.' The knowledge of the cause of my suffering seemed to alleviate them instantaneously. But my inability to understand the ingratitude of my brethren made me say: 'Alas! O Lord, what can I do—I?' A second and more distinct light than the former indicated to me a supernatural means of reparation, which was to obtain devotion to the Portiuncula *throughout the entire world.* I began to breathe freely. I was full of hope. Our Lord then gave me to understand the number of masses I must have said *at the tomb of S. Francis of Assisi.* Nearly two years later, being at Loretto, I met there my spiritual mother, formerly mere générale of her congregation; she wished me to make a journey with her to Perugia.

"We arrived at Our Lady of Angels and stopped at the church. This time I was led to a small chapel which I had not visited on my first journey there. I was struck interiorly on entering it. It was the very cell of S. Francis, the one in which he had given up his beautiful soul to his creator, where his heart is still kept, and which was then being venerated on the altar. Whilst I was kneeling, our Lord showed me interiorly that I must have some novenas of masses said, in honour of the heart of S. Francis, the Blessed Virgin, and His own Sacred Heart, in order that these hearts, the one by the other, might obtain a renewal of the devotion to Our Lady of Angels. When I had left the chapel, and was returning from the sacristy, where I had asked for these novenas of masses, and some others besides, at the altar of the miraculous chapel of Our Lady of Angels, I knew full well *that this time* it was necessary to ask for a miracle, or rather miracles, to uphold and renew the faith of nations in devotion to Our Lady of Angels through the Portiuncula. Upon quitting the church, I related the whole to my spiritual mother, begging that she would pray and make the community at Turin pray for this intention, because our Lord seemed to attach more importance than I at first had thought to the renewal of this devotion, since at the distance of nearly two years (March, 1854) He returned to the charge, and would have a continuation of the prayers begun

in 1852. 'Ma mère' promised to obtain many prayers, and when I heard of the cure of M. de Bray, penetrated with gratitude to God and our Lady, I wrote her this heavenly news, for by her prayers and those of the community, she had contributed to it in advance."

We must now speak of this miraculous cure operated by our Lady in favour of M. Marie Frédéric de Bray. It seems evident that this miracle was the fruit of the prayers which had been going on for the last four years. At all events, Our Blessed Lady appears to have special designs over him, since he is her chosen instrument for propagating devotion to her as Queen of Angels, being Director of the Arch-Confraternity. For thirty years M. Marie Frédéric de Bray had been the victim of a very serious malady, which, during the last two of these thirty years, had been complicated with three others of an equally mortal character. All means, ordinary and extraordinary, had been tried. The most eminent physicians of Paris, Montpellier, Turin, and Florence had been consulted: science had declared itself powerless, and God himself seemed deaf to prayers. His Eminence the Cardinal of Clermont Tonnerre, Archbishop of Toulouse, and several relatives of M. de Bray, all persons of distinguished rank in the world, had entreated the holy Prince Hohenlohe to pray for him, but the prayers of the German thaumaturgus were without any apparent result. There was no hope—death seemed inevitable. M. de Bray was nevertheless only thirty-six years of age. He was very pious, and had immense devotion to the Blessed Virgin. One day he heard the voice of this divine Mother, who said to him, "Make a vow to go on a pilgrimage to Our Lady of Angels at Assisi, and I will cure thee."

Some days after this, the physicians declared that at eight o'clock in the evening he would be no more. "He has no pulse; his agony is nearly over; he will pass away imperceptibly," said they to the peasants who had come from the village to make inquiries. (It was the 22nd of July, 1856.) Just as the great clock of the Chateau de Bellevue (belonging to the De Bray family) struck twelve at midnight, and as the dying man was breathing his last sigh, he suddenly gathered up the little strength left, and said with his failing voice to Our Lady, who was present, assisting him, "I make my vow." At that instant he was cured. "I am cured," he cried out, and, to the astonishment of his mother and relations, he rose up, in fact, radically cured. The next day Dr. Portes, a physician who had attended him for thirty years, and who

fully expected to find him dead, exclaimed upon seeing him up and stirring, "This is a real miracle." And so it was, and well worthy of the power and goodness of Mary.

Some days later, in reply to the questions put to him by his lordship Mgr. Mioland, Archbishop of Toulouse, Dr. Portes said, "My lord, if necessary I will attest it, and sign it with my blood." This happy child of Mary was most eager to testify his gratitude to her for such a benefit. Accompanied by a friend of his family, Mgr. L'Estrade, "camerière" of the Holy Father, he went to Rome, where he stayed some days, and from thence made the pilgrimage to Assisi, in fulfilment of his vow. There, at the feet of the august Virgin, in the Sanctuary of Our Lady of Angels, he had a vision, the details of which were communicated to the Rev. Father de Villefort, a man well versed in the things of God and the guidance of souls, also to the Very Rev. Father General of the Jesuits (Father Beckx), and finally to the Sovereign Pontiff Pius IX.

After this vision he commenced his theological studies in Rome. Two years later he was ordained priest by Mgr. Pie, Bishop of Poitiers, and the same day the Rev. Father General admitted him into the Society of Jesus, where, as the Blessed Virgin said to him, "he was to learn obedience."

"The Arch-Confraternity of Our Lady of Angels of Pouvourville was instituted by the express orders of the Blessed Virgin, in 1863, to honour this august Virgin as Queen and Sovereign of Angels, and to obtain by her powerful protection the triumph of Holy Church throughout the world, and the conversion of sinners, unbelievers, and the impious."

For admission into this Confraternity it suffices to send the Christian and surname for inscription on the great register of Pouvourville. The Honourable Lady Sausse, Beaufort Castle, Inverness, is authorised by the Rev. Father de Bray to receive and transmit names, also to send papers of admission which notify the indulgences and approbations. The desire of His Holiness that the devotion should extend to the uttermost parts of the earth is being realised, for the associates are more or less numerous in every part of the world, and great favours spiritual and temporal have been obtained.

The passages quoted from Father Chalippe's "Life of St. Francis" afford glimpses of the graces vouchsafed in the past: those of the future may equal or even surpass them, for the power and goodness of Mary remain unchanged. The

same may be said of the celestial spirits in their degree. We all need their intercession, influence, and assistance; but, perhaps, that so much needed assistance may in life and death be proportioned to our devotion to and confidence in, the Angels and their Queen.

(*To be continued.*)

No. II.—HOW EVENTS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD IN GERMANY; OR, THE BISMARCKIAN PERSECUTION OF THE CHURCH AND ITS EFFECTS.

It has been provided by the Creator of all, in His wisdom, since it has been permitted to the beasts, the fish, the birds, and the creeping things, after the fall of man, that they should for the most part live by the stronger preying upon the weaker, first, that the strong creatures whose nature it is to prey upon others and not to be much preyed upon in return by reason of their excess of strength, should not be endowed with the same power of multiplying their species as the others, for which reason they are happily comparatively few in numbers; and, secondly, it has been provided, that even the weakest creatures should be furnished with their own peculiar means of defence against their stronger aggressors. Over all the lower creatures which thus seek to live by preying one on the other, man is constituted in dominion and sovereignty without appeal. He is lord paramount over their life, and every beast, however strong and fierce, retreats from before the superior intelligence of the man. Where man has taken possession of the soil, he surrounds himself with all kinds of beasts that minister to his wants and pleasures, and then he is seen to provide for their particular safety and well-being. All the others that would prey upon those which he favours he exterminates without mercy. Man, then, has his own among the creatures, and, as a rule, he takes good care of them so long as they are useful to him; but circumstances, notwithstanding, continually arise when they lose the protection of man, and are thrown on their own natural means of defence.

This condition of man and the lower creatures becomes to a very great degree an image of the Church under its Divine Lord and Sovereign. Our Lord has promised to be with His

Church all days to the end of time: but he has by no means promised any unconditional protection to His people. He has not guaranteed them any absolute security from their natural enemies. They are always liable to suffer from the falsehoods and hatred of Governments, from the wily machinations of hostile statesmen and the pressure of their iniquitous laws, from outbreaks of popular fury, and numbers of other evils. The care and providence of God over His Church perfectly admits of a particular local monarch, like Henry VIII., taking advantage of a time of laxity and cowardice to plunge a whole nation into schism. It is also perfectly consistent with the permission now given to a crafty and resolute enemy like Prince Bismarck to play the part of the wild boar in the particular portion of vineyard subject to him, to root up the choice vines thereof and to break down its fences. All such things as these are permitted to come to pass without prejudice to the providence of God, in every variety of form, in all parts of the world, and in every generation. "If my people would have listened to me," says God by his prophet, "if Israel would have walked in my ways, then perchance I would have humbled his enemies as nothing, and I would have laid my hand upon those that vexed him" (Ps. lxxx. 14). But when the Catholic people have notably failed to fulfil the conditions on which God has held out to them the hope of His taking their defence and protection directly into His own hands, and when He in consequence permits an enemy and persecutor like Prince Bismarck to have power for a time to rage against them, even then the same Divine providence leaves open to them all the ways and resources of defence by which, on the general plan of the creation, the creatures that are liable to be preyed upon by others are still left perfectly at liberty, to do their best to defend themselves and to use their wits to escape out of the way of their pursuers, so as to avoid becoming a prey to them.

The ruling idea that underlies the statecraft of all such statesmen as Prince Bismarck is to try to recover the exercise of absolute national sovereignty, such as it existed in the nations before Christ. The nations then had each their own false gods, and had, consequently, each their own national religion, such as it was, all conveniently comprised in the limits of their own territories. This is exactly the state of things which Prince Bismarck and the other statesmen of his school want to have back again. That a religion for the people of their country

should be true or should be false, this does not matter so much as a single pin to them: what they look to solely is, can it or can it not be compressed into the limits of their particular territory? If there is any one well known religion that cannot be so compressed, it does not matter the least to these statesmen how plainly it can be proved to be of heavenly origin, how signally it may be attested by the continual presence of miraculous and supernatural signs; it does not signify one atom how many benefits it brings with it to civil life in the way of education and beneficent institutions, all conducted by the self-denying services of the servants of the religion—it cannot be compressed into their territory, and that is enough. Prince Bismarck's doctrine for the German people, when plainly put, runs thus; "Beloved countrymen, except your way to heaven can be completely kept under control within the limits of German territory, you must give up all thoughts about going to heaven at all. There must be no such thing as heaven for you, O German people, except the way to it can be entirely regulated, to the exclusion of all foreign interference, within the German boundary. Any sort of religion, heathenish or otherwise, that you like, you are quite welcome to have, provided only it can be governed in Germany. The religion of the Pope, consequently, cannot be allowed at any price, because, as you may see very plain, this is a thing that cannot be compressed into the German boundaries. Look round the whole catalogue of all the Gods of the nations, and choose any one or more of them you like. Please yourselves within these limits, and welcome, but renounce, like sensible people, all connection with the Pope of Rome. This you certainly must do, whether with a good or a bad grace, and then you can enjoy freely all the advantages and privileges of the great German empire in peace."

It is, as we have said, the privilege of all Creation not to surrender themselves helplessly to be preyed upon, but to use their wits to save themselves. Prince Bismarck's undisguised determination to root out of the German empire the religion of the Roman Catholic Church has had the effect of evoking the latent spirit and courage of the Catholic population in Germany. There is no illusion possible in dealing with such a spirit as his. The question to be tried is which will prove the strongest—the right-minded faith and endurance of the Catholic multitude, united to their prelates and clergy, or the craft of the politician wielding the powers of his State. Now

this craft of the politician may prove a terrible scourge for punishment, when it finds the Catholic multitudes ignorant, the clergy inattentive to their duties, and the prelates courtiers and worshippers of the powers that be. But when it finds the prelates vigilant and firm, the clergy sound and alive to their duties, and the multitude faithful, then State measures of oppression produce results like the contact of flint with steel; sparks of light ensue, but neither are broken in pieces nor materially shattered.

That such will be even the happy result of Prince Bismarck's measures, we have the best reason to hope. The issue is in the hands of God, who, as a modern poet says—

> "Brings good out of evil,
> And loves to disappoint the devil."

We see on the part of the Catholics in Germany most excellent signs of their courage and intelligence being fully evoked to defend themselves. Whatever, then, it may please God to send, at least the Catholics of Germany are not at all in a mind to surrender themselves and their cause as helpless victims to be eaten up at the convenience of their persecutor.

Now, if we can only get the German people to take to the idea of a "National Church," thinks Prince Bismarck to himself, "we shall be masters of the situation." Immediately all Germany is inundated with the following clear, plain-spoken little treatise, "The Catholic Church or a German National Church: A Sequel to the Last Will and Testament of S. Bonifacius." Of this little work we append the brief summary that follows, that our readers may form some idea for themselves how our brethren in Germany defend their cause.

Chapter I.

> Everything must come to nought,
> Which man apart from God has thought.

This chapter sets forth how a certain Great Master Builder, nearly two thousand years ago, built up His house in so firm and lasting a way, that no work of the hands of men could be compared with it. It was strengthened with seven pillars, the first of which was its *Solidity*, that no storm or earthquake could shake it. The second pillar was its *Unity:* all its separate parts joined on to its centre, and made a most perfect whole. The third pillar was its *Sanctity*, a gift flowing from

the Divine Spirit breathed into it. The fourth pillar was its *Durability:* it was not to be corroded by any effect of time or hostile power. Its fifth pillar was its *Infallibility:* it was to be proof against being brought to ruin by any deception or falsehood. Its sixth pillar was its *Unchangeableness*, by which it was to survive the changes and vicissitudes of all the things of men. Its seventh pillar was its divinely given *Strength and Fruitfulness*, by which it was to bear witness that it came from the hands of the living God.

But among the nations of the world were many who, inheriting from their ancestor Adam the pride of having ways of their own, found each their own fault with the building. To one it was too large, to another too small, to a third it was too wide, to a fourth too narrow; and so they set to work to build houses of their own; but, compared with the work of Christ, theirs proved to be but mud cabins.

Such is the Babel that has been continually going on; and if you ask what is the latest thing that has been imagined, I answer, there is now something preparing quite new in its own way, "A German National Church." Shall we help to build it with them? The Catholic Church, or a German National Church? this is the question.

CHAPTER II.—*What it is to be a Catholic.*

"One Faith, one Baptism"—(Eph. iv. 5).

Catholic means universal, and for the Church to be Catholic, it must claim to be the Church of all the nations of the world. It must be the World Wide Church. It must have its separate parts united to its chief seat of government, which is the Holy Roman See, where sits its Chief Pastor and Sovereign Pontiff, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, the successor of S. Peter. See how honourable a thing it is to have a place in the one great company which embraces all the nations of the world. We ought to fall on our knees and thank God that He has given us our place in it. How ought we not remember the parable that bids us beware of the demon of pride, which put into the mind of the son to leave his father's house, destined before long to eat husks with the swine.

CHAPTER III.—*Palace or mud cabin, which do we choose?*

Here is a thing put before us, which we are strongly urged to take up, and they call the thing a "German

National Church." What sort of a thing is this German National Church? It is a thing, in the first place, that is to be confined to the German nation—that is, only so far, and no further. It is a thing entirely broken off from the great body of the Catholic Church, and which is to have as little as may be, or rather nothing whatever, to do with the Pope.

CHAPTER IV.—*The beginning, the Progress, and the End of a National Church.*

"From bad to worse."

Easy-minded, well-meaning people do not see much harm at first in letting themselves be called "German Catholics." They do not intend any direct separation from the Pope; that would, of course, be "too bad:" but then place any round ball on a level slope, and it will be sure to go on rolling downwards. The next step in a National Church is that their incomes are to be taken away by law from all refractory Bishops, and the Jesuit Fathers are to be expelled, to prevent their disturbing the national quiet. Then next comes farewell to all fixed doctrines. In a National Church there must be of course no disturbing bigotry in favour of any one doctrine over another. After the toleration of all doctrines follows their entire denial, and the end of the National Church is the rejection of all Christianity.

CHAPTER V.—*The Song of the Sirens; or, "Come over to us."*

These people that recommend a National Church to us, undoubtedly do their best to sing a pleasant song. So, says the fable, also did the sirens, who were a number of mermaids, that, on seeing a vessel approach the famous whirlpool near which they dwelt, used to sing such bewitching melodies that the sailors, entranced by the sound, allowed their vessel to be drawn down into the whirlpool, where it was dashed to pieces against the rocks.

They first talk to us about truth. But then for the discovery of truth they have no criterion, and have, consequently, no means of knowing what it is.

Then they talk to us about freedom, and becoming free; but the Gospel says, "The truth shall make you free;" and if they do not know what is truth, how can they know what is freedom?

Then they talk to us about the "love of Fatherland;" but

then we do not want the help of the National Church to teach us to love "Fatherland." We already love our Fatherland with all the love that becomes good Christians, and in this respect we have nothing new to learn.

CHAPTER VI.—*Our Watchword—"True to Rome."*

The long and short of the matter is, what you National Church people want from us is that we should break with Rome—"Away from Rome," that is your watchword. Well, then, hear ours—"*True to Rome.*"

We will not touch your work of deceit and rebellion. No, not with the tip of our little finger. Our watchword, with that of every good Catholic throughout the world, is—TRUE TO ROME. F.

No. IV.—MISSIONARY WORK.

THE MISSION OF THE FATHERS OF THE CONGREGATION OF THE HOLY GHOST TO THE NEGROES IN ZANZIBAR AND THE AFRICAN CONTINENT.

ZANZIBAR is a little island situated in the 6th degree of southern latitude, close to the east coast of the continent of Africa. On account of the salubrity of its climate, the fertility of the soil, and the convenience of its position as a trading station for the commerce of the immense adjoining continent, it has grown up within a short period of time into a place of no little importance. The town of the same name, founded within the present century, has come to be the head-quarters of the traders who deal in tropical products, in which it rivals the East Indies, having been but a short time since the principal slave market for Arabia. The town may have a population of about 80,000, and the whole island about 380,000. The principal part of its population are the tribe of the *Sawahelis* or *Suahelis* (dwellers on the plains), a vigorous and well-formed people, who, however, in their jet-black colour resemble the negro race, while their language has much in common with that of the Caffirs. The government, however, is in the hands of the swarthy Arabs, that is, of the mixed breeds descended from the Arabs and the native population. For some centuries the Arabs have established themselves on the eastern coast of Africa, and have made the Suahelis Mahometans. About two hundred years ago, the Imams of Muscat took pos-

session of the coast, and the Sultan of Zanzibar, descended from them, rules over a district of the continent which reaches from Cape Delgado, 10 deg. 40m. south latitude, to Magadoscha, on the 2nd degree of northern latitude, that is, a tract of coast upwards of 800 miles in length. It should be said, however, that his sovereignty extends into the interior only so far as the negro tribes, whether heathen or Mahometan, find their advantage in acknowledging it.

In the year 1859, Mgr. Maupoint, the Bishop for the time being of S. Denis, in the Island of Bourbon, resolved to found a mission on the east coast of Africa. His Vicar-General, M. Fava, declared himself ready to undertake the work in person, and proposed that Zanzibar should be chosen as the head-quarters of their intended work. The plan met the approval of the Bishop, and towards the end of the year 1860, M. Fava set out for Zanzibar to begin the work. In addition to two priests, and two friends of the name of Iego and Schimff, who went with him, there formed part of the company six sisters of the congregation of the "Daughters of Mary," a religious community which had sprung up in the Isle of Bourbon, also a medical man who had been in the service of the French navy. In order to secure more easily their entrance into the country, they had determined to begin with the founding of a hospital. They landed on the island on the 22nd of December, 1860, took possession of a somewhat roomy house of which the French Consul had taken a lease for them, and on Christmas at midnight, the first Mass was able to be celebrated in the hastily erected chapel, when the mission was formally opened.

The missionaries were received with the most warm and friendly welcome by Said Medschid, the Sultan of Zanzibar, and set themselves at once to their work. Two hospitals were founded, a smaller one for European sailors, and a larger one for the native population. The kindness and charity with which the sisters received all comers, without distinction of religion, soon won them every heart. An elementary school also was opened, and, under the supervision of the priests, some artisans, who had been brought from Bourbon, were employed in teaching handicraft trades to the poor negro children. In the course of the year, M. Fava was able to send the Bishop of S. Denis a very favourable report of their progress. The Bishop, however, could not fail to be convinced that the permanent keeping up the work that had been begun would never

be in his power, and that he must, consequently, endeavour to place it in the hands of some religious Community, inasmuch as he had not a sufficiency of secular priests for the service of his own diocese. His first application was to the Jesuit Fathers, but, as they were unable to entertain the request, owing to an accumulation of engagements, his choice fell on the Congregation of the Holy Ghost and the Sacred Heart of Mary, founded especially for the evangelization of Africa. For eight years a member of this Congregation, the Rev. Fr. Horner, had been labouring with great zeal and success among the lepers of the Isle of Bourbon, and as soon as the Superior of the Congregation, the Rev. P. Schwindenhammer, had signified his assent, the mission was confided to the Congregation in question, and Fr. Horner was appointed its Superior, the Bishop for the time still preserving his jurisdiction over it.

On the 16th of June, 1863, the new Superior landed on the island, and was received by the Sultan with even still greater manifestations of good will than had been shown to his predecessors. Under his prudent leadership and with the willing help of his associates, who kept coming to join him, the mission began to exhibit signs of increase. Both hospitals were soon so crowded that nine sisters were no longer sufficient fully to discharge their duties as nurses of the sick. The school of handicraft trades also made very satisfactory progress, but, notwithstanding, the Fathers were not as yet able to begin their proper work, the conversion of the negroes. This beginning Fr. Horner at length accomplished by means of the school. We remarked above, that up to the summer of 1873, Zanzibar was one of the principal markets for slaves. Between fifteen and twenty thousand slaves used to be brought over there from the continent every year and were, for the most part, sold into Arabia.

Nothing can present a more revolting sight than a slave caravan, in the condition in which it reaches the coast, coming from out of the interior of the continent. The survivors, men, women, and children, reel about like living skeletons, tied one to the other and secured with blocks of wood, frequently destitute of the necessary clothing, the greater part perishing through hunger, fatigue, and exhaustion, and marking the line of march taken by the caravan with their dead bodies. The custom is to have the unfortunate people, on arriving at the place of embarkation, closely packed in a small sailing vessel, and shipped across to Zanzibar. Happy for them if a

favourable wind cuts short their passage, otherwise their suffering reaches its utmost height, and hunger, thirst, dirt and uncleanliness, and above all, anxiety as to the fate awaiting them, leads very frequently to suicide. Arrived at Zanzibar, the living chattels are then sent to the Custom House, where a capitation tax of six shillings must be there and then paid. For economy's sake, those of the slaves who appear too feeble to be likely to survive are thrown overboard before the entry into the port. Once, however, fairly in Zanzibar, their sufferings come to an end, for then it is supposed to be good policy to feed and treat them well, that the highest possible price may be obtained for them. After this, they are sent into the market for sale. No very high price, however, is generally realised for them. Children, boys, and young girls cost only from 25 to 50 francs (£1 to £2).

Fr. Horner came to conviction that here was an opportunity that might be turned to good account for the commencement of a Christian settlement. The plan he proposed to himself was to buy as many negro children as possible, to bring them up as Christians, and afterwards to plant them out as colonists on the continent, where they would form centres round which their heathen countrymen might be gathered together and converted to Christianity. No sooner said than done. As far as the small means which were at the disposal of the mission permitted, he purchased negro children, and within a short time he had acquired as many as a hundred and ten, partly boys and partly girls. The sultan, who took a warm interest in the plan, had sent him a sum of £30 for the purchase of these children. The young boys were brought up in two elementary schools, and the girls in a third, while the boys who were grown up learned various trades under the direction of the lay Brothers, and the girls in a similar manner learned the various occupations proper to their sex under the instruction of the Sisters. Year by year the institute of Fr. Horner assumed greater proportions, and it became necessary to contemplate measures for its extension.

"We are no longer able," he wrote, on the 29th of December, 1867, "to keep all the children with us in Zanzibar; housekeeping expenses in the city are too great, and we cannot get sufficient employment in Zanzibar for all of them. To leave them to themselves in the midst of Mahometans would be to expose all the fruit of our instruction to the risk of being lost. I have thought, therefore, of establishing an agricultural colony on the continent at Bagamoyo. The land there is held to belong to those who occupy and begin to cultivate it. The soil is very productive, and it would not only

maintain the colony itself, but also contribute to the support of the parent mission. Our married Christians would be able to settle themselves there, and we have already ten of our grown-up youths who have married girls from the school of the Sisters, and others quite ready to follow their example, so soon as we are able to find them a habitation. This first nucleus will then increase, not only through the additions from our school children as they grow up, but also through the accession of negroes from the interior. Disturbed by the incessant wars of one tribe with another, a great number of the negroes will be sure to come and to wish to settle in the neighbourhood of our colonies, in order to find there security and peace. It should also not be forgotten that we have to do with a forlorn population, who are not infected with either Mahometanism or fetish worship. Christian instruction and regular labour will then make a population happy who have not at present so much as even a notion of what happiness is."

The Bishop highly approved of Fr. Horner's plan, which was carried into effect in the following year, 1868. The place chosen was Bagamoyo, and the Sultan, on being applied to, made the mission a grant in writing of a tract of land five miles in circumference. Bagamoyo is the usual place of embarkation for the slave caravans coming from the interior, and was the starting point which Speke and Burton, as also Stanley, selected for their expedition into the interior. By the 10th of December, 1868, the colony was in full operation, fifty buildings, some larger, some smaller, had been built, and on the 19th of March, 1872, a new chapel was blessed, in the place of the temporary chapel at first erected. By this time, a large portion of the land had been brought under cultivation, the Fathers, Brothers and Sisters had been established in their respective dwellings, and the workshops of the various handicraft trades had been erected, and were in full operation.

As the mission was in this flourishing condition, it was visited, on the 15th of April, 1872, by a most terrible hurricane. Out of upwards of fifty buildings, only four fully resisted the force of the wind, and many were completely swept away. The missionaries, however, did not allow themselves to be disheartened by the calamity, but set themselves bravely to repair the disaster, with what success we may learn from documents found in the blue book containing the "Correspondence respecting Sir Bartle Frere's Mission to the East Coast of Africa" (1872–73), printed by Harrison and Sons.

It will be remembered that in the spring of 1873, Sir Bartle Frere was sent by the English Government to the East Coast of Africa, and specially to Zanzibar, with full powers to put an end to the traffic in slaves. Sir Bartle Frere received

hospitality from the Superior of the Mission, and in his letter to Earl Granville dated, "Enchantress, off Cape Guarda Fui, April 5th, 1872," he speaks of his reception as follows :—

"We were indebted for a night's shelter to the hospitable care of the French Fathers. Their mission at Bagamoyo was established, four and a half years ago, by Père Horner, on land granted them by the late Sultan, and in that time they have, with no other aid than that of their pupils—chiefly slaves liberated by our cruisers—cleared some eighty acres of land, built comfortable houses for themselves and the Sisterhood which is attached to the mission, and set up a chapel and dormitories, and schoolrooms for their 300 pupils. Most of these are boys and girls, but there are some adults, who have married, and live in a small village close by. The mission would be almost self-supporting by this time, were it not for the recent hurricane, which blew down several of their buildings, including the greater part of the chapel, and otherwise did much harm. The Brethren of this order are chosen on account of special aptitude for their work, and are themselves the instructors in the several trades which their pupils learn. These latter seem happy and intelligent; some quite little boys, who had not been at the establishment more than two months, were already able to spell out their French lesson books.

"This order being Alsatian, has naturally suffered considerably from the late war, and their Superior, Père Horner, whose acquaintance I made in Zanzibar, where I accompanied him over the establishment which they have in that town, has now left for Europe to endeavour to collect more funds. The Zanzibar establishment receives liberated slaves and educates them in the same manner as at Bagamoyo; it possesses besides, a foundry which is worked by negroes, and, till lately, maintained a hospital and resident French physician, whose services were always at the disposal of any European sailors or indigent persons who might require them. The poverty caused by the war has, however, necessitated the recall of this gentleman to Europe, and the hospital no longer exists, though the Fathers still assist the sick as best they can. Whilst I was at Zanzibar they took in, and cared for till his death, a young Englishman named Hicks, who had come out to collect natural history specimens. I was so much struck with the admirably practical system on which this mission is conducted that, on finding their funds were at a low ebb, and that they had received nothing on account of the liberated slave children made over to them, I contributed to their funds, on Government behalf, the sum of £200, and feel sure that my having done so will meet with your lordship's approval."

Sir Bartle Frere, in a memorandum on the disposal of liberated slaves addressed to Earl Granville, dated Poona, May 7th, 1873, gives a second and more detailed account of the signal services rendered by the mission to the cause of humanity, confirmed in the most practical manner by saying :—

"Should they require and wish for assistance, I think it should be afforded to them by the British Consul, in the same way as I have proposed for the Universities Mission, without reference to the nationality of an institution so judiciously promoting the object which the British Government has in view for the freedom and civilization of East Africa."

Fr. Horner had taken charge of 200 freed slaves made over to his mission by Dr. Kirk, the English Consul at Zanzibar, and encouraged by Sir Bartle Frere, he at length made an application to the English Government for assistance, pleading the crippled condition of the finances of the mission, caused by the damages resulting from the hurricane of the preceding year.

The application was forwarded to Earl Granville, accompanied by remarks of Mr. Hill, secretary to Sir Bartle Frere's mission, from which we extract the following passages, as honourable to the missionaries as they are to the spirit of equity and fair discernment which dictated them.

"Moreover, in considering the sacrifices which, as Père Horner justly points out, the missionaries are called upon to make in behalf of these liberated slaves, we must not forget the *raison d'etre* of the mission is the welfare of the African race, and in no way can a large number of Africans be better or more immediately aided than by the care which is bestowed on these sufferers.

"It is clear, however, that Great Britain, who has taken upon herself the duty of liberating slaves, is bound, even at a large cost, to see that they are not the sufferers by her acts."

Mr. Hill then recommends that a bonus of £5 should be paid for every freed slave, young or old, handed over to the mission, and adds—

"Objections may very likely be raised to thus encouraging a Roman Catholic institution, but till our missionary societies follow their example, and train up their pupils to be useful citizens as well as pious Christians, what is to be done? It is surely better that those pagan Africans should learn Christianity, even in a form with which we do not agree, than that they should be left in their present benighted state."—(Page 140.)

The above account may well make us long for the day when we may be able to find in the blue-books of the Government an equally sincere and honourable testimony to the efficiency of a missionary work to the suffering negroes which has set sail from our own shores, but in order to the fulfilment of such hopes, a missionary spirit needs to be infused and to pervade all the veins and arteries of our Catholic population; the essentially missionary character of the Catholic faith needs to be patiently taught and patiently inculcated in catechism classes and in family circles, and likewise, as well from the pulpit as from the platform of public meetings. F.

MIRABILIA DEI.

SOME years ago, when the Mission of the Oblate Fathers in Leeds was in its first beginnings, the Community of Nuns having been but recently established, there prevailed among the working classes no little hatred, contempt, and disposition to quarrel with, and speak ill of, all that was being done to establish the mission and to benefit the surrounding population. Foremost among the spirits of this kind was a certain man of the name of Scruton, belonging to one or other of the Dissenting sects. It happened to this man one morning that he greatly surprised his wife, by telling her to set out at once and to go and bring to him the Pope of Rome, for that he had heard a voice in the early part of the morning say quite distinctly to him, that he must become a Roman Catholic, or his soul would be eternally lost. It should here be mentioned that the man had for some weeks shown signs of a break-up in his constitution, and was not at the time this happened able to go to his work. His wife, finding him in real downright earnest, said she did not know where the Pope of Rome was to be found, but she would go and ask if any one knew. Amongst others to whom she put her question, she came across some Catholic neighbour, an Irishman, who told her that there was no chance of her finding the Pope of Rome, for he lived beyond the seas, but that he supposed her husband meant the Catholic priest, and he would show her his house.

She went to the house, told her story, and in due time the father came to visit the man, who, however, seemed to know nothing except that the voice which had spoken to him had been extremely explicit, and had told him that a Roman Catholic he must be, or suffer the penalty of his refusal. The curious part of the case was that the man had no sort of doubt whatever about the voice having spoken, and about what it was the voice had spoken, with which, he perfectly understood there could be no trifling; but, notwithstanding, he did not appear in any particular way changed from his original prejudice against the religion. There was room for great doubt on this ground; but, on the other hand, the circumstances were so remarkable, and the man was so extremely clear on the point that he must comply with what the voice had spoken, that the priest resolved to receive his confession and take him into the Church.

This soon became known to his friends in his own sect, and they gathered about him expressing such unanimous and universal horror of what he had done, that it was not long before they overcame him, and ended by persuading him that he was the victim of his own fancies, that it was all nonsense, and that no voice of any kind had really spoken to him, still less had it said anything so extremely improbable and unlikely.

The priest was not, perhaps, surprised at this untoward termination of his labours, but did not lose sight of the man, recommended him to the prayers of a Community of Nuns, and other good people, and waited the issue.

The man grew more feeble, and was at length confined to his bed; when, after an interval of several days, he heard the same voice distinctly say to him, "Scruton, you must become a Roman Catholic, or you will be eternally lost!" He called his wife, and told her to go at once and fetch the Roman Catholic priest to him. "No," she said, "you have not treated him handsome, and he won't come to you any more. If I had gone over to the Catholics, like you, I should have considered I ought to have stayed with them, and it is no use going for him, now, after what you've done." "Well," but he said, "I have heard the voice again, and it has said the same to me, as before, and if you won't go for the priest, I must go to him myself." His wife, seeing him quite determined, and that he could not be stopped, wrapped a blanket about him, as it was raining, and out they set together. In going out of the house the street descended rather steeply, and, at the bottom of the descent was a hollow in which water gathered in rainy weather. Into this water the man, who was feeble on his legs, fell, and the charitable passer-by who first came to the rescue was, providentially, a strong, powerful Irishman, who, on learning where he wanted to go, took him on his back and carried him to the house of the priest.

On being brought into the house, the father, on seeing his feeble and distressed condition, offered him some wine; but the man said, firmly, "No, no; I have had too much of that sort of thing in my time; I am come to try and make my peace with God, and don't pray let us lose any time."

From this time, forward, the poor man was quite changed; he received all the rites of the Church, and, in a fortnight or three weeks afterwards, made a peaceful and edifying end in the unity and faith of the Church.

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No. VII.—SACRUM SEPTENARIUM:

The fourth gift of the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Fortitude; and in what manner the great Mother of the Christian family exemplifies this spirit for the encouragement of her children.

It is recorded, by his biographer, of the well-known Dr. Johnson, that on hearing it said of one of his acquaintances that he was greatly wanting in fortitude, he observed, "Then, sir, he will very soon be without any of the other virtues." In these words we have very probably an independent testimony, which is not without its value, to the truth of a Catholic doctrine. Fortitude, S. Thomas teaches, holds the foremost post as the conservative of the other virtues, just as cowardice, in which, under certain conditions, there may not be wanting the guilt of mortal sin, is a principal cause of their being lost.

S. Thomas's words run as follows: "The good which right reason embraces as such," according to S. Dionysius, "is the proper good of man, and this good 'prudence' possesses essentially, as being itself right reason in its perfection. Justice is productive of this good, inasmuch as it appertains to justice to establish the order of right reason in all human things. The other virtues * (temperance and fortitude) are conservative of this good, inasmuch as they control the passions and prevent them leading men aside from the good of reason. And here fortitude holds the post of pre-eminence, for the fear of danger, particularly of the danger of death, exercises a most powerful influence in drawing men aside from the good of reason." (2da 2dæ qu. cxxiii. 12.)

Quite similar passages might be quoted from other parts of the "summa" of S. Thomas, all confirming the truth that the general fear, of painful labour and suffering proper to our

* S. Thomas is here speaking of the four cardinal virtues—*Prudence, Justice, Temperance, and Fortitude.*

nature, that reaches its height in the fear of death, must always be liable to place such formidable obstacles in the way of virtue and religion, that the spirit of fortitude becomes in consequence indispensable to Christian life.

S. Paul's words, where he is speaking of the difficulties which beset his work as an Apostle, may be taken as an apt illustration how the case stands. He says: "For when we had come to Macedonia, our flesh had no rest; we had to go through every kind of tribulation, fightings without, fears within." (II. Cor., vii. 5.)

God had a signal purpose of mercy in view, when He implanted in man the repugnance to all that is painful and the dread and terror of death. By this capacity for suffering the pains of both body and mind, we are made amenable to a discipline of continual correction. In the case of the higher spirits created in light, their trial was short and decisive; and the reprobation of the angels who fell was, once for all, irreversible and for eternity. But in the case of man made of flesh and blood—lower than the angels—the Scripture says the "just man shall fall seven times and shall rise again." The original plan, then, of the Divine Creation provided this very capacity for suffering pain, in order that through it God might have a perpetual power in His hands to teach man what to avoid; that He might make it minister to his recovery if he fell, and that it might furnish the means of applying continual correction to whatever might need correction. It was no part of the original Divine Creation, that an enemy of man should obtain a footing in His world, and should come to be able to make use of this capacity for the ends of his own evil dominion. We have received it from God, in order to our being amenable to His own Divine and fatherly chastisements, and not to the will of Satan. Such an enemy was never meant to hold in his hands the power of pressure and compulsion proper to our nature of flesh and blood, that he might thereby rivet his chains upon us, and hold us fast bound in our sins. Yet this is precisely what has been the consequence of Eve's listening to the deceit of her enemy, and of her drawing Adam aside to share in the deception. Satan then gained a footing in a world not belonging to him, and God in His wisdom did not see fit then and there to take away from him what he had gained. The delivery was to be in God's own way and time; and St. Paul makes this known to us in the following words: "Because

therefore the children have partaken of flesh and blood, He also would partake of the same, that by death He might destroy him who had the power of death; that is, the devil, and that He might deliver those who, through fear of death, were all their life subject to servitude." (Heb. ii., 14.)

The Scripture furnishes us with many memorable examples of the way in which God, on the one side, has used our fear of pain and death to enforce his Divine law; and, on the other, how Satan has also used it to dispute the sovereignty of God and to uphold his own rival power. For an example, among many, it was a precept of the law of Moses, "Thou shalt not bring anything into thine house that has come from an idol, lest thou become like it anathema." (Deut. vii., 26.) In the Book of Josue we have recorded an example of the transgression of this precept by an Israelite which brought a defeat on the army of Israel. The transgressor was discovered by the lot falling on his tribe, and then on his family, until it came to himself, and when Josue said to him, "My son, give glory to the Lord God of Israel, confess and tell me what thou hast done, conceal it not,"—the delinquent made a full confession of his guilt. All Israel, the Scripture says, then assembled themselves in the valley of Achor, and there they publicly stoned the offender to death and burnt all that belonged to him with fire; and they erected a great heap of stones over the place, which the Scripture relates remains "up to the present day" to perpetuate the memory of the judgment. Here God is seen using the fear and dread of death to enforce His own laws.

Let us now see a contrary instance of the enemy of God, the deceiver of Eve, using the fear of a terrible death to establish the worship of an idol against the worship of God. Nabuchodonosor the King set up an image of gold, of the height of sixty cubits, and of the breadth of six cubits; and when a vast multitude from all parts of his empire were assembled before it, a herald proclaimed, "To you it is said, ye peoples, tribes, and languages: in the same hour that ye hear the sound of the trumpet and all kinds of music, you fall down and adore the image which Nabuchodonosor the King has set up. And if anyone shall not fall down and adore it, the same hour he shall be cast in the furnace of burning fire." Even then there were three Hebrews—Sidrach, Misach and Abdenago, who refused to fall down, and who preferred to be cast into the fire: the first fruits of the innumerable army of

martyrs, who were to be seen hereafter to defy death in its most terrible forms.

The Christian law in the same way has abounded in precisely similar examples of God continuing to enforce respect to His Name by the fear of suffering and of death; while Satan, for his part, on the other hand, has never ceased with increased rage to employ the fear of tortures and violent death, to hinder the progress of the faith preached by the Apostles and the Church.

Hardly had the Apostolic doctrines begun to make their way among the people of Jerusalem, before the judgment of sudden death inflicted by the hand of God upon Ananias and Sapphira, spread, as the Scripture says, a salutary terror "on the whole Church, and on all who heard of it." (Acts vii.) God also has never been known to desist from continually interposing as well to punish the sins of those who have embraced the Christian faith, as when St. Paul, speaking of the guilt of unworthy communicants says, "for this cause many among you are sick and many sleep" (die) (I. Cor. xi., 30); as also to bring the persecutors of His Church to a bad end. Satan, again, on the other side, has never rested from using his liberty, as far as it has not been taken away from him, to employ the fear of torture and death to deter people from embracing the offer of salvation, made to them in the Christian covenant. Hence the particular tenor of the message of the Spirit, to the Church of Smyrna, contained in the Apocalypse, "Fear none of the things thou art about to suffer: Behold, the devil is about to cast some of you into prison that you may be tried, and you shall have tribulation for ten days. Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee the crown of life." (Apoc. ii.,10.) Space does not permit here more than a bare mention of the Roman Empire, and the war of extermination which Satan waged for three hundred years, through its courts of law, against the Christian people, in which a countless army of martyrs proved themselves superior to the fear of death in its worst forms. A war, it may be observed, that other powers, yet to come into the world, may carry on with even greater fierceness still, in the times yet to come.

Seeing, then, that God in His wisdom has not judged it to be good for the Christian people, that their adversary Satan, the deceiver of Eve, should have his power of inflicting torture and death wholly taken away from him, and seeing that it is according to the will of God that Christian life should, on the

whole, be subjected, in ways infinitely too varied to enumerate, according to the Apostle's words, to "fightings without, fears within;" it becomes clear at once that God, in His fatherly mercy, will consider and provide for the condition of the flesh and blood that He has created, and which by embracing the Christian faith, to which all men are called, must necessarily become exposed to the merciless rage and power of Satan that He has not thought good entirely to take away from him. This God has done for us, through the fourth gift of the Holy Ghost—"The Spirit of Fortitude."

Fortitude is the characteristic virtue of the profession of arms, and so indispensable is fortitude to the life and calling of military service, that a soldier without it is an object of universal contempt. It must be a thing then worthy of note, that S. Paul's favourite mode of animating his converts to courageous perseverance as Christians, is by using to them the language of military service; "Put on," he says, "the armour of God, that you may be able to stand against the snares of the devil. For our warfare is not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers; against the rulers of the world of this darkness; against spiritual wickedness in the high places. . . . Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of justice, and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; in all things taking the shield of faith wherewith you may be enabled to extinguish the fiery darts of the most wicked one, and take to you the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God." (Ephes. vi., 11, &c.) The good soldier of Jesus Christ, as St. Paul exhorts Timothy to prove himself to be, manifestly cannot be without fortitude, and so indispensable is fortitude, as we are taught, to the Christian life, that we find throughout the Apocalypse, the Divine reward invariably promised, only to "him who shall conquer." "Thus," S. John says, "he that shall conquer, shall possess those things, and I will be to him a God, and he shall be to me a son;" and then, what is equally well worthy of note, he proceeds to mention the *cowards* as the *first* among those who are to have their place in the lake of burning fire, which is the second death. (Apoc. xxi., 7.)

If, then, it is, as we have just seen, thus indispensable to the very constitution of Christian life in this world, that there should be a generous and ample correspondence, on our part, with the Divine Gift of the Holy Spirit of Fortitude, the

great Mother of the Christian family will be certain to place before her children, for their encouragement, the motherly example of her own perfect correspondence with this most merciful provision of the Divine bounty, for the needs of our life. Let us study her example.

Fortitude displays itself in the twofold way of courage and promptitude in action, and in the steadfast patience with which painful labours, suffering, and death are endured.

The fortitude in action that is proper to woman, is not to be looked for outside the even and unobtrusive tenor of domestic life. The inspired description of fortitude in woman, that is found in the Book of Proverbs, does not go beyond the region of domestic life. The strong woman there, is the one who takes up her distaff and looks out her wool and her flax, and apportions their work to her maids; and, as the Evangelists have left us no description of the daily life of the holy household in Nazareth, we are left to picture to ourselves the perfect example of matronly fortitude in action which it presented. We may, however, judge from the example of complete intelligent self-possession with which the Blessed Mary weighed and considered the words of the holy Archangel, how perfect must have been the order of daily life in a dwelling which was governed by a matronly authority such as hers.

The chief example, however, which the Mother of the Christian family places before her children, of her correspondence with the Holy Spirit of Fortitude, is in the giving her consent to her Son's offering Himself as a victim of expiation for the sins of the whole world, and in the unfaltering endurance of all that she had to go through, in order publicly to signify to all the world that it was with her consent that He offered Himself; a proof which she gave by standing close to His cross until His sacrifice was consummated.

The tradition of the Catholic Church loves to call Mary the co-redemptrix of the human race; and this title is one that easily justifies itself to the most sober reason. S. Anselm says, "Let there be the least thing that is unbecoming, and in God it becomes impossible." If God condescends to become the Son of a woman, He can be no other than a Son perfect in all the duty that a Son owes to his Mother. But He could not, as a Son perfect in His duty to His Mother, undertake a work involving His separation from her, without first making this known to her and obtaining her consent. Moreover, His expiation of the world's sin on the cross, was

also to be at the same time His own espousals with His new bride—the Church, the Hebrew synagogue being then rejected. Now the immemorial tradition of all mankind requires that a dutiful son should always ask his parents consent to his marriage. The free consent, therefore, of the Mother to the sacrifice of her Son on the Cross, now that He has become her Son, may be seen to be just as essential a part of the Redemption of Man, as was her previous consent to His becoming her Son, at the time of the embassy to her of the Holy Archangel Gabriel. And Mary, by freely giving her consent as Mother, and by publicly signifying her consent, through her presence at the Cross, fully earns her title as co-redemptrix of the human race.

But how is a Mother to bring herself to give her consent to her Son's dying such a death as that of the Cross; and how is she to endure the sight of her Son's death agony—in the presence of the unbelieving, ungrateful, gainsaying multitude of her Son's own people, not to speak of the rude Roman soldiery and the other strangers—except she corresponds in the most perfect manner to the Divine Gift of the "Holy Spirit of Fortitude?" When Agar, wandering in the Wilderness, saw nothing but a prospect of death for her son Ismael, she laid him down under a tree, and went the distance of a bow-shot away, saying, "I shall not see the boy, as he is dying." But our Christian Mother's fortitude had to be proved by her enduring to stand close to His Cross to be the witness of her Son's death on it; and this, too, not in the solitude of a wilderness, but, in addition, braving all the unbelief of the multitude, and all the merciless scorn and derision of her Son's enemies. And had our Christian Mother not thus corresponded with the Divine Gift of the Holy Spirit of Fortitude, so as to bear to stand by His Cross, and to bear to be thus present at her Son's death, the great family of the redeemed would have lacked this marvellous proof that the sacrifice of their redemption was offered, not alone by the free will of the Divine Victim Himself, but also with the free consent of the most Holy Mother, who brought him into the world.

O Most Holy Mother, teach your pusillanimous children by the marvellous example that you place before them, to stir up within themselves the Divine gift of the "Holy Spirit of Fortitude," to meet all the trials of their Christian life, so that "the hands that hang down and the feeble knees may be

lifted up;" and ever pray for us, that we may not shrink from the fightings without, and the fears within, that may be our portion, but rather remember the words of the aged father of the Machabees to his sons, "Do you therefore be strong and quit yourselves like men in the law of God, for in it shall be your glory." (I. Mach. ii., 64.) F.

THE SEVEN JOYS OF MARY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL LATIN BY S. THOMAS OF CANTERBURY.

I.

Rejoice! O sinless child of Eve,
Who didst at Gabriel's word conceive
The Saviour of our race.

II.

Rejoice! O prodigy of earth!
Tho' poor, yet painless, was the birth
Of Christ, thy Child of Grace.

III.

Rejoice! for lo, the Eastern kings
In homage bring their offerings;
The choicest of the land.

IV.

Rejoice! O thou with sorrow torn:
Behold, at length, thy lost first born
Amidst the Doctors' band.

V.

Rejoice! not long the parting dread:
For He, whom thou didst mourn as dead,
Has risen from the grave.

VI.

Rejoice! thy Child ascends on high,
And gains His palace in the sky,
Our guilty souls to save.

VII.

Rejoice! to thee at length 'twas given
To mount the clouds. O Queen of Heaven,
We thy protection crave.

S. S.

No. IV.—THE ARCH-CONFRATERNITY OF OUR LADY OF ANGELS. MIRACULOUS CURES. (*Continuation.*)

Our Lady of Angels ceases not to manifest the prodigies of her power in regard to those who, with confidence and love, invoke her under that title so glorious to herself and so full of hope to men. Desirous of promoting the interests of this august Queen by increasing in men's hearts a tender love for her, and by inspiring them with an unfailing confidence in her powerful intercession, we venture to place before our readers the following interesting facts, for which, however, the "Annales de la Sainteté" must be held responsible.

In a letter addressed to the editor, and bearing date 18th November, 1871, Dr. Deville relates two striking miracles which had occurred on the previous day—one at Angoulême, in favour of a nun afflicted with an ulcerous leprosy, which covered her body—the other at Blois, in behalf of a young orphan who, for the space of eight months, had kept to her bed by reason of an articular affection of the hips. The cure, we are told, was accomplished at the last invocation of a Novena. A letter of the same date refers to a touching incident in connection with the first of these miracles. Whilst a Novena was being made for her to Our Lady of Angels, the sister fell into her agony, and thought that the Blessed Virgin was unwilling to cure her. But the Superior, doubtless enlightened from on High, suddenly exclaimed to her: "An hour hence, and the nine days will be accomplished, and between this and then Mary may still perform a miracle. Let us hope." The hour, in fact, had not elapsed when the sufferer rose from her bed completely cured.

We extract from another letter of the 27th March, 1872, the following:

"For twenty days numberless miracles and wonders have been accomplished on every side. Mary bestows marvellous graces of conversion, as well as of cure. The more persecution increases—the more animosity displays itself—the more does the Holy Virgin strive to exalt her work, and to make herself loved and glorified under this name of Queen of Angels, so dear to her Immaculate Heart."

But, in dealing with facts relating to bodily cures, it behoves us to instance those especially which have the sanction of ecclesiastical authority and of medical men, in order that, resting on undoubted testimony, they may offer no obstacle to our pious belief. To economise space, we shall confine

ourselves to one such fact. The account is dated from Dax (Landes), 6th April, 1872, and is written by the Prioress of the Dominican Convent in that city to the respected Director of the Arch-Confraternity of Our Lady of Angels, the Rev. F. de Bray:

"Early in the month of August, 1871, one of our lay sisters, named Sister Lucy, of a robust and healthy constitution, was suddenly seized with violent pains in the head and loins, followed by inflammation of the spinal marrow. The intensity of the malady rendered her delirious, and for five weeks our young sister was in imminent danger, and received the last rites of the Church. The remedies which were applied relieved for a time the acute sufferings under which she laboured. The disease increased, and for seven months she lay stretched on her bed of pain, unable to move without the help of the Sisters who waited upon her. Her bodily weakness daily increased, and, able to take but little support, each day she felt her malady rapidly progressing till at length paralysis deprived her of the use of her legs, and, humanly speaking, all hope of recovery seemed at an end. Such was the condition of the poor invalid, who, knowing that human remedies were of no avail, at once abandoned herself to God, and sought only the accomplishment of His divine will. The nuns beheld in her a victim chosen by God, and joyfully rendered to her every assistance which affection and charity could suggest. While she nursed in her heart these sentiments of resignation, Divine Providence made known to us the devotion to *Our Lady of Angels*, but by what agency no one, even at this moment, is able to tell. Some unknown person, who may be regarded as a messenger from Heaven, sent us accounts of the conversions and miracles which had taken place through the intercession of Our Lady of Angels. We read with a lively interest these touching recitals, which manifested the goodness of Mary towards the afflicted and sinners. Then it was that the Prioress, in a moment of inspiration, resolved on making a Novena to obtain the Sister's cure, and to draw down upon our convent her maternal protection. She, consequently, wrote to the Rev. F. de Bray to engage his prayers, to ascertain the day on which he would be able to commence the Novena, and what prayers were to be used for the occasion. The community heard with joy and confidence the Rev. Mother's desire, and on the 13th February a Novena was begun after vespers, consisting of *Three Hail Marys*, with the three usual invocations, *Queen of Angels, pray for us*, in which Sister Lucy also joined. During the eight following days no improvement took place; on the contrary, her sufferings were increased by inflammation of the bowels, which deprived her of the little strength that remained. Her hope of recovery now lay in the faith of her Superior, for she often said, 'If I am cured, I shall owe it to the firm faith and confidence of Mother Prioress.' On the eighth day, although no indications of approaching recovery were manifest, the Prioress directed the Infirmarian to have the Sister's habit ready for her to put on on the following day, which was to bring the Novena to a close. In the course of the night she felt a strong desire to get up. She arose, to her great surprise, without any difficulty, and, touching the affected part, hitherto so painful, discovered that the malady had ceased. Then she called to the Sister who slept near to her, saying, 'I shall get up, for I am cured.' She got up, and without

difficulty placed her foot on the ground, but felt herself still unable to walk. Mary's hour was not yet come. The Superior was to be present, and *obedience* was to complete what *faith* had so happily begun. The Sister remarked to her, with a simplicity full of faith, 'You are indeed cured, and to-morrow you will walk. God does not will it now, for we should disturb the community at the office, and cause them to break silence.' She returned to bed; and the two sisters, happy in their knowledge of what had taken place, gratefully thanked the Holy Virgin for her singular protection, and awaited the early dawn to relate the incidents of the night. On the following morning the Prioress requested her not to get up, but to wait till the hour arrived in which the Novena would end. All were most anxious for its approach, for the news of the marvellous change which had taken place had rejoiced all hearts, and increased our confidence in the august Queen of Heaven. We looked for a further proof of Mary's goodness in the belief that her power would not stop there. At half-past two the last prayers were said with much fervour. Our good Mother repaired to the infirmary, and dressed the Sister, interiorly beseeching the Blessed Virgin to complete her work. She then said, 'Now, my child, get up.' At these words, inspired by faith in Mary, our young Sister arose, feeling quite cured—though a moment before her limbs were stiff and powerless—and walked to the choir, where the community were assembled for their spiritual reading.

"I will not attempt to describe the emotions of the community on beholding the Sister enter the choir. The *Magnificat* was solemnly intoned in joyful thanksgiving to Mary, who had restored to life one of her children. Our dear Sister continues well to this day, and her heart overflows with joy and gratitude for the signal favour which she has obtained through the mercy and charity of the Queen of Angels."

"Glory and love to Our Lady of Angels!"

ATTESTATION OF THE BISHOP.

"We, the Bishop of Aire and Dax, conscious of the perfect sincerity of the testimony rendered us by the Dominicanesses of Dax to the above named miraculous cure, hereby declare our full and entire belief in this report, and judge it worthy of the confidence of the pious faithful in the Most Holy Virgin, invoked under the title of Our Lady of Angels.

"Given at Escourse, during a pastoral visitation, this 7th day of April, 1872.

"✠ LOUIS-MARIE,
"Bishop of Aire and Dax."

Subjoined is a certificate of the physician who attended the Sister in her illness:—

"On the 26th February I was summoned to the convent, and, to my inquiries respecting the health of Sister Lucy, the Prioress replied, 'She is better,' and while I expressed my satisfaction at the unexpected change we entered the infirmary. Imagine, then, my astonishment when I found myself face to face with the invalid, who left her chair and met me, smiling at my bewildered look! The Superior related to me the circumstances of this cure occurring some hours after my last visit to the Sister, which I can affirm was for no slight purpose. From that period the improvement remains, and Sister Lucy has never experienced better health.

"This case presents different combined symptoms, which characterise

inflammatory irritation of the membranes of the spinal marrow. But, admitting that the functional disorders may have resulted from weakness, and were not produced by inflammatory pain, it is, nevertheless, undeniable that this radical cure, suddenly occurring after seven months of severe suffering, constitutes an interesting and extraordinary fact quite beyond the ordinary laws of nature.

"DOCTOR LAVIELLE.

"Dax, 20th March, 1872."

"THE ODOUR OF SANCTITY"—WHAT IS MEANT BY IT.

NOT a few persons, when they occasionally happen to hear the expression of such and such a person being reputed to have died in the "odour of sanctity," derive little other idea from it than that the person in question died a holy death, which greatly edified those who were admitted to be witnesses of it. This, however, is very far from the whole truth; for what is meant by the "odour of sanctity" is not a mere phrase or form of speaking, but a real perfume perfectly perceptible to the sense of smelling, and one which no art of the perfumer is able to imitate. It may be compared, indeed, to the scent of certain choice flowers, that of myrrh or balsam, or other sweet and powerful scents; but being strictly of a miraculous nature, it far surpasses any known perfume, and all who have been present, so as to perceive what it really is, are unanimous in declaring that they have never known anything like it.

The "odour of sanctity," thus, when properly understood, is neither more nor less than a miracle which does not belong to the natural life of men; for since the fall, humanity has ceased to possess any inherent perfume of its own. It is able, indeed, to exhale by nature, as is too well known, a great variety of bad smells, but it is totally deprived of anything naturally aromatic proper to itself. In a word, our natural life, when strictly examined, is found to be nothing but one unceasing scene of strife against decay, ill-savour, and putrefaction, by washing, cleaning-up and bathing; by perfumery, antiseptics and disinfectants. In the state of sickness, putrefaction rapidly gains the upper hand. The least wound is almost always fetid, certainly never sweet-smelling, and the strife in question totally ceases with life. Then the triumph of putrefaction is complete, and never in the memory of man has a dead body, or its bones, been known naturally to exhale a perfume. Such is the law to which we are subject, and all

deviation from it can be nothing but a miracle. It is by no means necessary to be in any way versed in science to come to a sound conclusion on this point. Miraculous in its origin, the "odour of sanctity" is as miraculous also in all its other respects: in the manner of its exhalation, in its effects, and in its recurrences and intermissions, as we shall have occasion to see in the remarkable examples we shall be able briefly to select out of a very large number.

But besides being miraculous, the "odour of sanctity," we should know, is also the exclusive prerogative of the Catholic Church, by its title of "sanctity" (credo in Ecclesiam sanctam). This miraculous odour has never been found either among heretics, schismatics, or freethinkers. Heresy and schism have no saints, and consequently can have no "odour of sanctity." Heresy has burned sacred relics, and schism has merely preserved those which it possessed, previous to its separation, without the power to add anything new. If any miraculous perfume is ever known to exhale from these, it can only be through some remnant of mercy, or in the way of reproach to existing sterility. And as regards the company of freethinkers, sheer putrefaction is of course its destiny; nobody will ever want to have anything to do with its relics. It has indeed already its separate burials, and it may even soon have its cemeteries; but if it should obtain them, these will never be more than outcast spots, without the sign of the Cross, unblest by prayer, and such as will not long be able to retain even the name of "cemeteries."

The freethinker, in spite of all his pride and lofty contempt during life of what he laughs at, as the feebleness and superstition of those who believe, only falls in death to the level of the dead dog or the dead cat; and the place where he may be buried will not be entitled to any greater significance than theirs. There is, indeed, but exactly the same reason for the burial of both, namely, the removal of a nuisance from the sight of the living. But for the people of the faith, a Catholic cemetery of the dead is a blest and a holy place; "God's acre," our believing Saxon forefathers used to call it. (The faithful in Germany still continue to retain the name.) To the blest and holy resting-place of the Catholic Church all who die in the faith of the Church are carried, accompanied with the emblem of salvation, amid the tears and prayers of the living. But to return to our proper subject, at the very time and hour when humanity yields itself up a completely conquered

victim to the ill-savour of approaching putrefaction, against which the whole of its life has been one continual strife, God both rewards certain of His chosen servants, and at the same time manifests His own power, by giving to the mortal body they leave behind the miraculous gift, which is known by the name of the "*odour of sanctity*," or, as the Latin language terms it, "odor paradisiacus," the odour of Paradise, a phrase which the Italians still retain as "l'odore del Paradiso." This gift, though the most commonly manifested in death, has also been the prerogative of certain Saints equally in life. The ordinary rule, however, is that it is manifested chiefly in death.

The first in whom this miraculous gift was known, was the Blessed Mother of God. According to a sacred tradition founded on a letter of S. Dionysius the Areopagite, the person of the most Holy Virgin exhaled, during her mortal life, the sweetest perfume. This indeed was but due to the chosen flower, the Mystical Rose; to her who has been compared to the lily, to spikenard, to the violet; whose very name, as St. Ildephonsus says, is "fragrant and aromatic."

This tradition thus inaugurated in the person of the august Mother of God and of all the Christians, has never suffered any interruption through each succeeding century of the Church's history. The Christian Virgin, Cecilia, as we learn from the acts of her martyrdom, had been forced against her consent into a marriage with Tiburtius, still a heathen. As Tiburtius approached to give her the bridal kiss, what was his surprise to find a perfume proceed from the Virgin's hair, which gave the idea of the freshest flowers of spring, and yet they were in the middle of winter. "Whence, Cecilia," he said, "comes this perfume of roses and lilies in the season in which we are now. If I had in my hand the most fragrant bunches of these flowers, it would not spread a perfume equal to that which I am breathing. This marvellous scent makes me beside myself; it seems as if it renewed my whole being." "It is myself, Tiburtius," Cecilia answered, "who have obtained for you the favour of being able to perceive the sweet scent, and if you are willing to believe, you will be permitted to see the flowers from which it comes. Then you will learn to know Him whose blood is the vermilion of the rose, and whose flesh has the whiteness of the lily." *

The lives of the Saints, as related in the volumes of the

* History of S. Cecilia, by Dom Gueranger, Abbot of Solesmes.

Bollandists (Acta Sanctorum), abound in similar instances, which it would be totally impossible to attempt to enumerate.

A great number of the founders of the religious orders were honoured with this miraculous gift. In the case of St. Dominic, it was the hand which exhaled this heavenly scent, as those perceived who kissed it. The Bollandists say that the scent of roses, violets, and other flowers proceeded from the tomb of S. Philip Neri. When S. Teresa died, a marvellous sweet perfume surrounded her body; which, however, caused the less surprise, because the Mother Anne of St. Bartholomew, who had been in constant attendance upon her for some years, had certified that a similar sweet perfume had often been exhaled by her during her sickness. A lady of Palencia, who had brought her little boy to S. Teresa to receive her blessing, related that the child, on returning, observed to his mother, "How sweet the fingers of the Saint smell."

The Blessed Mary of the Incarnation, born in Paris in 1566, foundress of the reformed Carmelites of France, to cite one more example out of many, was buried in a mausoleum erected for her by Mary of Medicis. Shortly after her death, a miraculous perfume began to be perceived in the cell where she had breathed her last, at the tomb which contained her relics, and in those parts of the house which she had most frequented. The Mother Mary of St. Joseph having gone to pray at her tomb, perceived all at once a most agreeable scent proceed from the tomb. This scent spread itself all through the house, and remained perceptible for some considerable time. Some days afterwards, about the time of matins, the nuns who were in the choir perceived it. On the anniversary day of her death, as the religious were preparing to scatter flowers on her tomb, the miraculous scent spread itself again through the house, and the nuns said, "The smell is far preferable to that which would have come from our flowers, and it gives much greater honour to the memory of our dear sister." The scent having made its way into the church, one of the portresses also perceived it, and it produced a remarkable effect at the time upon her. At another time, as she was trimming the lamps burning before the Blessed Sacrament, she again perceived the same scent, and throwing herself on her knees, she found herself so filled with humility and the love of God, that she fell into an ecstasy. When it was over, she spoke in so exalted a manner of the glory of the Saints that all who heard her were filled with astonishment. "Thoug

I should continue to live," she said, "for fifty years, I shall never forget the things I have just seen, and if God will but preserve me in the same sentiments in which I am now, I am sure I shall never again offend Him."

Thus, concludes the writer * from whose book we have abridged what has preceded, by the continued observation of eighteen centuries, constantly confirmed by repeated affirmations of the Church, there have been a multitude of Saints to whom it has been given to be as the flowers, and by their efflorescence to fill the world with a veritable perfume.

"Thy Saints," says the Church, "shall bloom as the lilies; Alleluia. They shall be as the odour of balsam before thee, Alleluia."

No. II.—PIUS THE NINTH.

On Wednesday, the 17th June, 1846, the booming of the cannon of St. Angelo announced to the city of Rome that a new Pope had been given to Christendom. At the same time Cardinal Riario-Sforza proclaimed the great event from the balcony of the Quirinal Palace. "I announce to you," he said, "a great joy: we have for Pope the most Eminent and most Reverend Lord, John-Mary Mastai Ferretti, Cardinal Priest of the Holy Roman Church, who has taken the name of Pius the Ninth."

Coldly indeed did the name fall on the Roman ear. Public opinion, which had vibrated between the Cardinals Lambruschini and Gizzi, had never bestowed a thought on the Bishop of Imola, whose strict observance of Episcopal residence had indeed made him almost a stranger in Rome for the last twenty years. No wonder that a feeling of injured surprise fell on the vast crowd assembled before the Quirinal: but the long line of Cardinals advancing one by one, on the balcony, now divided in the middle, leaving a vacant space for the new Pope. That beautiful countenance, irradiated with power, wisdom, and tenderness, which has acted like a charm on beholders from that hour to the present, then first evinced its power. "We have a Pope! He loves us! He is our Father!" burst from ten thousand voices. The cry of the people went straight to the heart of the Father, and dispersed the agonising

* Dr. Imbert Gourbeyre.

fears with which he had accepted the supreme charge of every soul in Christendom. His face bathed with tears, he first raised his arms to Heaven, then lowered them, and the magic accents of that wondrous voice, ringing clear as a trumpet through the vast space, as surely no other voice ever rang before, pronounced the first benediction of Pius IX. on Rome and on the world.

Four days after, on the 21st of June, the Pope was crowned in the Basilica of St. Peter. In commemoration of the event, he distributed fifty-three marriage portions of fifty crowns to the fifty-three parishes of Rome and the suburbs; a thousand portions of ten crowns each to the Provinces of the Pontifical States; six thousand crowns in alms, and ordered the release of all articles pledged in the Monts-de-Piété by the poor. Besides this, the Pope discharged the debts and released all prisoners in the Capitol.

But the overflowing love of Pope Pius for his people could not rest without alleviating the sorrows of a very large class, who were unable to participate in the general joy. They were the families of those who had been engaged in the rebellions of the preceding reigns, and, in consequence, either exiled from Rome or in prison. The first public act of the Pope was to proclaim a general amnesty for political offences. The condition was simply that each offender should pledge himself solemnly on his word of honour, and in writing, not to abuse in any way this grace, and to become a loyal and faithful subject for the future. The only exceptions were those who had abused their authority, either ecclesiastical, civil, or military, to seduce others. Even these persons, whose numbers amounted only to thirty-nine, were exhorted and encouraged to apply individually to the Pope for pardon.

Very many of the political prisoners who returned to Rome added the most exuberant protests to their written pledge. "I swear by my head, and by the heads of all my children, that I will to the death be faithful to Pope Pius IX.;" "I swear to shed all my blood for Pius IX.;" "I renounce my share of Paradise if now I betray the oath of honour which binds me to Pius IX.," with similar gratuitous vows, were frequently added to the required formula.

The unsparing personal devotion of the Pope to the interests and welfare of his subjects, and the energetic reforms which he began at once to organize, soon made him the idol of the people. The streets of Rome resounded with the popular

hymn in his honour; the air was rent with tumultuous shouts of joy when he appeared, and flowers were strewn beneath his feet. Continual impromptu processions to the Quirinal, with banners and bands of music, seemed the irresistible expression of a loving loyalty which knew no limits. The enthusiasm spread to other countries, and no very long time elapsed before the name of Pius the Ninth had become the watchword of freedom and enlightened progress, in the true high sense of those much-abused words, throughout the whole of Europe.

(To be continued.)

A MISSIONARY MEMENTO FOR THE MONTH OF MAY.

THE Jesuit Fathers may be unable to enjoy legal security for their own persons in the great Bismarckian empire (rather a large empire to be afraid of a few literary priests); but, great as is the repressive power of the famous prince, these exiled Fathers continue, notwithstanding, the work of their calling in Germany by the circulation of their books.

Father Schlosser has published a Book of Devotions for the month of May, in which he advocates in a very warm manner the duty of taking part in the Society of St. Francis Xavier for the promotion of missionary work to the heathen.

The following passage may be studied with profit in every Christian nation:—

"By participating in a conspiracy, or in any unlawful association, a man becomes guilty, not only for his own part, in the doings of his society, but also in the misdeeds of his associates. The goodness of God, however, is far more inclined to reward us for the good we may do than to punish us for the evil. And there is no doubt that if we belong to some good association, God will not only reward us for the good deeds which we may do for our own share in it, but will place to our account also the general merits of the association. So let us lift up our eyes and hearts, and convince ourselves what an excellent thing it is to join an association for the spreading of the faith, and how great is the good that it is calculated to effect."

MIRABILIA DEI.

A Conversion, resulting from attending the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, in a Catholic Church.

In the mission of the Oblate Fathers at Leeds, a pious Catholic poor woman at last succeeded, after more than one invitation, in persuading her neighbour, another woman advanced in years, but not a Catholic, to go with her to her Church. It was in the evening, and there was Benediction of the blessed Sacrament. On coming away from the Church, the woman not a Catholic seemed quite moved, and said to her Catholic friend, "Oh, I must turn Catholic; I saw on the altar such a bonny bairn, and he smiled on me such a smile, I can never forget it. Oh, when your priest took him down from the altar to shut him up, I could have cried out what are you doing that for? and I shook my fist at him, and felt as if I could have got up and torn him away. Oh, I must turn Catholic after seeing that bonny, bonny bairn."

The result was precisely this: the good woman did become a Catholic, and has since then ended her days happily in the unity of the Church.

A grace granted to a family enrolled in the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary.

We have received the following narrative from a physician practising in a country town of the county of Galway, in the West of Ireland, who gives his name, and is a member of the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary, and we willingly give it publicity. Cases of suspended animation are by no means unknown to medical experience, and life has been known to return after much longer intervals of suspension than in the case here related. Still, without claiming absolutely the miraculous nature of the cure, we cannot withhold a narrative which records a great grace granted to a family enrolled in the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary, and gives an example worthy of imitation of first imploring the blessing of God upon the use of ordinary medical remedies.

"During the Holy season of Lent, last year, being in good health, and not having too much to do, I had endeavoured, on several occasions, to imitate our Lord Jesus Christ in the desert, by going to the mountain, for several days at a time, fasting, returning at night, but never tasting food nor drink

of any kind during that time. On one of these occasions, towards the end of one of those absences in the mountain, a young woman called at my house to say her mother was dead. My servant was present when she brought the intelligence. This young woman and her mother, who lived in the most distant part of the district in which I then resided, I had got enrolled, a short time previously, with some others of their family and friends, in the Holy Rosary Confraternity. The mother, a very poor person, had been in bad health for some time; but when last I had seen her, some days previously, seemed much better, and able to move about. I now asked how long she had been dead. The young woman replied, she had been dead an hour, and that the neighbours were collected in the house, thinking of preparing for the wake; but they wished me to go down.

"Many others of these people, either previously or subsequently, I got enrolled also in the Holy Rosary Confraternity. I said I would come presently. I had a delay, however, of an hour, about the end of which time I arrived at the house. The body, surrounded by the relatives and friends, was stretched out, the limbs dropping lifeless when let fall, the mouth open and gaping, the eyes half closed and already glazed; the skin and surface cold and cadaverous, the pulse gone, not a sign of animation: to all intents a lifeless corpse. I saw it was not a moment in which to hesitate. I had brought with me, mechanically, some diffusable stimulant, as accustomed to do on most such occasions. I poured out a little of the liquid, invoked the Holy Trinity, and dropped it into the open mouth before me. It merely trickled out at the corners of the mouth, as is wont in the case of a corpse. I essayed a second time, again invoking the Holy Trinity; and this time some of the liquid passed into the throat. A third time I poured the liquid down, invoking again the Holy Trinity; and now indeed it passed almost entirely, causing a slight motion of the throat. Soon there was a slight pulsation, heat returned to the cold, pale skin; the glazed and half-closed eyes opened and resumed their lustre, and immediately rising she heaved a sigh. I spoke and she replied, and life and strength returned to the body which had been pronounced an hour—now two hours—*dead*, and was about to be prepared to be waked!

"This woman is now living, and may live many years for her little family: and I trust it does not make her and them

less diligent in fulfilling the Confraternity obligations, that, I have assured them, that to it and to it only, under God, I attribute what I cannot myself but believe to be her miraculous recovery. "P. J. H.

"*Physician and Tertiary of S. Dominic.*

"Maam Lenane, Co. of Galway, Ireland,
March 2, 1874."

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Attachment of an African Convert to her Rosary.

Extract from a letter from the Convent of Mill Hill (*March* 13*th*, 1874).

Mary Francis, an African girl, died of bronchitis on Friday evening, the Feast of the Sacred Five Wounds, at about 9 o'clock. She was buried yesterday morning, on St. Patrick's day. Mother Abbess thinks you would be interested in the little black girl's story. She was a Kafir girl, a little heathen, brought to England by a lady who had been living in Africa, as nurse to her children. This lady left her two little boys and their little black nurse, Midgey, as she was called, under the care of the Mother Abbess, whilst she went into Scotland on business. Midgey was a regular heathen, and knew nothing whatever about Almighty God. She was more like some wild animal than a human being. But she had a warm, loving, grateful heart, and very soon attached herself to the Sisters, and tried to learn with the children in the school. After being some time under instruction, she was baptized, and from that time a great change took place in her. It seemed almost as if she had then received a soul, which she had not before. She became thoughtful and gentle, and the children in the school observed that if she was asked to join in doing any little wrong thing she would answer, "I cannot now, I am a Christian." Her greatest pleasure was to get one of the other children to tell her incidents in our Lord's life, especially about His Sufferings and Crucifixion. She was never weary of hearing about our dear Lord, or about His blessed Mother and the Saints. After two or three months her mistress sent for her to join her in Scotland, but when there, she was among protestants, far from any Catholic Church, and she was not happy, and would not stay; so they put her on board a steamer, and the poor girl found her way alone back to London. From the landing place of the steamer she came to the little branch

convent in Ash Grove, and so got back here. She was then prepared for her first Communion, which she made, and then almost immediately after fell ill. Though she suffered much, she never complained or showed impatience during her illness. She received the Sacraments only a few hours before her death. Our Mother Abbess thinks you would have been much touched by the little black girl's devotion to her Rosary. When she was dying she would never let it go, and if she had to be lifted out of the bed, the poor little thin black hand used to stretch out to grasp her Rosary. R. I. P.

THE HELPERS OF THE HOLY SOULS IN ENGLAND.

MANY of our readers are probably not aware that a Religious Order of Women, having for its especial objects the application of all their prayers, satisfactions, and indulgences, to the relief of the souls in Purgatory, was founded some years ago in Paris. There have been for some time houses in Brussels, Nantes, and also in China; and in September last year, this admirable community was able, for the first time, to establish itself in England. The late Bishop Grant was always most anxious to have the pious honour as well as the fruitful advantage of welcoming them to the Diocese of Southwark. For various reasons his desire could not be accomplished during his lifetime, but the Archbishop of Westminster has been, as it were, his legatee in this wish, and the Order is now in full activity at 23, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square. The especial work of mercy, towards the living, to which the community devote themselves, is the gratuitous visitation of the sick poor at their own homes; and this done as an offering of charity in favour of the dead. On certain easy conditions, any Catholic can become an associated member, and obtain a share in all the good works, prayers, and indulgences, which are so abundant in the Order.

We call attention more particularly to this subject, because a little work by the Rev. C. B. Garside, dedicated to Archbishop Manning, has just issued from the press, giving an account of the highly interesting life of the founders of the Order, as well as of its establishment in London; and supplying a full explanation of the conditions of affiliation, for various classes of members. In order to promote a wide circulation, the work is published by BURNS and OATES, and the profits of the sale are for the benefit of the community.

CURRENT EVENTS.

On the morning of Sunday, the 15th of March, the holy Father received to an audience one of the circles of the Roman ladies, entitled S. Julia, which is a part of the primary Catholic Association for promoting charitable works. Their address was read by Signora Elena Travostini, and the Holy Father replied in a most remarkable discourse, published in full by the *Osservatore Romano.* The vilifications and abusive language in which the "officious" journals of the new masters of Rome have given vent to their anger, plainly show that the Pope in it has touched the very quick in the gangrened sore which is now corroding modern society.

The following are the words of His Holiness as reported in the *Osservatore* of the 19th of March:—"How much soever we ought at all times to keep before our eyes the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, still the season of Lent, which we are now passing through, is, more than every other, suited for contemplating the mystery of the infinite love of God to men. Let us, therefore, beloved daughters, make some reflections that may bring us their consolation and serve, at the same time, in the way of incitement to us to persevere in the path in which you have begun to walk.

"The words pronounced by your estimable secretary give me every assurance that you are industriously busying yourselves in zealously opposing the false principles which are now being disseminated on all hands among the people, and that you bestow your best efforts in procuring sound instruction for young girls, as also for others.

"And meanwhile, among the many different means to which you have recourse, to recruit your strength and vigour of spirit, you come in a body to the Vicar of Jesus Christ to receive the apostolic benediction. The devout multitudes of Jerusalem also went in search of the Divine Redeemer, as you are now doing to His unworthy Vicar, and having found Him, they formed a circle around Him to listen to the words of Eternal Life that came from His lips. Wherever He went they followed Him, in the crowded streets of the city or in the solitudes of the wilderness, everywhere experiencing the effects of His infinite charity.

"This movement among the good populace, this gathering of such great crowds to hear the words of Jesus Christ, exc-

the envy of those who were at the head of the people, not to edify but to pervert them.

"Great revolutions do but continually repeat these examples. The majority of the people deplore the prevalence of the evil, and would prefer to see the good in the ascendant; but self-interest, egotism, and all that usually goes with these vices, form the character of the adversaries, who, with a most shameless effrontery, go on in the way that they have chosen.

"In the same way, also, during the sorrowful time of the Passion of Jesus Christ, His enemies, carrying their heads aloft, and giving the reins to their masterful spirit of hatred, envy and injustice, assembled themselves in the house of Caiphas. Both one and the other were beside themselves with rage at seeing the wonderful miracles worked by Jesus Christ, and the great favour with which His words were received by the people. 'What are we doing?' said Caiphas to his friends, 'What are we doing? I see that all are running after this man. And as for us—we make but a poor figure. The people are all leaving us to follow Him. We must, therefore, find some suitable expedient for getting this man out of the way, for He is bringing our laws into discredit, and is drawing the people after Himself to alienate them from us.'

"Another extremely bad class of men, adulterers and profligates, and all those who worship material things, had access to the steps of a palace, and formed the court of a king. The king's name was Herod. The cry of these people was that whoever opposed their brutal passions should be put to death, and the '*non licet*' of the just man was to them a crime worthy of death.

"Both the one sort and the other made common cause, like madmen, to present themselves before the Roman governor to denounce the Divine Saviour, characterising Him as a seducer of the people, an enemy of Cæsar, and a stirrer up of sedition. Pilate, confused by the excess of their clamour, and, as a heathen, not properly understanding the bearing of their accusations, except that of being 'an enemy of Cæsar,' remained undecided so long as his fear did not force him to sign the unjust sentence. Certain it is that he made every effort to escape from committing the great injustice, and on this account the Divine Redeemer, turning to him, declared that although his sin was great, the sin of those who had brought

Him before his tribunal was far greater: *majus peccatum habent.*

"Now, beloved daughters, you cannot be ignorant, since you are yourselves eye witnesses, of the war which is being waged against the Catholic Church. There is a great protestant persecutor, who is panting for the destruction of the Catholic Church and who has made an open avowal of his desire. Not content with persecuting the Church in conjunction with his own followers, he is exciting from the other side of the Alps, those governments which are still Catholic, but who have preceded him in the disgraceful career of religious persecution: he is exciting them, I say, to proceed to greater lengths in their persecution, and these governments are giving in their adherence.

"Now God will turn to them, and will cry out, in the language of irritated justice, to the protestant persecutor, 'Thou hast sinned, thou hast grievously sinned.' But these Catholic governments, on whichever Continent they are found, *majus peccatum habent*—have a far heavier weight of sin.

"You understand this, beloved daughters. The protestant sins, and the Catholic sins, but how far heavier is the sin of the Catholic? Because he is anointed with the sacred chrism in confirmation, fed with the flesh of Jesus Christ, instructed from early infancy in the maxims of his Christian duty, and is, in a thousand ways, favoured by God. Ah, yes, his sin is so much the greater in the sight of God, inasmuch as the graces which he has received from the same God are so much the more abundant.

"Do you fill your minds, then, with a salutary fear on seeing the blindness of these men, that you may nerve yourselves the more to continue faithful in your duty and in the practice of the works of charity which you have taken up.

"Be examples of virtue to your households, and keep them from vice; and not those only who belong to you by the ties of blood, but those who are your neighbours, and those of whom you have undertaken the charitable care, looking on them as the fruit of the Blood and Passion of the Divine Redeemer. And in order to have the better success in the works of charity that you have chosen, be more assiduous in prayer, and in these days of Lent, accustom yourselves to some mortification compatible with the circumstances of your family life. Moses, before ascending the mountain to receive the law from God, fasted for many long days, and so prepared himself to approach

nearer to God. Leave the worldly souls to remain below, to make fine times for themselves, and to give themselves up to gluttony and all sorts of pleasures. Be assured that this sort of life leads to the worship of the golden calf, and on that account to the loss of faith.

"But you! Do you lift up your minds to God, and in order to keep yourselves firm in your good resolutions, engrave in your hearts some particular holy conviction, and use your endeavour to communicate it to your friends and your families. If the whole Hebrew people were filled with terror when they perceived the thunders and lightning, and were witnesses of the terrible spectacle in the midst of which God communicated His law to Moses, what will it be when, in majesty and in the brightness of His Omnipotence, this same God shall come to demand an account of the transgressions of this same law? when He shall see annihilated at His feet, emperors, kings, deputies, senators, and ministers, against whom He will pronounce the dread sentence.

"My daughters, fear God. '*Beatus vir qui timet Dominum.*' Blessed is the man who feareth the Lord. The fear of the Lord will keep you far removed from all that is wrong, and will give you courage to walk cheerfully in the way of virtue. '*In mandatis ejus volet nimis.*'

"May the blessing of God confirm you in all the holy thoughts which I have laid before you. May this benediction be with you all your life. May it be with your families and all those who belong to you, in order that all of you may be found worthy to praise and bless God for all time, world without end. BENEDICTIO DEI, &c."

ANECDOTE OF THE BISHOP OF PERNAMBUCO.

WE copy the following from *Le Dimanche Illustré* of Toulouse, April 5th. To the act of indictment of the public Minister of Justice the Bishop of Pernambuco made a very short but significant answer.

"Sire,—'*Jesus autem tacebat*' (but Jesus remained silent), St. Matthew, xxvi., 23. From my prison, in the Marine Arsenal, this 10th day of March, 1874.

"FR. VITAL, Bishop of Pernambuco."

According to the *Uniao*, a Catholic journal of Pernambuco, this answer produced a great impression on the Court. A person, worthy of credit, says, this journal assures us, that

this laconic answer of Mgr. Vital, "*Jesus autem tacebat,*" produced on the Supreme Court the effect of a thunderbolt. The President of the Court grew pale on reading it, and the assisting judges lowered their heads and remained for some time speechless without uttering a word. At last, at the expiration of some minutes, the Counsellor Chichorro broke silence, saying, in a stifled voice, "He puts himself on a level with Christ." Then again all was profound silence. After some prolonged reflections the same voice let itself be heard again, saying, "In comparing himself with Christ, he puts us in the place of Caiphas and Pilate." The Counsellor Chichorro was quite right; only it was not the illustrious bishop but the cry of his own conscience that forced him to recognize his own likeness in the persons of the two abominable judges.

PERSECUTION IN GERMANY.

THE persecution against the Catholics in the Prussian Empire is proceeding. The Archbishops of Posen and Cologne are both in prison, and on the 6th of March last the Bishop of Treves (Trier) was arrested and taken to prison. The accounts in the public papers represent the Bishop as calmly denying the authority in the name of which he was arrested, and saying to the official (landrath) of the government, "You must use force; I yield to nothing but superior force." When force had been used, the Bishop accompanied the landrath on foot through the streets to the prison, refusing a conveyance. The crowd soon became immense, and all united to testify their respect and grief in the most touching manner. The parting words of the Bishop to his household were "Keep yourselves strong, and pray to God for me. He will help us. You may rejoice that this has happened."

AUDIENCE OF THE ROMAN NOBILITY.—The Roman nobility were presented to an audience in the Vatican on the 23rd of March. They assembled in the "Sala del Concistore," and their address was read by the Prince of Campagnano D. Mario Chigi. The Pope replied in the following terms, according to the report published in the *Osservatore Romano* of the 27th March. He exhorted his hearers never to weary of repeatedly asserting the truth, and of repeatedly denying the falsehoods of the adversaries. "At this very time," said the Pope, "a Bishop has been imprisoned in the empire of Brazil for having condemned the Freemasons, who have been

repeatedly condemned by this Holy See. But as, among the Ministers who form the Government, there are many who are Freemasons in high positions, they have agreed to persecute a just man to countenance sectaries, and these sectaries full of the worst venom. And all this has been done contrary to the faith pledged by the party representing the Government. These revolutions have always begun with the cry for liberty, and the diminution or removal of taxes: but then, after waiting a little while, the taxes reappear, all the more burdensome; and while the cry of liberty is continued, the Revolution sits enthroned, busying itself with the destruction of everything that is ancient, seeking how to fatten itself and to oppress the great bulk of the honest people—showing generosity to nothing but vice, and to everything which corrupts the heart and aims at eradicating the Catholic faith. And during this incessant repetition of iniquity must the Catholic Church remain silent? Is she not to reiterate the holy principles of justice, proclaiming and declaring that such and such revolutions produce nothing but impiety, sacrilege, and injustice. Take away the property from the churches; but all this property will but be so many torches to reduce to ashes the houses and the families of those who acquire possession of them." The Pope then alluded at length to the history of Job, whom Satan had received power to torment on the condition of not touching his life, and concluded with an address to our Lord, praying for His Divine benediction on the various members of His Church now suffering persecution. BENEDICTIO DEI."

[Other most interesting discourses of the Holy Father, spoken to persons admitted to audiences in the Vatican, have also been received, but the particulars of these we must reluctantly reserve for our June Number.]

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NEW SERIES.

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No. III.—PIUS THE NINTH.

A FEW brief extracts from the documents emanating from the leaders of the Revolution in Rome will give a sufficient idea of the causes which frustrated the paternal benevolence of the Pope-King, without the necessity of entering into a long explanation of the political situation in Rome at the time of his accession.* The following is from the pen of Joseph Galletti, of Bologna, and was one of the causes of his having been sentenced to perpetual imprisonment. He was one of the most ardent in his expressions of gratitude to Pius the Ninth for his release at the general amnesty.

After enumerating the different classes of the enemies of the revolution, "the clergy, the nobility, many proprietors, and the Government *employés*," he directs that "those who, *employés* or not, have openly shown themselves our enemies, upsetting us in every way, shall be put to death. . . . The manner of arrest, without violence and by night; put in prison and slain. You must use the greatest prudence and secrecy, giving out either that they are hid, or exiled, or imprisoned provisionally. And all that, not to excite tumults and awaken horror, as happened in the September proceeding. Their deaths to be speedy, and without torment." Riccardi thus announced his views: "Put aside all considerations originating in the progress of knowledge, civilisation, industry, increase of riches, and public prosperity. . . . . The fatal plant, born in Judæa, has only reached this high point of growth and vigour because it was watered with waves of blood. Would you have an error take root among men, put fire and sword to it. Would you have it fall, make it the object of your gibes. . . . . There needs a hand of iron which alone can rule a people hitherto accustomed to differences of opinion, and, what is still more, a people corrupted, enervated, made vile by slavery. . . . . Look, a new era will begin

* These extracts and anecdotes are chiefly taken from Maguire's "Pontificate of Pius the Ninth."

for men, the glorious era of a redemption quite otherwise than that announced by Christ."

Three months after the accession of the Pope, Joseph Mazzini issued an address from Paris to the friends of Italy. He says:

"In great countries it is by the people we must go to regeneration; in yours by the Princes. We must absolutely make them of our side. It is easy. The Pope will march in reform through principle and of necessity; the King of Piedmont through the idea of the Crown of Italy. . . . . *Profit by the least concession to assemble the masses, were it only to testify gratitude.* Fetes, songs, assemblies, ... *give the people a feeling of its strength, and make it exacting.* . . . . Nearly two thousand years ago a great philosopher, called Christ, preached the fraternity which the world yet seeks. . . . . *Clerical power is personified in the Jesuits. The odium of that name is already a power for the Socialists. Make use of it.* Associate! Associate! The secret societies give irresistible strength to the party that can call upon them."

The objects and rules of this secret organisation have been unveiled by Cantalupo, of Naples.

"1. The society is formed for the indispensable destruction of all the Governments in the Peninsula, and to form a single State of all Italy in Republican form. . . . . 30. Members who will not obey the orders of the secret society, and those who unveil its mysteries, shall be poignarded without remission. . . . . 31. The secret tribunal shall pronounce the sentence, pointing out one or two associates for its immediate execution. 32. *The associate who shall refuse to execute the sentence shall be held perjured, and as such put to death on the spot.* 33. *If the victim succeed in escaping, he shall be pursued incessantly in every place; and the guilty shall be struck by an invisible hand, were he sheltered on the bosom of his mother, or in the tabernacle of Christ.* . . . . . 54. Each tribunal shall be competent not only to judge guilty adepts, but to put to death all persons whom it shall devote to death."

Deeply humiliating is it to reflect that the sympathies of England have been so largely given to the cause foreshadowed by these emissaries of Satan, and now enjoying its temporary reign!

But we now gladly return to the details of the early years of the Pope's reign, when he seemed to exercise a magic charm, even over England.

Pius the Ninth followed up the political amnesty by a vigorous reform of many abuses which had gradually crept into various institutions. He personally inquired into and improved the administration of the public departments, examined the state of the hospitals, prisons, and religious institutions, and made many changes. He introduced financial

reforms, remitted such taxes as pressed too heavily on the people, and lessened those that interfered with their comforts. He facilitated the introduction of railways and gas; opened the public offices to deserving laymen, and established a free press, with only a mild censorship. On the 19th of April, 1847, he published a circular, announcing his intention of calling together a council, chosen by the various provinces, to assist him in his administration by its opinion and advice.

Great was the amazement of the Romans to see their Pope and King walking in the streets, in a plain garb, and with a very small attendance. Children often ran up to him with their requests, which were sure to be complied with. "Art thou the Pope?" said one little fellow to him, as he was coming out of a convent, to which he had walked from the Quirinal, to say Mass. "Yes, my little friend, I am," said his Holiness. "I have no father," said the child. "Then I will be a father to you," said the Pope, embracing him. And having made satisfactory inquiries, he gave orders to have the boy carefully educated and provided for in his name, and at his own expense.

One day a little boy, in tears, tried to make his way with a petition through the ranks of the Swiss guards. The Pope, hearing the noise, had the child called to him, and read the petition, which was as follows:—"Most Holy Father,—My mother is old and infirm. I am too young to support her life and mine. Our landlord, a bad man, will turn us out to-morrow if we don't pay him the four scudi we owe him. Deign to lend them. I will pay you when I am bigger." "What is your name, my good child, and how old are you?" asked the Pope. "I am Paul, and I am ten years old." "What trade is your father?" "He is waiting for us in Paradise these ten years." "And your mother?" "She embroiders, and prays from morning till night." Having ascertained that his story was true, the Pope sent for the child next day, and gave him ten scudi. "I did not ask you for ten," said the little fellow, and he gave him back six. "Take them again, my good child," said the Pope, "and tell your mother I will look after her in future."

The Pope often visited the poor in their homes, and, with his own hand, administered to their wants. One night a person, in a priest's habit, entered one of the public hospitals, and, being attracted by the groans of a patient, approached his bed. The sufferer was a poor French artist, who was dying,

and anxiously calling for a priest. The almoner was looked for in vain; but the Pope—for it was he—administered the last Sacraments to the poor man, who expired in his arms. Next day the almoner was dismissed.

It is singular and interesting to find that among the favourite objects of charity of the future *Prisoner of the Vatican* were poor imprisoned debtors. He would often visit them, discharge their debts, and help them to begin a fresh career.

His anxiety for the education of the young was so great, that scarcely a week passed without his visiting unexpectedly one of the different schools to see that his wishes were carried out.

One day in March, 1847, two priests, who had come in a hired carriage, asked to see the schools in a certain street. The teacher was annoyed, and said the Pope would not like strangers to be admitted without a ticket. "You are mistaken," said the Pope, throwing open his cloak. He then sat down, asked about everything, examined the pupils, and gave prizes to the most deserving. In the same manner he sometimes hired a carriage in the evening, and visited the night schools in Rome.

The Pope was inexorable to those who oppressed and defrauded the helpless and poor, and the officials in charge of public institutions soon found out that the least offence against justice or charity would be severely punished.

One day, as he was walking in the garden of the Quirinal, a soldier on duty held out a regulation loaf. The Pope took it, and found it to be bad. Next day he asked for another loaf of the bread, and, finding it just the same, had the purveyor arrested, and tried for fraud. He was one day at the Police Palace, when, on looking out of window, he observed a number of country people, who were kept waiting an hour for their passports, while the person in charge was lunching. The Pope sent for him, and, after administering a sharp rebuke, added, "Now you must give these poor people fifty pauls (about a pound of English money) for the time you have robbed them of." "But I have not got fifty pauls," remonstrated the official. "Here they are," said the Pope; "and they shall be struck off your salary."

Though the Pope was warmly attached to his own family, he soon gave them to understand that they could expect no hopes of preferment on account of his elevation. He warned one of his nephews, an officer in the army, that he could not

be promoted at the expense of others, and exhorted another, who was living without employment, to retire to Sinigaglia.

"And to this policy," says Maguire, "so widely different from that which we see practised in every court of Europe, Pius the Ninth has adhered to the last hour. Not a single member of his family has held a public position or office, either in the Papal States or at any foreign court. And so far from his election to the throne having served his family, it has more or less injured them—inasmuch as they have been compelled, in consequence of his elevation, to assume a greater state, and at a necessarily increased expense. In this most important respect, Pius IX. has only followed the example of Gregory XVI. How splendidly does such conduct contrast with the policy pursued by every other sovereign of whom we know anything!"

(*To be continued.*)

MOTHER MARY OF PROVIDENCE; OR, THE CHARITY OF PRAYING FOR THE SUFFERING SOULS OF PURGATORY.

"Out of sight, out of mind," is a well-known maxim usually applied to human friendships; and there is another to the same purpose, although more strongly expressed, "Absence is the grave of love."

If these sayings are not universally true, there is too frequently sufficient foundation in experience for the idea which they illustrate, namely, how important a bearing the visible presence of those whom we ought to love has upon the affections and their practical results.

We are so fickle, and so strongly influenced by what is immediately passing before us, that when cherished faces vanish away from our eyes, and once familiar voices are no longer heard, there is a strain at once upon our fidelity.

If this be the case with long absences of the living from each other, how much more is the humiliating truth applicable to the relations of the living with the dead. For a time their memory remains fresh, but, alas, too many of the departed find that the earth which sadly fell upon their coffins in the grave was ominously symbolical of the oblivion which would fall upon their condition and needs in the unseen world of purification: "Out of sight, out of mind" is the lament of too many of our Catholic dead.

Hence it is that the Church adopts so many modes of reminding her children upon earth of the great duty which they owe in charity to those who suffer in Purgatory; and hence it is that anything which has a tendency to intensify our realization of that invisible land of purification, and to draw our minds and hearts towards the exiles there, is a valuable addition to the religious forces of our souls.

Above all, there is nothing so easily intelligible and influential as example. When we read the lives of holy persons to whom the dead were more a cause of affectionate anxiety and interest than even the dearest of their living friends, we cannot help being strangely and powerfully moved by a devotion so full of faith as well as love.

With these prefatory remarks we proceed to give a few extracts from the account of the life of Mother Mary of Providence, contained in the Rev. C. Garside's recent book, "The Helpers of the Holy Souls," to which we alluded in the last number of this Magazine.

Eugénie Smet, hereafter to become the foundress of The Helpers of the Holy Souls, was born at Lille, in France, on the 25th of March, 1825.

The thought of Purgatory seems to have seized upon her mind with extreme vividness in her earliest years.

"We must imagine ourselves," to quote Fr. Garside's words, "on a certain bright summer's day at Lille; everything speaks of peace and gladness, the warm air is scented with flowers, the sky is not only cloudless, but almost dazzling in the transparent purity of its depths—a very ocean of blue suspended overhead. Ever and anon the ring of that fresh laughter, which only young hearts that have not yet known any great sorrow can give forth, breaks upon the ear. Now there is a racing of eager feet as we see some young girls vying with each other in the chase of butterflies which are darting and flashing through the air like flowers on the wing. Suddenly one of these children stops, her look changes from a merry glance into a tender seriousness, and her playmates, as if under a simultaneous spell, pause, and, as they group themselves around her, listen to these singular and abrupt words: 'Do you know what is passing through my mind? Tell me, now, if one of our companions were in a prison of fire, and it were possible for us to get her out by saying one word, O, how quickly we would do it, would we not?' Her little circle of listeners, wondering at the drift of this question, re-

mained silent. How could they divine what she meant? What had her words to do with their pastime? Then came the key to the puzzle: 'Well, then, that is what Purgatory is; the souls there are in a prison of fire; but our kind God who keeps them shut up there, only asks from us one prayer that He may open the door—and this prayer we do not say.'

In another moment, without further allusion to a topic so unexpected, saddening, and unusual for a child's conversation, she bounded off again like a fawn, and they all resumed their sport."

At eleven years of age Eugénie went to school at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, at Lille. There she was remarkable for her vivacity and cheerfulness, and also for the ingenious ways which she had of persuading her companions to help the souls in Purgatory. Even at school she showed that marvellous love of the Providence of God which ran like a golden thread through the whole fabric of her character, and also in after years justified the name, by which she is now best known, Mother Mary of Providence.

"An instance of the power," to quote our author, "which the idea of God in His character of Providence exercised upon her mind at so early a period is related of her. She used often to ponder what she could do for God. 'My God,' she frequently said, 'You are my Providence; O, if I could some day be yours!' And on one occasion, whilst she was brooding over this desire, a sudden inspiration seemed to give a definite form to her yearning. As if a precious discovery had flashed upon her, as if a new star had just appeared on the hitherto vague expanse of desire, she exclaimed: 'Ah, this is the way in which I will be the Providence of my kind God; He loves exceedingly the souls of Purgatory, and on account of His justice He cannot deliver them; well, then, I will give Him those souls whom He loves, and I will entreat the whole world to give them to Him, by means of their prayers and by small sacrifices. I will say to them: "Be the Providence of so good a God, since He is your Providence. Will not you give *something* to Him Who gives *everything* to you?"'"

Her life at home, after quitting school, was entirely spent in pious works; she was the friend of the poor, the consoler of the sorrowful, the reclaimer of the negligent, and especially zealous in establishing an association for aiding the dead

with masses, good actions, penances, and alms. In three months the new association reached to 1,500 members.

For a long time the desire of entering Religion had been maturing within her heart, but she little knew until almost the moment of its commencement that she was to be called by the Divine Voice to be herself the instrument of a sublime work—that of founding in Paris an Order which should "pray, suffer, and labour" for the souls of the dead.

After being obliged to contend with great poverty, there being sometimes not more in the common purse than five centimes (a halfpenny) to buy necessary food for herself and the first Sisters of the Community, she obtained a house in the Rue Barouillère, at Paris.

One of her most anxious desires was to obtain permission from the then Archbishop of Paris, Monseigneur Sibour, to have the Blessed Sacrament exposed on the Altar of the chapel of the Community, and to have Benediction at stated times. The following incident in connection with this request is worth recording.

"The Archbishop hesitated at first, saying that even Communities of thirty years' standing would hardly venture to ask for such favours.

"Eugénie, however, with an earnestness often quaintly flavoured with a piquant and ready wit, which made her irresistible, replied: 'Ah, Monseigneur, what would you have? The youngest children are always the boldest.' The Archbishop seemed still undecided, and even exclaimed: 'It is impossible; I cannot give such an authorisation.' Eugénie then showed intense emotion, and thus implored him to comply with her petition: 'The souls in Purgatory,' she said, 'are holding your pen.' 'Do you think so?' was the Archbishop's last remark; and then he gave the signature without another word. How little did he then imagine that his own soul would be speedily summoned to the Judgment, and that amongst those who would weep and pray for him none would be more ardent than she whom charity for the dead had made so resolute and urgent with the living! He was assassinated on the 3rd of January, 1857."

The work to which Mother Mary of Providence had consecrated all her energies of soul and body prospered in a marvellous manner; and, before long, houses of the Order were flourishing in Nantes, Brussels, and even in far-off China, and great numbers of persons affiliated themselves to the Helpers

of the Holy Souls by joining the Third Order of Lady Associates, as it has been called, or becoming honorary members.

At length, however, a fatal disease began to develop itself in the Foundress, and her life from that time became a continual martyrdom; but never did she falter in her heroic resignation.

"When her agonies of pain were unusually excessive, she never allowed them to engulf her mind, as is so often the case with less intrepid spirits; she made these water-floods, as they swept through her enfeebled frame, 'praise the Lord,' and turned their expiatory current into the scorching land of Purgatory. 'I will make *all* things new,' says our Divine Lord; and they who are full of 'the mind of Jesus' have this same power, according to the degrees of their sanctity, of transfiguring common clay into gold, bitters into sweets, and of giving to dumb things a marvellous voice. 'O Jesus, my Master!' said she whose latter moments we are narrating, 'may each pang tell Thee of my love, and ask from Thee the deliverance of a soul in Purgatory;' and again, 'Make the Cross give me love; for twenty-eight years have I been offering this prayer, without taking much account of all that I am asking for in this petition; let us cleave to the Cross; it is our only hope; life is so short, and eternity will never finish; let us, then, already belong to eternity. How can one attach oneself to anything but the Cross? it is that which holds up our weakness.'"

The following is the account of her last moments:—

"On the 9th of January, 1871, she had the consolation of receiving the fortifying grace of holy unction, and on the 6th of February her last Communion, at the hands of one around whose heroic soul the aureola of martyrdom was already beginning to form its golden rays. Père Olivaint, of the Society of Jesus, was her confessor, and henceforth his immortal name will ever be intertwined with the kindred memory of Mother Mary of Providence.

"The last visit to her of her director was another similar instance of those numerous providential circumstances which had led to her being called, even in her early years, 'the Spoilt child of Providence.' On the Feast of the Agony of our Lord, the 7th of February, she had frequent attacks of suffocation, followed by a kind of stupor, but on awaking, she declared repeatedly that Père Olivaint would come to see her at three o'clock. He generally came later, but at three pre-

cisely he arrived. When he was asked by the Sisters why he had changed, on that day, the hour of his visit, he replied that he had intended to come at five, but that he was led by some inexplicable impulse to anticipate his usual visit by two hours. Thus an interior assurance, which it is known that Mother Mary of Providence had received, was remarkably fulfilled. She was always certain that her confessor would be with her in her last moments; and so it happened. Père Olivaint came, as she foretold he would, at three; and soon after he had heard her confession, and had departed, her final agony began, and before five, one of the Sisters, perceiving that she was very still, whispered: 'Our Mother is asleep.' But it was a sleep 'in the Lord,' for the foundress of the Helpers of the Holy Souls was no longer praying, suffering, and labouring amongst her children in this valley of tears; now, at length, the mystical invitation had arrived for the true spouse of Jesus Christ: 'Arise, make haste, my beautiful one, and come; for the winter is now past, the rain is over and gone.' "

THE NARRATIVE OF SUEMA, A NEGRO GIRL, FROM THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA, RESCUED FROM SLAVERY BY THE MISSIONARIES OF ZANZIBAR.

OUR readers have already been made acquainted (No. for April, 1874) with the successful Missionary work for the conversion of the negroes, which is being carried on by the Fathers of the Sacred Heart of Mary, in the island of Zanzibar and in their first settlement at Bagamoyo, on the East Coast of the continent of Africa. Their work, as we saw, for the present mainly consists in the redemption of the captive negroes from their slavery, and in forming them into Christian settlements on the coast, which are intended to be made to serve as a basis of operations for the further conversion of their countrymen. This is, of course, not the work of a day or of a generation; rather, as we may hope, it is part of the beginning of a work which is to extend itself into the future far beyond what it is permitted to any generation now living to look forward to—the beginning, in short, of a lasting work of Christian compensation for the innumerable cruel and unjust barbarities that have been committed by the white men against their fellow-men who differ from them in colour.

The following is the narrative of a young negro girl, little

more than ten years of age, who was redeemed from slavery in the market at Zanzibar, and whose story was taken down as soon as she could make herself understood to relate it, in the institute of the Sisters, "Filles de Marie," at Zanzibar. It will serve to give our readers a genuine insight into the reality of the terrible horrors which spring out of, and continually accompany, the trading in negro slaves on the African continent; horrors which, it may be properly remarked, Dr. Livingstone has made such just and earnest appeals to his countrymen to increase their efforts to suppress. The narrative was first given to the public in France, with an introduction by Monsignor Gaume, and it is now translated into English, and published by W. B. Kelly, of Grafton-street, Dublin, being sold for the benefit of the Fund for the Redemption of Negro Children in Zanzibar. Ours, it will be readily understood, can be but a very imperfect abridgment of the narrative in question, which, to do full justice to the subject, ought to be read in its perfect form in the little volume above referred to.

"I was born," said Suema, "in the country of the Uamiao: of its extent and the numbers of its tribes I have no idea; for I was very young when I left it. My country is exceedingly beautiful. It has immense plains, in which there is much grass. It has also large rocks, with clear streams running through them, into which the villagers fly in the time of war.

"My father was very brave, and was considered the best hunter in the country. Throughout the entire year our cottage was well stocked with game and provisions. He used to sell the tusks of the elephants he killed to the traders, and received their wares in exchange. My mother and my elder sisters were covered with glass beads and chains. They even wore garments that came from abroad. I also was covered with glass beads, but they were my only clothing. In the morning my father generally set out with his friends for the hunting grounds. My mother and sisters hoed the fields, while I took care of the sheep and the house.

"One day all the hunters assembled together to drive the wild animals into pits which they had prepared, and I was allowed to go and look on, little thinking of any danger; but as they were all beating the bushes, there was a roar of a lion that frightened everyone; it then came out of the thicket near where we were, and my father, seeing the danger we were in, rushed on the lion, knife in hand. I was so frightened that I have no recollection of anything after this; but none of the

hunters came to my father's assistance, and we never saw him any more. All our misfortunes date from that sad day.

"Then soon after this there came a swarm of locusts, which devoured all the grass and the leaves of the trees; and then there was a great sickness in which my sisters died, and after this my brother, so that my mother determined to take me with her, and go to seek some healthier place.

"The change of scene greatly benefited my mother. After three days' journey we found a suitable place where we built a little hut, and a neighbour lent us two bags of mtama, the one for seed and the other for food till the harvest. But the season was bad, and the crop quite failed. Our neighbour came and demanded payment for his two bags of mtama, and my mother threw herself at his feet entreating him to grant her a little delay.

"My mother was very skilful in clay work; night and day she worked at this, and I helped her, but notwithstanding all our exertions we could not pay a quarter of the debt when the time came. Just at this time a trading caravan came by. In the morning our creditor came with two old men of his tribe and an Arab. Without asking leave, they entered the hut, and said harshly to my mother, 'Mother of Suema, have you nothing to pay for my two sacks of mtama? I will take your daughter in payment. Bear witness,' said he to the old men. Then turning to the Arab, he said, 'Well, it is a bargain—110 yards of American cloth for this little child.' The Arab took me by the hand, made me rise and walk about, examined my arms and feet, opened my mouth, and then, after some moment's reflection, replied, 'It is well—you can take the cloth.'

"When my mother saw the Arab leading me away, she threw herself at his feet, and said, 'I am not yet old; my hair is white, not from age but sorrow. I am strong; I can carry an elephant's tooth. Pity me, do not separate me from my child. I know how to work earthenware; I would be useful to you as a slave, and I promise to work constantly.' The Arab at last consented.

"The next morning the caravan set out. My mother had to carry an elephant's tusk, and I had to carry only some pieces of cloth. The first two or three days were well enough. I liked walking, but my mother could not carry her load. The Arab gave it to someone else, but in the evening he would not let her have any food to eat. I managed, however, to divide

mine with my mother, but when the Arab found this out, he beat me till the blood ran down.

"Seeing this, and after my mother had lost her strength from hunger, and could not follow the caravan any longer, I ran away, and after walking a long time in the dark, I at last came to her; but as she was still folding me in her arms, the Arab and some others came up and beat us both most severely, carrying me off by force. This was the last time I ever saw my mother.

"I was forced to walk on; but they beat me so severely, if I lagged behind, that I became quite a skeleton, and at last could not walk. I was given to a slave to be carried, and at every halting place he threw me as heavily as he could on the ground. 'Master,' he said, 'what's the use of carrying this skeleton any farther.' In this way we came to Quiloa, when we rested for some days.

"Then I remember being put on board a vessel in which we were six days, and all who, like me, had been put on board the vessel began to tremble, and bewail their misfortunes in the strongest manner. 'Ah,' said they, 'we are all lost. We are going to Zanzibar, where white men live who eat up the poor negroes.'

"When we arrived at the slave depot, it was already night. There I saw the conductor of the caravan, whom I had before looked upon as the most powerful person in the world, demean himself humbly before another Arab, who appeared as if finding fault with him in a language which I did not understand. He pointed with his finger at me several times; then, in another language like that of my country, he ordered me to stand up. I tried several times to do so, but could not. Then, calling two strong negroes, he said, 'Put this skeleton in a mat and take her to the cemetery; it is no use giving her any more food, she can't be saved.' I was at once put in a mat and carried away. At last they stopped, and threw me on the ground. I felt they were scraping up the sand, and that I was being buried alive. The layer of sand was so thin that I could hear the footsteps of the negroes as they hurried away. The deepest silence ensued. I had a horror of death, and I made a violent attempt to burst out of the mat, and I was just able to raise my head out of the sand so as to escape being stifled. I cried out as loud as I could, but two or three times, when I thought I heard footsteps, I suppose I must have frightened them away.

"Then there came some jackals. I cried out, but, though frightened at first, they came on again, and I felt them biting at my feet, and then I fainted away, and when I came to my senses I found myself in a room with white partitions. I was on a good bed, covered with a white blanket. Two persons with white faces, such as I had never seen before, were standing at the head of the bed. They were you, dear mothers, who have been so kind and good to me ever since."

Suema owed her delivery to a young Creole, M. N., of Bourbon, who, not being able to sleep that night, had taken the fortunate fancy of going out to shoot jackals. The cry of the animals had attracted him to the cemetery, and he came up in time to frighten away the jackals, which are very cowardly animals that have a great terror of a gun. Seeing before him a bundle that was stirring a little, the young man naturally wished to know what it was. He stooped down, undid the cords, and, finding a human body still warm, he lifted it on his shoulders and carried it to the Catholic Mission.

Suema from this time has become a happy inmate of the Orphanage. She has been baptized, and has had to attend in the hospital of the sisters on the very same Arab who treated her so cruelly in the caravan, and who had been brought in wounded from a fight with some English cruisers. Her present name is Sister Magdalen, and her narrative, as here given in brief, has been sent from Zanzibar by the Rev. F. Horner, the superior of the Mission.

Christian charity, our readers may easily perceive, has a mission in the world, and if Suema's narrative should put it into the mind of any of our readers to consider how they can spare something from their earnings, or put by something which they might otherwise have spent on their amusements, the congregation to which Father Horner belongs has established a large college, known as the French College, Blackrock, near Dublin, and the rector of this college, the Rev. J. Leman, will be happy to receive any pious offerings and transmit them to his colleagues in Zanzibar, to be applied to the relief of Suema's brothers and sisters in misfortune.

No. V.—HALF-HOURS WITH THE SAINTS.

The Martyrdom of S. Perpetua.

During some thirty years there had been no general persecutions of the Church. There had been outbreaks of the popular hatred to Christianity, and many a martyr had suffered because a bad harvest, or a public calamity, or the outcries of some envious pagan priest, had maddened the people against the supposed authors of all the miseries of the world. But, on the whole, there had been a great calm, and heroic souls, like warriors in peace time, almost chafed under the peacefulness of the times which hindered their chance of martyrdom. But the hour was coming. The persecution had already begun in Rome; and Africa was waiting, fearfully or hopefully, for the sound of the approaching storm. At length it broke. Awful whispers were heard in the streets; it was rumoured that Christians were to be the victims in the coming games on Cæsar's birthday. Christians were publicly insulted. The churches were closed and the sacred vessels hidden away. The timorous began to flee; the cowards and worldly-minded began to make public recantation, or to purchase certificates of their having sacrificed to idols. The low populace and the brutal soldiers glutted themselves with the thought of the horrible sight of which their fathers had told them and which they were now about to enjoy themselves. Instruments of torture were got ready, the prisons were cleared out, and the ministers of death began to go through the town. Many confessors were taken, but amongst them all there is none whose passion was more glorious, whose name has become more famous than St. Perpetua.

She had not been yet baptized, but it was common in those days to defer baptism. She was considered none the less a Christian, and her acts show that she was familiar with the secrets of the spiritual life, and had already brought forth all the fruit of a perfect sanctity. She was of excellent birth. At the age of twenty-two she was already a widow, but her parents and two brothers were still alive. An infant still at the breast was another tie which bound her to life. The mother and brothers were Christians, but the father was still a pagan. He was a man of violent passions, and all the strength of his affections was fixed on his daughter. She was the one delight and stay of his declining years.

The satellites come to the house, and joyously the martyr accompanies them. She is first taken to a private mansion where the four companions of her sufferings are already lodged. She is calm and happy; she has been longing for this, she sees Heaven already opening before her, and she sits encouraging her companions. But whose are those grey hairs she sees in the street below. Perhaps her father was from home when she was taken, and very possibly did not know before that his beloved daughter was of the abominable and despised sect of the Galileans. As he bursts into the room, she nerves herself for the coming struggle. "My daughter," he cries; "what is this? Come back with me. There is some mistake. You will never sacrifice your home, your good name, your poor aged father, for a mere *name*—for a fancy! What is this disgrace which you are about to bring on us? Say you are not a Christian." Then, as now, the blind world could not realize the possibility of a practical belief like this. Its one joy is in visible things, its one dread the loss of visible things, and pains and death. It has its ideas and its beliefs, but there is not one of them for which it would sacrifice the smallest thing. And sorrowfully, but firmly, the saint answered, "Dearest father, whatever grief it causes you, I must say I am a Christian. You cannot say that yonder vase is not a vase, and I cannot say I am other than I am." The unhappy father, in the first agony of his desperate grief, threw himself on his daughter, as if he would tear out her eyes. He beat her and kicked her in his frantic rage, but she could bear his fury infinitely better than his tenderness, and at last, frantic with himself and her, he broke away. The saint began to breathe again, and gave thanks to her beloved who had strengthened her under this temptation.

During the next few days the confessors were baptized, and the Holy Spirit inspired St. Perpetua to pray for nothing but patience in sufferings. Truly she had need of the grace.

Refusing to sacrifice, they were sent to the prison, or rather to the dungeon, to await their trial. The delicate matron was astonished and horrified at the fearful sight; she had never imagined anything like it. We who have only seen the large, airy, clean buildings of modern times can have little idea what a Roman dungeon was like. It was a mere hole in the ground, into which the prisoners were thrown, one on the top of the other, until the thing was full. "The

oppression," says the saint, "was unbearable." Of the five confessors, one died in prison before suffering any torture. The soldiers added to the miseries of their unfortunate captives; in fact, they always made a practice of this until the friends of the prisoners should purchase their forbearance. Besides these things, the saint was racked with anxiety for her child. She must have sunk in a short time under her sufferings, but God sent her some relief. The Church always took care that deacons should visit the confessors in prison, and obtain with money such mitigations as the jailors could grant. By this means the prisoners got permission to spend a few hours daily in a more comfortable part of the prison. There the mother and brothers of the saint used to visit her, and there she used to suckle her child. She was grieved to see their anguish, but after all they were Christians, and she succeeded at last, not only in reconciling them to her death, but even in making them rejoice with something of her own joy. "I wept," she says, "to think that of all my relations my father alone would not rejoice over my martyrdom." Her solicitude for her child removed, her mother and brothers comforted, herself strengthened with a new grace—"the prison," she says, "became a palace to her." All this time was passed in prayer, and God favoured Perpetua with several visions, which are given at length in the acts. These favours prepared her for her second great encounter with the enemy.

It was rumoured in the city that the trial was about to come off. The unhappy father, wild with grief and fear, rushes again to the prison. The saint shall describe the temptation in her own words: "'My daughter,' he said to me, 'have pity on my white hairs; have pity on your father, if I still deserve to be called your father. . . If I have preferred you to all your brothers, do not make me the outcast of men. . . Give up your obstinacy, and do not ruin us all. We can never lift up our heads again if misfortune happen to you.' My father said all this to me with the greatest tenderness, kissing my hands, throwing himself weeping at my feet, calling me, not his daughter, but *my lady*. And I wept, . . . and tried to console him." But what could she say? How could she console him, when she knew she must refuse him the only consolation possible to his blindness? What human consolation for a mother when her murdered son lies bleeding in her arms? The unhappy father retired inconsolable. The saint wept bitterly. The most cruel death

was pleasure compared with such pain. But these pangs must come twice again. Christ's faithful servant must, according to her vision, trample down the horrible dragon at the foot of the golden ladder, before she mounts through swords and daggers, and hooks and scythes, to meet her beloved at its summit.

The next day Perpetua stood before the tribunal, calm and firm in her glorious faith. Her companions had already been interrogated. "And you, Perpetua," said the judge, "will you sacrifice?"

"I am a Christian," she said, "and I will be constant to my name" (Perpetua).

But why does her voice falter? She sees her father in the crowd, and her child in his arms. He has heard from her mother of her maternal anxiety, and, clinging to every slightest hope, he has brought the little one to plead for him. He pulls her down from among the condemned, and implores her in an agony of supplication, "Have pity on the child." Noble matron! she stands for one moment transfixed, her eyes raised to Heaven, and then the pang is over. The judge joins his voice with her father's. It is useless. His patience is exhausted. The final question is put: "Are you a Christian?" "I am a Christian" is the firm and joyous answer. Then the poor father puts her child into her arms, and bringing her mother and her brothers near her, "Have pity on us," he cries; "and save our lives in saving your own." In a transport of righteous indignation the saint threw off her child, repelled those whose cruel embraces would have ruined her. "Depart from me," she exclaimed, "ye enemies of God. Shall I make more account of you than of my Lord?" The father retired confounded, but when he heard the sentence given, he seized her in frantic despair, and tried to save her in spite of herself; and she suffered the anguish of seeing him beaten off by order of the judge. "Every stroke," says the martyr, "fell on me, and I wept as I thought over his sad old age."

But God is just, and the saint rejoiced to hear that she was to be exposed to wild beasts in the Amphitheatre on the coming 7th of March, the Cæsar's birthday.

One more effort her unhappy father makes to shake her resolution, and once more she comes victorious out of the fierce battle.

The day comes, the day of victory, the day of reward, as

the martyrs ever call it. The martyrs enter the arena. All round them is a wall of cruel faces, pale with the thought of the fearful inhuman emotions which await them. The bright unstained sand within. They hear the hum of the distant city—for they suffer in the soldiers' honour, and in the soldiers' camp—the low growl or the fierce roar of the hungry beasts of prey. What a contrast they present! their noble faces resplendent with joy and hope and courage, their forms erect, their step firm and stately. The people feel their superiority, and indignantly petition that they may be scourged. They pass, therefore, between two files of brutal keepers, and from each of the wretches Perpetua's delicate shoulders receive a murderous wound. At last she stands, with her companion, S. Felicitas, in the centre of the ring, and a wild cow is let loose on them; it pierces them with its cruel horns, raises them into the air amid the shouts of the people, and they fall, horribly wounded, to the earth. Perpetua's first thought is modestly to arrange her vesture, and then helping her companion to arise they stand waiting a second attack from the fierce animal. The sight moved even the cruel people to some pity, and the martyrs are ordered to be taken off to the gladiators' room, that an end may be put to their sufferings. On the way Perpetua seemed to wake out of a trance, and, all torn and bleeding as she was, she asked when she was going to be exposed to the wild cow. They could hardly persuade her that the fight was over. In the beautiful words of S. Felicitas: "The Lord had suffered in her and for her, because she had suffered for Him." But He would have her suffer something, and she fell to the lot of a most inexperienced gladiator, who wounded her between the ribs, and made her scream with pain. She, herself, directed his trembling hand to her throat, as if to consummate her own sacrifice. "As if," say the Acts of her martyrdom, "the devil did not dare to take away her life, unless she herself signified her willingness to give it up."

A reflection of S. Augustine may conclude this sublime history: "The two saints trampled on that serpent which found entrance to the heart of Eve. Her he deceived by promising Divinity, these he could not conquer while taking away their lives. Her he surprised in the delights of Paradise, by these he was himself taken by surprise and conquered in the midst of furious beasts and fierce swords. Most justly, then, have they been exalted in glory; and they have been pre-

ferred in honour and in the mouths of the faithful to the holy men who suffered with them."

TO THE SACRED HEART.

Sweet, suffering Heart! in pain thou waitest long
For truant ones and faithless! O, for leave
To watch for ever near the sanctuary
Where Thou dost lie enshrined! Dear, patient Heart!
We count the moments of delay as lost
Which lie between us and the light of hope,
And our hearts sicken at thought of joy deferred.
But Thou, O Heart of Love, patiently waitest,
All but in vain for us, whose hearts so frail
Love nothing as they ought. All but in vain,
Yet all untired, for us, who, when we love,
Pain most with fond and foolish waywardness
The Heart we love the most! Untired for us,
Whose love is as a worthless pebble cast
Upon the shores of Thine Infinity!
Whose brightest aspirations disappoint
All hearts save Thine alone! O Heart of God,
Thou lovest through excessive tenderness
For our excessive weakness! Sweet excess
To draw such depths of increated love
Towards the abyss of creatures! Sweet excess
To find reward in love that disappoints like ours!
O who would disappoint Thee, gentle heart?
Thee who hast come in such humility,
And begged Thy creatures for a little love!
O, who would disappoint Thee, if he might
Answer that yearning Heart with love for love?
Sweet, silent Heart! dear, silent, suffering Heart!
Speak to us once, but once, and we shall die
To everything but Thee; and our poor hearts,
Throbbing and swelling with tumultuous love,
Shall utterance find to plead for Thee with men!
O let us speak, sweet Jesus! Let the love
Which hovers round Thy earthly Tabernacle,
Yearning to meet response, find tongue and voice
In us Thy lowly children; for not we,
But Thy blest Spirit will the Preacher be!

Sister Teresa, of the Holy Ghost Tertiary, O.S.D.

SCENES OUT OF THE CATHOLIC DAYS UNDER THE PENAL LAWS.

THE Very Rev. Nicholas Posgate, D.D., was born in Egton parish, near Whitby, Yorkshire. He was educated at Douay College, where he was ordained priest March 20th, 1628, and came the same year on the English mission. The scene of his missionary labours was in the locality of Ugthorpe and its neighbourhood, where he zealously laboured for about fifty years, and reclaimed many souls from their vices and errors. He resided in a small cottage situated on a lingy moor, about half way between Ugthorpe and Egton, about six miles from Whitby, and about seven from Danby Castle. Mr. Ward, who lived at Danby Castle, knew him well, and speaks of him as follows:—

> Nor spared they Father Posgate's blood,
> A reverend priest, devout and good,
> Whose spotless life in length was spun
> To eighty years and three times one:
> A thatched cottage was the cell
> Where this contemplative did dwell.
> Sweet his behaviour, grave his speech,
> He did by good example teach;
> His sanctity, to that degree,
> As angels live, so lived he.
>
> *Ward's Canto IV.*

This holy priest was apprehended by one Reeves, an exciseman, for baptizing a child at the house of Matthew Lyth, at Littlebeck, near Whitby, and was sent to York Castle, where he was sentenced to death for being a priest and exercising his priestly functions. On the morning of his execution he was visited by some of his friends, among whom were Mrs. Fairfax, of York, and Mrs. Meynell, of Kilvington. The holy Confessor, on seeing these two good ladies in great trouble about his approaching death, said to them, "Be of good heart, children; you will be delivered of sons, and they will both be saved."

Accordingly, these two pious ladies were shortly afterwards delivered each of a son, and each son was baptized and died in his infancy. At the gallows the holy Confessor said, "Mr. Sheriff, you know I die not for any plot against the king (Charles II.), but for my religion; be pleased to inform the king that I never injured him in any way. I pray God

to give him grace and the light of truth. I freely forgive all that have injured me and brought me to this death, and I desire forgiveness of all people." He was in his eighty-third year when he was executed, on the 7th of August, 1679.

The exciseman Reeves, who apprehended him, never got the twenty pounds which he expected for his information, but after living in great torture of body and mind, was found drowned in a small brook near Littlebeck.

The following hymn was composed by this holy Confessor, and is generally known and often repeated by the Catholics of the neighbourhood:—

THE HYMN OF FATHER POSGATE.

O gracious God, O Saviour sweet,
  O Jesus, think of me,
And suffer me to kiss Thy feet,
  Though late I come to Thee.

Behold, dear Lord, I come to Thee,
  With sorrow and with shame,
For when Thy bitter wounds I see,
  I know I caused the same.

O sweetest Lord, lend me the wings
  Of faith and perfect love,
That I may fly from earthly things,
  And mount to those above;

For there is joy both true and fast,
  And no cause to lament,
But here is toil, both first and last,
  And cause oft to repent.

But now my soul doth hate the things
  In which she took delight,
And unto Thee, the King of Kings,
  Would fly with all her might.

But, oh, the weight of flesh and blood
  Doth sore my soul detain;
Unless Thy grace doth work, O God,
  I rise but fall again.

And thus, dear Lord, I fly about
  In weak and weary case,
And like the dove Noe sent out,
  I find no resting-place.

My wearied wings, sweet Jesus, mark,
  And when thou thinkest best,
Stretch forth Thy hand out of the ark,
  And take me to Thy rest.

MIRABILIA DEI.

The following narrative of a young person who died at Ross, in Herefordshire, in the "odour of sanctity," is from the pen of the REV. DR. MARSHALL, *who has now had charge of the Mission at Ross for seven years.*

WHEN I first came to Ross, now just seven years ago, I found a young girl named Rose Mary C——, a Catholic, and residing with her aunt, a Protestant. Her mother was a Catholic, but unfortunately had forsaken, for some worldly motive, her religion. As she was thirteen years old, I at once proceeded to prepare her for her first Communion. She seemed a very good girl, and received the instruction I gave her with great delight, and I had every reason to be much pleased with her. After a short time, to my regret, and before I had finished my preparation, she left the place, and I learnt that she had gone back to her mother, who lived a long way off. Afterwards I heard that great inducements were made to make her abandon her faith, but all in vain, for she nobly persevered in retaining it. Some months elapsed, when I was told that she had come back to Ross, with her mother, and was dangerously ill. I lost no time in going to her, and found her senseless. The doctor told me that she had some apoplectic affection of the brain. I asked him whether he had ever heard of apoplexy anywhere but in the brain, when he replied that it was apoplexy, but the reason why he had not pronounced it such at once was that apoplexy in so young a person was so extraordinary that there was only one case that he had ever heard of recorded in medical annals, and in his long experience he had never met it. In a few days she died, without ever having recovered her consciousness. I had given her extreme unction and did all that I could do, and the next day after her death I read over her the prayer for the dead and blessed some earth to be placed in her coffin. That evening the undertaker who came to take the measure of her body asked if she had been embalmed, for he had never smelt anything like her corpse; it was so richly perfumed. Her mother, her aunt, and a servant girl, all perceived it. It filled the room, and when the window was opened it came down into the little court-yard behind the house. The neighbours on either side smelt it, and asked what it was. All these persons were Protestant, and one, her mother, a pervert. I felt it my duty, as soon as

this was told me, to make another visit, and form my own judgment. I desired to be alone, and I proceeded to the chamber of the departed. There was no doubt about it, the very staircase was perfumed, though the door was shut. I opened the door, and smelt the richest odour I have ever known in all my life. It was stronger than any incense I had ever smelt in any church. It was something like incense, but yet very different, and sweeter than any flowers. Now, I have a great repugnance to the sight of death, and nothing is more painful to me than to look at a human corpse. All this repugnance, however, quite vanished, and I experienced the very reverse, but I am not able to describe what I felt as I looked upon her face—it was like looking at a martyr, and martyr I deemed her to be—for the severe mental struggles she had undergone had brought on the stroke unheard of in a child, and were the undoubted cause of her death.

I examined the room to see if the scent could have come from anything except the body, and found nothing. To make doubly sure, I drew the coverlet over her head, and then placed mine under it. I was now quite certain, for the perfume came in waves, although I never stirred or touched her body; still it came stronger and richer than ever. On the Sunday I said a few words about the resurrection of the body, and of the glory and beauty that would one day adorn the bodies of the just. I begged the members of my scanty congregation to go and see her, and judge for themselves, and they went and prayed by her bedside, and all perceived the odour, which lingered to the last, coming fresher and fresher. Altogether, some fifty persons were admitted to the room, and all, both Catholic and Protestant, were agreed in their testimony to the fact. One only, admitting the fact, tried to explain it away by ascribing it to some medicine that had been given during life, but this fell to the ground when, upon inquiry, I learned that none had been given. Just before her coffin was screwed down, on the day of her funeral, I had a white handkerchief laid on her face for a few minutes, and then brought it away. It was perfumed, and retained the odour for a long time. Writing an account of it some time after to a lady in Edinburgh, I placed this linen on the paper. She replied in a few days, and told me that the paper was richly scented, and that as soon as she opened the letter, a Jesuit father who was in the room, who knew nothing of the contents of the letter and had never heard the story it nar-

rated, asked where she had got that beautiful perfume. I have that kerchief yet, and I still fancy that it emits the odour, though very faintly; and it may be fancy, but others have perceived it too. Sometimes when the thought of death, which, as it will—if the loss of one eye and other bodily ailments are not deceitful tokens—makes me a little gloomy, I go and look at this little relic, and all the sadness disappears.

The best part of all has yet to be told—her mother's return to the Faith. Touched and consoled by this mark of Divine favour, she made her peace with God. I received her back into the Church, of which she has remained a good and dutiful child ever since.

This is the simple narrative of an event which, amongst many others, serves to make heaven smile through all the misty troubles of the earth.

Your readers may form their own comments.

H. T. MARSHALL.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE Holy Father continues to enjoy the gift of wonderful health, and though he continues, as hitherto, a prisoner in the Vatican, he may still say with S. Paul, "Verbum Dei non est alligatum." The Word of God cannot be kept prisoner. We had not available space last month for many remarkable discourses of the Pope, and our embarrassment for the present month is in this respect rather increased than lessened.

On the 4th of April the Holy Father admitted to audience a considerable number of Catholic gentlemen and ladies, in whose names the Landgrave of Furstemburg read an eloquent address. The Pope replied as follows:—"My very dear children, even at this hour the earth is covered with the darkness of unbelief, and in some respects the darkness is the thicker, because, in addition to the unbelief, there is the infernal gloom proceeding from hatred against God and His Ministers.

"But, notwithstanding, the gloom is the means of reanimating the fervour of the good, who, seeing the Church unjustly persecuted, renew their courage, and bravely set themselves to the task of upholding the rights of the Church,

and opposing themselves to the schemes of the enemies of God.

"The Episcopate and Clergy in Germany and Switzerland, and elsewhere, firmly united to their truly Christian people, are an object of admiration to the world, to angels and men. They are like the brightly-burning torch that attracts the eyes of all; among these many follow their example.

* * * * *

"It was once said that the blood of the martyrs was the seed of new Christians. The same comes to pass now. The firmness of many, among whom you are, increases the number of the true adorers of Jesus Christ. We must not stand still, for the ravening wolves never tire of trying to take away faith out of the hearts of the faithful. The ravening wolves enter the sheepfold by the use of fraud. They have even recourse to violence, being backed by those that are in high places, and they stop at nothing whereby they may aim at the destruction of faith. True apostles of Satan, in league with the overbearing tyranny of certain men like Sejanus, they persuade themselves that threats, banishments, and prisons can prepare the way to the impossible destruction of the Catholic Faith.

"But you, confiding in the Divine aid, redouble your efforts, bearing in mind that human nature is ever tending to debility and decadence, and is ever in need of recruiting its strength in order to hold its own. Remember also that it is not fitting that whoever puts his hand to the plough should turn back.

"Vigorously, therefore, oppose the corruption of a degraded press, persevere in prayer, take great care of youth, use all just legal means to defend the cause of the Church, which never has been, and never can be enslaved; for it is the will of God that she should be mistress. And, finally, lift up your arms, stretching them heavenwards, not to let them fall till the enemy be humbled and the sun gone down. These are the means I recommend to you to employ, to the end that, under the leadership of your Bishops, you may see tranquillity restored, the return of such peace as may be enjoyed in this valley of exile, and the persecution of the Church of Jesus Christ suspended, if not finally terminated.—BENEDICTIO DEI, &c."

On Thursday, the 9th of April, the Holy Father admitted to an audience a large number of persons from distin-

guished families of different nationalities, and, before giving them his benediction, he addressed to them a discourse in the French language. Afterwards, in the hall of the Countess Matilda, Lady Herbert presented an address to his Holiness in the name of the poor girls of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and at the same time placed in the hands of the Holy Father an elegant purse, containing the offerings of these poor girls, amounting to nearly four thousand pounds (91,000 lire), as their tribute of honour and attachment.

The address concluded with the following words: "Deign not to look at the smallness of the offering, but rather at our hearts overflowing with love for your Holiness. We are indeed filled with just indignation against those who persecute your Holiness. We should desire to shed the last drop of our blood, if by so doing we could but remove, even for an hour, the afflictions which give you such great pain. We declare that we live for your Holiness, for to live or die for you is the same as to live or die for Jesus Christ, of whom you are the Vicar. Be pleased, most blessed Father, to give us your apostolical and paternal benediction."

His Holiness appeared greatly moved with the address, and expressed in a very warm manner his gratitude for the gift, which he declared to be so much the more precious because it represented the many courageous acts of sacrifice which these good daughters of Mary must have undergone in order to be able to offer to their Father such a beautiful proof of their filial regard.

We extract the following from the *Dimanche Illustrè* of Toulouse:—

"On the 5th of May the delegates of the Catholic Committee, in the name of all the Catholics who took part in the pilgrimage of the year 1873, presented to the Pope a very loyal address, copied verbatim in each one of twenty albums, containing an aggregate of more than 100,000 signatures, among which figure some of the most illustrious names. The albums were magnificently bound, and on the outside were to be seen the arms of the Holy See and the Pilgrim's Cross, with an appropriate device signifying the part of France from which they came.

"In his reply to the French Pilgrims, the Holy Father said—

"'We must be united to Jesus Christ, speak of Him and love Him, and then we shall have Him on our side.

"'Yes. Speak of Him, children of France, and He will be on your side. But am I perhaps mistaken? These pilgrimages, do they not already speak of Him? Do not these tribunals of penance, surrounded by such multitudes of the faithful, do not the Eucharistic tables, approached by so many thousands of Frenchmen, speak of Him? Those missionaries, supported by your charity, who go into far distant lands, to carry the glad tidings of Jesus Christ, do they not speak of Him? Do the innumerable multitudes of the faithful not speak of Him who show such affection for the Vicar of Jesus Christ, an affection which they prove by their words, their prayers, and their generous gifts? Do the Spouses of the Divine Lamb not speak of Him who, having trimmed their lamp of charity, watch at the bedside of the sick, penetrate into prisons, and leave no misfortune without its alleviation?

"'Yes. Everywhere you speak of Him. Well, my beloved French people, let me make use of the very words of our Lord; let me salute you as He saluted the holy women. *Avete.* Hail. I salute you. I confirm your goodwill. I salute in you all the charitable souls who are found in such great numbers in your country. I salute and I bless you, your fellow-pilgrims and your families. I bless also those who govern France, and I pray them to remember that it is their duty to take the measures necessary to curb the unrestrained licence of the press, and that religious instruction should be protected and disseminated. I bless them that they may be united to defend the cause of Jesus Christ. I would that the fire which burned in the Apostles could find its way into their hearts. I bless them; and would to God that they could apply a cure to the wound, the most horrible of all wounds, that ravages these unhappy times, a wound that goes by the name of *universal suffrage*, but which much rather deserves the name of *universal falsehood!* Ah! this dreadful sore. Let it, if possible, be removed, and at least checked in its pernicious effects.—BENEDICTIO DEI, &c.'"

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NEW SERIES.

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No. VIII.—SACRUM SEPTENARIUM.

The Fifth Gift of the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Counsel, and how the great Mother of the Christian family exemplifies this spirit for the guidance of her children.

In order to be able adequately to perceive in what way God has formed His world of men to live under the rule and sway of the Holy Spirit of Counsel, nothing more is necessary than to turn to the Book of Genesis, to read there the history which relates what passed between Eve and the Spirit of Evil Counsel, who was permitted to approach her in Paradise that God might prove how she would use both her authority and the faculties of mind and understanding with which she had been endowed.

Eve, in the exercise of her undoubted sovereignty, might, in case she had so pleased, have refused on the spot the least answer to the very first question of this Evil Spirit, dismissing him from her presence, there and then, to mind his own business; or she might have replied to him that the law of God her Creator admitted of no question, but was one simply to be obeyed. Even in the last resort, after she had been so extremely incautious as to allow the deceiving Spirit an unrestrained hearing for all he had to say, it was not then too late for her to have answered him, "I am by creation the helpmate and associate of Adam, I can act upon no one's counsel without first consulting with him." Had she done this, she would have done no more than listen to the promptings of the Holy Spirit of Counsel, in opposition to the misleading of the Spirit of Evil Counsel, who was thus permitted, in the first outset, to make the trial of her prudence and discretion.

That God should have allowed Eve to be subjected to a trial which ended in her transgression of His law, through the misleading of an evil counsellor, and that He should have permitted Adam also to be drawn into the same trans-

gression by the persuasion of His helpmate and associate, proves two highly important truths.

(I.) The great extent of the natural flexibility which God has given to the human spirit is such that although God has left everyone, as the Scripture says, "in the hand of his own counsel" (Eccles. xv. 14), and has said, "Everyone shall bear his own burden" (Gal. vi. 5), nevertheless, by our social constitution, and through our being both by nature and grace made members one of another, we are at every instant of our lives open to endless influences of persuasion, one from another. There is, indeed, not a moment of our lives, so to speak, when we may not be brought under the influence of advice given to us, and when, in a thousand ways, of the nature and extent of which we can by no means at all times be fully aware, we may not be subjected to the action of a persuasive power that is in the hands of others. And (II.) since the same reasons which, in the beginning, permitted Eve to undergo the ordeal of an encounter with a deceiving spirit notwithstanding that the victory of the adversary over her was foreknown, still hold good in the counsels of God as regards ourselves, and since the family of men on earth, in pursuance of these reasons, continues to be subject to the danger of deceptions coming from the same deceiver to whose lies Eve incautiously listened, to the great prejudice of the obedience she owed to her God, we learn how widely is the extent and how sovereign is the importance of the functions reserved for the Holy Spirit of Counsel in the divine economy of the world of men. Considering the flexible and easily persuasible nature which God has given to the human spirit, had God not in His mercy been pleased continually to oppose the true light and the salutary direction of His own Holy Spirit of Counsel to the deceptions of the Apostate Angel, His creation could scarcely have failed to walk without check or hindrance in the footsteps of Eve, to their own hopeless deception and ruin. But a nature which the Divine Creator formed to be persuasible, and to be led by counsel, was not to be abandoned to the sole direction of the wiles and artifices of the Evil One. To the evil counsels of Satan was to be opposed the unceasing action of the Holy Spirit of Counsel coming from God. And though God permitted a most serious wound to be inflicted on His work, through the failure of the resistance with which Eve ought to have met the treacherous counsels of her deceiver,

the work of God was not, on this account, to suffer a total defeat. God was still to be glorified in the Creation which He had formed thus persuasible and open to the influence of counsel, through the willingness of men to be freely led by His own Holy Spirit of Counsel.

But for this end there was to be no compulsion on the side of God. The honour rendered to God by His creation on earth was to be the same in kind as that which is willingly rendered by the jubilant society of the Holy Angels in Heaven. Men on earth in the exercise of their power of free choice were to be allowed perfect freedom to choose between the voice which seduced Eve from her allegiance, and the holy persuasions of the Divine Spirit of Counsel; only in consequence of the footing which the Evil Spirit had gained in the world through his success with Eve, the Holy Spirit of God was constrained to condescend to the weakness of men, and to consent to compete, as it were, with a rival, as the Church sings—

> "Ars ut artem falleret
> Et medelam ferret inde
> Hostis unde læserat."

But even if, on these conditions of condescension the creation which God had made should be found in the end to fail to glorify Him, the Spirit of Evil was not to reap the profit. God said, "My Spirit shall not remain in man for ever, for he is flesh; his days shall be a hundred and twenty years." (Gen. vi. 3.) The world then existing was to have a term of a hundred and twenty years granted to it, at the end of which it was to be destroyed if it was then found to be hopelessly averse to its own good. During these hundred and twenty years Noe was a preacher of justice to his generation, and as their term approached the Divine warning was given to him: "The earth is filled with iniquity from before their face; I will destroy them. Build thee an ark." (Gen. vi. 13.)

Satan, then, Eve's deceiver, had now so far prevailed that a whole world was to be swept off the face of the earth, to make way for a new world to be born from the family of the one preacher of justice, who was found faithful to the counsels of the Divine Spirit. With this world God has made a covenant, which is still in force, that He will never bring the waters of a deluge upon it, as He had done upon its predecessor.

The same warfare between the Spirit of Deception whose evil counsels had brought the former world to its ruin, and the Holy Spirit of God, marks the course of its successor. Only the cry of the Holy Spirit is now more urgent. "Doth not Wisdom," says the Book of Proverbs, "cry aloud, and Prudence utter her voice, on the top of the heights above the highways, and standing in the middle of the paths, close to the gates of the city, and in the very doors she speaks, saying, O men, to you I cry aloud, and my voice is to the sons of men. Hear ye, for I am about to speak of great things, my lips shall be opened that they may declare the things that are just. My mouth shall speak the truth, and my lips shall detest the impious." (Prov. viii. 1.) And when the fulness of time came the prophecy was fulfilled; "God Himself was seen on earth, and conversed with men" (Baruch, iii. 38), being manifested, as S. Paul says, to destroy the works of the Devil.

Our special task, however, is to study the operation of the "Holy Spirit of Counsel" in the midst of the Christian Society, which is founded on the solemn public and formal renunciation by every one of its members of the Spirit of Evil Counsel, of all his works and all his pomps and deceits.

We may then, for brevity's sake, be satisfied with saying that the principal ways in which the Holy Spirit of Counsel operates in the midst of the Christian Society that call for our attentive study, are three in number.

(I.) This Holy Spirit is present to aid and assist us in the deliberations which we may be at any time called upon to make in the course of life in the depth of our own mind and thought, out of which is to come the decisive, and of course more or less momentous choice by which we must definitely abide.

(II.) It is present with us to prompt us diligently to exercise the most watchful wariness and the most jealous caution as to what kind of persuasive influences we are habitually willing to trust ourselves: prompting us, on the one hand, to keep ourselves out of the way of every kind of unknown and doubtful company, seductive amusement or dangerous book, and at once to discern and to forbid so much as the approach of anything likely to lead to evil; and on the other hand, to set the greatest value on society with the wise and the good, in the Christian household, and to be willing at all times to accept and listen to the wise reproofs and counsels

of those in whom we have just reason to know that we can place a well-founded confidence and reliance.

(III.) It is present with us to enable us to fulfil wisely and prudently the charitable office of counsellors and advisers to all such as may seek our help, or stand in need of the best aid and assistance which we may be able to render them by our advice.

(*To be continued.*)

A PRAYER IN VERSE, IN PREPARATION FOR HOLY COMMUNION.

Pray for me, Mary, full of grace,
  Within whose spotless breast
The very Son of God Most High
  Once found a place of rest.
For He is coming down from Heaven,
  To-day to visit me,
Then pray for me, that I be found
  Lowly and pure like thee.

Pray for me, Mother of my God,
  O Mary, full of grace,
Whose arms enclos'd His lifeless form,
  In loving, sad embrace.
O gain for me a burning love,
  A sorrow like to thine,
Before my Saviour comes to me,
  To make my heart His shrine.

Pray for me, Mary, thou in Heaven
  Art listening to His voice,
Thou seest Him, and in the sight
  Dost evermore rejoice.
O pray for me, that He who comes
  To visit my poor heart
May bid me come and dwell with Him,
  And never more depart.

No. IV.—PIUS THE NINTH.

THE Venerable Anna Maria Taigi, who died in Rome some years before the accession of Pius the Ninth, had made some remarkable prophecies concerning the successor of Gregory XVI. One of these was strangely realized in his election; another, that his name should be known and honoured throughout the world, seemed likely to be fulfilled almost prematurely, during the earliest part of his Pontificate. To no one, perhaps, was this a source of greater joy and surprise than to the Catholic Englishman of the period. To him loyalty to the Pope had been, as it were, the breath of his nostrils. For this had his ancestors forfeited their lands, life, and liberty, and for this had a sort of continual stigma clung to himself. The very names of *Papist* and *Popery*, hurled at him from his cradle, had ever kept before him the one crucial test, and watchword of his religion. The fact that one of England's wisest sons and greatest thinkers has declared that, until he was forty years of age he believed the Pope (not personally, but from his office) to be Antichrist,* speaks sufficiently as to the public opinion which our English Catholic had to battle with. And it must be owned that he was not over fond of foreigners or foreign ways, and that he had scarcely any knowledge of the private lives and personal qualities of former Popes. But now a sudden change had come, and the name and deeds of the benevolent Pope Pius were ringing throughout Europe. Here were the great English journals writing articles in his praise; here were the Jews composing a Hebrew hymn in his honour; here were vast meetings in the chief towns of America, with the leading statesmen, Puritans and sons of Puritans, assembling to vote him addresses of admiration and sympathy! Was this the beginning of the Millennium?

It was, indeed, by a wonderful dispensation of Providence that the perfect type of the Pontiff King was thus to appear in the world, and win the hearts of all nations by its irresistible charm at the eve of the dark period when earthly thrones were to be shaken to their foundations. To this day the most specious argument of the enemies of the Temporal Power is that Pius the Ninth had done everything that pope and king could do for his people, and that they have cast him

* Newman's "Apologia."

off. We wish to draw special attention to this before proceeding with the sad records of the early years of the Pontificate.

On the 15th of November, 1847, the Council of State, composed of twenty-four Deputies elected by the provinces, was solemnly inaugurated, and commenced its labours in the Vatican. "I have three millions of my subjects as witnesses," said the Pope, in his first address to the Deputies, "that I have hitherto accomplished much to unite my subjects with me, and to ascertain and provide for their necessities. The whole of Europe bears witness to this as well. It is to accomplish these ends more perfectly that I have summoned you to give me your advice, to aid me in forming the resolutions on which I shall consult my conscience, and to confer upon them with my ministers and the Sacred College." Anyone would be grievously mistaken, who fancied this Council of State to be the realization of Utopian ideas, or the germ of an institution which would be incompatible with the Pontifical Sovereignty. It is not the intention, or within the limits of this memoir, to give any detailed account of the unhappy causes by which the efforts of the Pope for the happiness and welfare of his people were frustrated, and their minds inflamed, and by degrees either intimidated or corrupted, till the revolutions in France and other nations, during the memorable year 1848, brought matters to a crisis in Rome. The revolution in Vienna had given new hopes to the Italians, and a republic was proclaimed in Venice. The Pope himself earnestly desired Italian independence, and made many efforts to unite the States. Had his idea of an Italian League under the presidency of the Pope been carried out, his reforms would have been consolidated, and Rome saved from anarchy. General Durando was sent from Rome on the 24th of March, 1848, to join Charles Albert in his brief campaign against Austria, the failure of which caused great gloom and dissatisfaction in Rome. Affairs soon assumed an alarming aspect, and the Pope summoned to his counsels Count Rossi, a statesman of great ability and prudence, as well as a sincere patriot. By his firmness and courage he succeeded, in three weeks, in restoring order. There was only one way of dealing with such a man—the dagger of an assassin. On the 15th November, as he was alighting from his carriage, to enter the Chamber of Deputies, he was stabbed in the throat, and died immediately. No attempt was made

to arrest the murderer, or notice taken of the deed by the Assembly. In the evening the murderers and their adherents, to the number of seven hundred, with flags at their head, fraternised with the soldiers at their barracks. On their way they stopped before the house of their murdered victim, and raised the most frightful yells and songs of triumph. "Count Rossi has died a martyr. God will receive his soul in peace!" was the exclamation of the Holy Father, on hearing the news.

The Director of Police refused to act, and the whole of the ministry resigned. The excesses of the populace continued, and at two o'clock next day a large body of people went to the Quirinal, with a programme containing their demands. There were about a hundred Swiss in the palace, who were alone charged with the personal guard of the Pope. They refused admission to the hostile crowd, who endeavoured to burn down the principal door of entrance, but retired after a few musket-shots. The diplomatic corps had time to enter the palace, and offer their moral support to the Pope. "The population were beginning to disperse," writes the French Ambassador, Monsieur d'Harcourt, "when, to our great surprise, we witnessed an unexpected spectacle. The civic guard, the gendarmerie, the line, and the Roman legion, to the number of some thousands, in uniform, with music and drums, came and ranged themselves in order of battle on the Square of the Quirinal, and were there joined by a few of the people who had remained, and began to fire at the windows of the palace. Some balls penetrated into the apartments, and one killed a prelate who was in his chamber. As the Swiss continued to display a bold attitude, and it was thought that a determined resistance would be offered, cannon was brought to batter down the doors of the palace of the Pope, who is mildness itself, and who had only one hundred Swiss to defend him. It is generally thought that there were only a few hundred plotters, who had laid the plan of this conspiracy. There were near the Pope during the whole of the day only the diplomatic corps. The Pope, all this time, showed much sang-froid and firmness; but as it was impossible to oppose resistance—and, besides, as he was less able and disposed than anybody to shed blood—it was necessary to do whatever was demanded by his own troops, who besieged him in his palace. Negotiations were entered into, and a list of ministers was proposed to him, at the head of which figured MM. Mamiani, Sterbini, Ga'-

lettii, &c. This he accepted, protesting, however, against the violence which was practised, and declaring that he would refer to the Chambers the other measures which were demanded of him. The authority of the Pope is now absolutely null. It exists only in name, and none of his acts will be free and voluntary."

The account in the *Daily News* states, "That when the deputation entered they declared they would allow his Holiness *one hour to consider; after which, if not adopted, they announced their firm purpose to break into the Quirinal, and put to death every inmate thereof, with the sole and single exception of his Holiness himself.*"

The prelate who was killed was the Pope's private secretary, Mgr. Palma. He was shot by a ball in the forehead.

Flight from Rome was now strongly urged on the Pope, as the only possible course for him to pursue. He remained in suspense for two or three days, when he received a letter from France, from the Bishop of Valence. This letter stated that the Bishop had come into possession of a little silver case, which had served Pius VII., of blessed memory, to reserve the Blessed Sacrament during his exile; and he now offered it to his Holiness. The Pope immediately decided on leaving Rome.

The difficulty was how to arrange his escape secretly. "I am only a woman," said the Countess of Spaur, to her husband, the Bavarian Ambassador, "but I know I could manage it." The Count smiled at the idea, at first, but in the evening he told her that she appeared destined by Providence for the great work. A project of marriage between a Bavarian Princess and the eldest son of the King of Naples afforded a pretext for their sudden departure for Naples.

On the 24th of November, between six and seven in the evening, the French Ambassador went to visit the Pope. After a short conversation, the Pope asked him to remain in his cabinet while he retired to another room, to change his white robes for the dress of an ordinary priest. The Holy Father, who preserved the utmost calmness and tranquillity of mind, then took leave of the Duke, who was deeply affected, but obliged to remain in the cabinet, to give the fugitives time to escape. The Cavalier Filippani accompanied the Pope through the spacious halls, lighted by a single taper, which went out, and they were left in darkness. The Duke was greatly alarmed at the cavalier's return to

relight the taper. As the Pope entered the carriage waiting for him, fresh danger occurred from a Swiss kneeling to ask his blessing. However, they reached the appointed place for meeting Count Spaur in safety.

At Castel Gandolfo the Pope descended from the carriage, to enter the post-chaise which was to convey him to Gaeta. He rested against a paling while his slight luggage was being adjusted, and three gendarmes, on patrol, passed and halted between the carriage and the Pope, who calmly saluted them, and wished them "Good-night." Count Spaur mounted the box first, and the Holy Father, with the Countess and her son Maximilian, then about eighteen, and a Bavarian priest, D. Sebastian Liebel, entered the carriage and proceeded to Gaeta in safety.

(To be continued.)

No. V.—MISSIONARY WORK.

The Mission of the Oblate Fathers of the Sacred Heart of Mary, at the Gaboon, on the West Coast of Africa.

THE negroes of the West Coast of Africa have for the last few months had every eye fixed upon them—that is, so far as the little empire of Ashantee (little, however, only in comparison with the immense, densely populated continent of which it is a part) is permitted to be their representative. What may eventually be the permanent good fruits of this expedition, now happily terminated, it is for the future to show. We must hope, however, for the honour of the Christian name which the British Empire still continues to bear, that it is not to end in the mere giving proof of the superiority of European war tactics and war implements over those possessed by fetisch-worshipping negroes. Our Lord said, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all things unto Me" (John xii. v. 32); and war has often before now served as the pioneer and precursor of the Faith. The sword of Charlemagne was an effective missionary power in Germany; and the prayer in the Missal for the "Roman Emperor" (a dignity which has only ceased to be conferred since this century set in, because there is no prince found worthy to bear it) is, "that God would bless the sword of the Emperor, that the nations and tribes who trust in their ferocity may be held in check by Thy right hand." We cannot, therefore, be without good ground for hoping that

the present example of the humiliation of a Negro Power before the superior military skill of the white man, may be an event, in the order of Divine Providence, from which good is to arise, even though it may fail for the moment to be very apparent how or in what way the good is to come.

One thing at least is very obvious, viz., that all attempts at converting the negro population will have to comprise a provision for the security and protection of the Christian settlements which may be formed in the midst of the heathen. God in His Providence in the first ages allowed the Faith of the Church to take root in the civilization of the old Roman Empire, and to find its adherents in the midst of the civil society which that empire upheld. The ruling spirit which largely animated that empire, it is true, was that of Satan; but inasmuch as the civil society upheld by the empire was well ordered, and education, knowledge, and the liberal arts of life were held in honour and ably cultivated, the Christians were not separated from it. Satan was permitted to stir up the courts of the empire to wage a war of extermination on the Christians; but because in the midst of the people of the great empire there were not wanting very many naturally noble qualities, the spectacle of the supernatural heroism of the Christian Martyrs, by the grace of God, subdued all that was naturally great and noble in the Roman Empire, and in the end the Church prevailed and conquered the civilized world.

But in missions to the negroes there is nothing that is either intellectually great or naturally noble to conquer. All the naturally great social qualities that were found in the Roman Empire are totally wanting amongst them. The work of the Christian Missionary among the negroes must, in the main, be confined to the labour of endeavouring to make an industrious, sober, upright working man and a Christian, out of a lazy, idle, deceitful, vicious, ignorant, degraded and good-for-nothing heathen. And for this work, the protection of life and property by the military power of one or other of the European nations appears to be, in the nature of things, indispensable. God in the beginning planted His Church in the midst of a society which already possessed the blessing of a most efficient civil government, and the Christian leaven spread in this society. The negroes, however, have scarcely so much as the merest shadow of what can be called civil government, and hence the protectorate of a European nation

appears to be, at least in the beginning, and probably for some considerable time afterwards, the *sine quâ non* of a successful issue to the labours of the Missionary to raise them from their abject condition, and to teach them how to live, labour, and die as Christians.

The following brief sketch of the Mission which the Fathers of the same Congregation that is carrying on the Mission at Zanzibar (already described) have at present established in the Gaboon, on the West Coast of Africa, will serve to confirm the foregoing remarks.

The tract of land known as the Gaboon is slightly to the north of the equator line where it cuts through the great continent of Africa. The sea there forms a gulf, running into the land, and the tract of country surrounding the gulf is remarkable for the richness of its vegetation, forming in this respect a most agreeable exception to the general character of the western coast of Africa. The European colony settled there has grown up under the protection of France, the government of which country, however, announced its intention last year of withdrawing its forces in January, 1874, from motives of economy and retrenchment. So much opposition, however, was raised to this step in France itself that the French protectorate has probably not been wholly withdrawn. Dr. Griffon du Bellay, who writes in the *Tour du Monde* (1865), reports of the climate that though much superior to that of many other settlements of the West African Coast, it is still extremely unsuited to Europeans.

"When I came there," says the above-mentioned physician, "at the beginning of September, the fine season of the year was about coming to an end. The heat was not then excessive, and moreover in the evening there came up a cool breeze from the sea. The fine weather, however, lasts only for three months; and with a most surprising regularity, to which scarce any exception is known, the rainy season sets in on the 15th of September. At first in the form of showers, which gradually increase up to the middle of January, when a second dry period sets in. In six weeks' time it begins to rain again, and then the rains come down in torrents; and this continues without interruption, accompanied with most terrible thunder-storms, up to July. The hot sun then dries up all the moisture that has fallen, in the course of the following three months." So that a rainy season of four months, a deluge of rain for another four months, and four months'

dry weather make up the climate of the Gaboon; in which, according to the opinion of Dr. Griffon, no European can either live long or succeed in acclimatising himself.

The coast of the Gaboon is inhabited by a quantity of small negro tribes, among which that of the M'Pongwes is the most important. They are remarkable for their extreme laziness and dislike of labour. It may be that the continual heat, which causes a certain languor to the European living in it, may have added to this constitutional vice. The fact is that they look upon themselves as not born to labour, and that labour is in itself a disgrace. Their laziness shows itself in their outward demeanour, for they have a slipshod gait and a languid look. The colour of their skin is not deep black, but a dark brown; and to apparel they have but slender pretensions, a cloth round the loins, in both men and women, forming the whole of their dress. Rings of metal round the neck and the ankles are their principal ornaments. The young girls and the women bestow immense pains on their head-dress, which they have the knack of building up into all the wonderful forms, or even some still more wonderful, than what appears to be the general favourite fashion now in Europe; with this difference, however, that a M'Pongwe lady will spend the entire day in making up her head-dress, but then this, when done, will last a whole month. The M'Pongwes believe in spirits and demons, as also in the immortality of the soul. Fetisch is to them all that is rare, uncommon, and beautiful; and the greatest of their charms for war consists of ashes obtained from burning either the flesh or the bones of a white man. Their idols have the form of distorted human shapes, to which they are fond of giving the features of white men. In every village there is a sort of sacred shrine, to which a European is not very easily admitted. The priest proper is the chief or rector of this; but besides this personage, there are all kinds of minor conjurers, men and women, who busy themselves with fortune-telling, and the like. The second main characteristic of the M'Pongwe after that of laziness, is a certain silly conceit, which betrays itself both in their behaviour to other tribes and in the desire to appear to be rich. This causes the M'Pongwe to obtain as many wives as he possibly can, and to buy numbers of chests of drawers, even if he has nothing to put in them, that he may cut a figure with a large bunch of keys. And if he is not rich enough to buy the chests of drawers, he spends all he has in

procuring a bundle of keys, that it may be supposed that he has them.

The M'Pongwes inhabit the sea-coast, though they have also their villages in the bush. Further in the interior are the Shakianas, or Bulus, as the M'Pongwes call them. Their colour is much darker, which is looked on as a disgrace; and as they are stronger and more ferocious, they are objects of fear. Within the last generation a new negro tribe has come into the neighbourhood of the coast—the Fans, or Pangwes. Though small in stature, they are active and warlike, and possess natural qualities rendering them greatly superior to the other tribes of this part of Africa. They have the character of being cannibals; though several travellers, and Dr. Griffon in particular, maintain that the tribe in general by no means indulge in any such horrible custom, and that the few who are so degraded as to eat human flesh do so in secret, and are ashamed of the practice in the presence of their own children. The Fans now occupy part of the territory of the Shakianas; but their villages are all stockaded, and they go about with arms.

The Gaboon territory was appropriated by the French in the year 1843, less for the purposes of setting up a trading station than for the sake of putting down the traffic in slaves. For this purpose they built a fort, Libreville, and maintained it as a naval station. However, on account of what was found to be the great expense of keeping it up, added to the slender importance of the traffic, the French government, as we mentioned, announced its intention of withdrawing its forces in the January of this year.

With these few preliminary details, we shall proceed, in our next number, to give an account of the Mission, deriving our information principally from the letters of an intelligent young French traveller, the Marquis of Compiegne, which have been published in the French periodical, *Le Correspondant*, in the October number for last year (1873).

(*To be continued.*)

THE LIFE OF ST. VINCENT FERRER.

SECTION THE FIRST.—*From the Saint's Birth to his Religious Profession.* 1350–1368.

I. PRODIGIES WHICH PRECEDED THE BIRTH OF S. VINCENT FERRER: HIS BAPTISM.

IN the middle of the fourteenth century there dwelt at Valencia, in Spain, a pious couple, who were not less distinguished by birth than by the virtues which adorned their lives. These were William Ferrer, a descendant of an ancient Catalonian family, and Constance Miguel, the daughter of a naval officer and kinswoman of the Bishop of Valencia. They had already been blessed with two children, when a third was born to them on the 23rd January, in the year 1350.

History affirms that certain remarkable signs preceded the birth of this child of benediction. One night while the father slept, he dreamed that he entered the church of the Dominicans at Valencia, when one of that order was preaching to the multitude from the pulpit, and that the preacher, turning towards him, addressed him in these words: "I felicitate you, William; in a few days you will have a son who will become a prodigy of learning and sanctity; he will be the object of your delight and the honour of your house; the world will resound with the fame of his wondrous deeds; he will fill heaven with joy, and hell with terror; he will put on the habit which I wear, and will be received in the Church with universal joy, as one of its first Apostles." Then it seemed to him that the people, who had attentively listened to what was said, thanked God with a loud voice for the marvellous news, and offered him their felicitations likewise. Delighted at these consoling predictions, he joined his thanksgiving to that of the multitude. When he awoke, he related to his spouse all that had transpired in the course of his dream, and they resolved to confer with their kinsman, the Bishop. To William's account of what had occurred Constance added two things equally singular, which she had herself experienced; the first was that from the commencement of her pregnancy she had felt none of the pains which usually accompany that state; and secondly, that she frequently fancied she had heard the child, which was near its birth, give utterance to cries like to the barking of a little

dog; a circumstance much resembling the vision of the Blessed Jane of Aya, the mother of S. Dominic.

The prelate clearly understood the meaning of these mysterious signs, and said to them: "Rejoice in the Lord; the child which you are about to bring into the world will be a worthy son of S. Dominic, and will be called to do much good among the people by his preaching. Take great care of him, and educate him holily, that he may correspond to the singular graces with which God will endow him."

As if to confirm the high opinion which was conceived of this child, God was pleased to work, while it was still in the maternal womb, by its mediation, a remarkable prodigy. Constance went one day to visit a blind woman on whom she was wont to bestow a monthly alms, and having given it to her as usual, she added: "My daughter, pray God that the child which I bear may arrive safe." The blind woman bent her head on the mother's bosom and said: "May God bestow that favour on you!" At the same instant her material blindness left her, and being suddenly illuminated in her soul with prophetic light, she exclaimed: "Madam, it is an angel you have, and it is he who has cured me of my affliction." The child, like another John the Baptist, applauded the words of the poor woman by leaping in the womb, and the mother herself gave testimony of it.

Such were the signs that preceded the birth of Vincent Ferrer. This birth was an event for the whole city. The principal inhabitants made it a point of duty to accompany the new-born to the baptismal font. Besides a municipal deputation, three of the chief magistrates were present; and as they could not agree on the name that was to be given to this predestined child, the priest who administered the sacrament was divinely inspired to name him *Vincent*, a name that was in every way adapted to his future destiny, inasmuch as he would one day attack so vigorously and conquer so gloriously, sin, the world, the flesh, and the devil.

II. Infancy and Childhood of S. Vincent Ferrer.

Constance was unwilling that her son should be committed to the care of a strange nurse. This child was too precious to her to allow anyone but herself to bestow on him the cares which tender infancy requires, cares which are doubtless wearisome, but nevertheless always sweet to a mother's heart. She was amply rewarded for this devotedness on

her part, for the little saint gave her but small trouble. Seldom did he cry; and he would remain tranquil wherever his mother placed him. When not asleep in his cradle, he was peaceful and almost recollected. His open eyes would search eagerly for his mother, without being moistened with tears. Nature exhausted her gifts in his behalf. To a charming disposition, with which she endowed him, she joined also a countenance that was so sweet, well shaped, and sympathetic, that all delighted to gaze upon him and to caress him.

An extraordinary event contributed not a little to increase his renown in the city. Vincent was yet in his cradle, and had scarcely begun to lisp, when Valencia was desolated by a continued drought. Public prayers were offered up to obtain a refreshing rain, but not a cloud appeared in the sky. The whole population groaned under the calamity, and Constance shared the common affliction, when one day, expressing her uneasiness, she heard the child in swathing clothes distinctly pronounce these words: "If you wish for rain, carry me in procession, and you shall be favourably heard." Cheered as well as surprised at these miraculous words, Constance hastened to the city magistrates to impart to them her message; the latter considering on the one hand the probity and good sense of the mother, and on the other the marvellous signs which had already drawn public attention on the child, decreed that the procession thus indicated should take place. The little Vincent was carried triumphantly, and scarcely had the procession terminated than the sky became suddenly overcast, and copious rains fell, for several hours, upon the parched earth. This, and other miracles, bore Vincent's name to the Court of the King of Arragon. Queen Eleanor coming to Valencia, caused him to be taken to her palace that she might see him and caress him.

In learning to speak, the child learnt also how to pray, and was instructed especially in the mysteries of faith. These instructions were imprinted on his soul as upon soft wax, but when once they had taken root they attained the solidity and tenacity of bronze. There was no need to teach him twice the same lesson on religious matters. This sacred seed bore in his heart its salutary fruits. Penetrated with a sovereign fear of God, and animated with a great desire for good, he carefully avoided everything that could, in the smallest degree, tarnish his innocence.

From his fifth year he showed an intelligence far above his age, which inspired his companions and others with singular veneration for him. He began to study when only six years old, and his masters discovered in him a keen intelligence and a soul full of ardour, which enabled him in a short time to make rapid progress in the knowledge of grammar and letters.

At the age of seven years Vincent entered the clerical state, and was even provided with an ecclesiastical benefice. At twelve his mind was so fully developed as to enable him to penetrate into the difficulties of philosophy, and he devoted two years to that abstract study. In fine, he commenced in his fourteenth year his theological course, and applied himself to this latter science till the time when he began seriously to think of determining the state of life to which the voice of God called him.

At this period of his life the virtues of the youth had in nowise slackened. Their growth, on the contrary, was visible, for grace is never weakened in a soul which faithfully responds to its advances. It was his custom to assist daily at Mass, and his greatest delight was to serve the priest. His prayers were long and fervent. He had a tender devotion to our Lord's Passion. He said habitually the little office of the Cross, to which he added that of the Blessed Virgin. He fasted regularly on Wednesdays and Fridays every week. His tenderness for the poor led him into a thousand kinds of good works which charity suggested to him. But what we wish chiefly to remark in our Saint, are the dispositions which he manifested from his earliest years for his future calling to the Apostolate.

When yet a child Vincent would commit to memory the leading points of the sermons at which he assisted; then repeat them to his family round the domestic hearth. Frequently drawing away his schoolfellows from their games, he would gather them around him, then mounting a hillock or fence, would recite to them with earnestness, grace, and unction whatever his recollection inspired him with, imitating the gestures and movements of the preachers whom he admired most. He continued the same practices as he grew up. Thus, during the years of his boyhood he accomplished much good amongst the youth of his own age, by speaking to them of God, of the soul, and of Heaven. His example stamped on them a living impression. All looked upon him

as a saint, so much did the grace of miracles appear to increase with his years. Many essayed to imitate his virtues, and to walk in his footsteps, whom he lovingly directed by his good counsels.

(To be continued.)

MIRABILIA DEI.

Account of a Remarkable Conversion.

[The following narrative is from the pen, and taken from the diary of a physician, Dr. O'Dwyer, formerly well known to all visitors to the City of Rome, where for many successive seasons he practised his profession, until increasing ill health, caused by the climate of Rome, prematurely obliged him to retire to the peace and quiet of a religious home near the Church of the Capuchin Fathers at Pantasaph, Holywell, North Wales.—Ed. of Rosary Magazine.]

Early in November a heavy fall of snow, which remained on the ground, joined to a piercing north-east wind, gave me some apprehensions as to the severity of the approaching winter. Nor were my misgivings lessened by seeing, as a protection against the expected cold, additional sashes placed outside the windows. Bavaria, being a table-land sixteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, must necessarily have a rigid and prolonged winter. I therefore began to entertain thoughts of retracing my steps homewards. It having been, moreover, my custom at the time, no matter how extended my travels might have been during the rest of the year, to return to my parental roof at Christmas, considerations of climate were, therefore, backed by a feeling of "heimweh" to cause me to move homeward. The result was that towards the middle of November, having completed all my travelling arrangements, I bade adieu to Munich. Returning partly by the same route, four days of easy travelling brought me to the banks of the Rhine, and at Mannheim, on the day after my arrival, I took the steamer for Cologne. Notwithstanding the season of the year, the number of passengers was considerable, the majority being French and Belgian, who, having spent the summer in Germany, were returning for the winter. Amongst them was the Countess B——e and her daughter, with whom I acci-

dentally made acquaintance. They were then on their way to Brussels, intending to pass a week there and proceed to Paris for the winter. And here I may observe that, if I should seem unnecessarily minute in adverting to the character and antecedents of these ladies, the reason will be found in the fact that circumstances, which I shall have occasion further on to narrate, imparted to them a deep and melancholy interest. The Countess B——e, though in the decline of life, retained, nevertheless, much freshness and grace of mien, while a classic style of face, joined to much affability and intelligence of expression, suggested that her youth must have been one of no ordinary attraction. Both she and her daughter, a tall and rather prepossessing young lady, still in her teens, were excellent linguists, the latter speaking English with considerable fluency, an acquisition for which she was indebted to her having been educated at the English convent at Bruges. Happening, by a coincidence not inopportune, to have had some friends in that community with whom she was acquainted, I was thereby supplied with a kind of "credential," which will explain the otherwise strange absence of reserve which marked our subsequent intercourse. The Countess B——e's knowledge of languages resulted from the diversified character of her life. French by birth, her father, the Marquis du Chastelet, was for several years Governor of Venice, under Napoleon, so that a portion of her youth was spent on the shores of the Adriatic, and she learned Italian in the city of the Doges. Her subsequent marriage with the Count B——e led to her going to the East. Her husband having been appointed governor of the Island of Java, under the Dutch, she accompanied him thither, and having resided in that island for some years, she returned to Europe, on the separation of Belgium from Holland, in 1830. The death of her husband occurring soon after, she employed her latter years in superintending the education of her children. Her eldest son, a youth of seventeen, of whom she gave me a very unfavourable account, having been withdrawn from her care, resided with his grandfather at the family chateau near Tournay. She complained of the very injudicious indulgence with which he was treated, and from the untoward dispositions he had manifested, she expressed her apprehensions as to his "avenir." She further told me in confidence, that amongst other unpleasant duties

she had to perform, was that of spending a few days at the chateau, on her way to Paris, and thus being a reluctant spectator of the unchecked "méchanceté" of her son.

After a charming day on the Rhine, we reached Cologne late in the afternoon. Madame B——e decided to stop at the Kaiserliche Hof, the then principal hotel, and I accompanied her thither. Having a daughter at the Ursuline Convent in the city, Madame B——e employed the following morning in visiting her, while I devoted it to lionising, and at three p.m., according to previous arrangement, started, by post, with the countess, her daughter, and suite, for Aix-la-Chapelle; whence, on the following morning, we took the train for Brussels, arriving there in the evening. After a week agreeably spent in the capital of Belgium, I started for Ostend, *en route* for England, accompanying my new friends as far as Malines, whence the railway diverging to Tournay, I bade them adieu. Having passed a few days in London, I proceeded to my home in the south of Ireland, arriving on Christmas Eve, when a welcome, such as can be only had under a parental roof, awaited me.

Years had passed, and the incidents just recorded, having been for some time objects of occasional retrospect, had gradually yielded their place in memory to other events in the course of a chequered existence, becoming like the submerged towers of Loch Neagh, to the fisherman on its banks, "dimly visible through the waves of time," when they were abruptly recalled to memory by a fearful drama which took place in Belgium a few years after. Looking over the columns of a French paper one day, my attention was drawn to the narrative of a murder committed under circumstances of premeditation and cruelty, and when I saw the name of the Count B——e mentioned as the author, and the chateau near Tournay as the theatre of the crime, I could no longer entertain a doubt as to the identity of the party accused. To give an idea of the circumstances of the tragedy, I may mention that the count, on coming of age, married the daughter of a wealthy Brussels merchant. Pursuing the career of a "roué," however, he soon squandered his wife's fortune, involving, at the same time, his patrimonial estate. To retrieve his position, and avert the ruin which impended, he looked forward to the reversion of the property of a brother-in-law, who, being lame and otherwise infirm, it was supposed would never marry. Finding that his calculations

as to the celibacy of his relative were likely to be falsified, he resolved to anticipate the event of his rumoured marriage by his murder. Having secured the co-operation of the countess in this unnatural conspiracy against the life of her own brother, they invited him to spend a few days at the chateau. The young man unsuspectingly accepted the invitation. After dinner on the day of his arrival, his wine having been drugged with some powerful narcotic, he became drowsy, and almost comatose. Having then sent away the servants on various pretexts, and fancying that there was no one within hearing, they seized the young man while yet at table and compelled him to swallow a malignant poison which the count had previously prepared. The effect, though rapid, was not instantaneous, and in the struggle with his murderers, he uttered piercing cries, which were heard by the coachman, who, unlike the other inmates, deferred his departure from the chateau. Deposing to that effect at the subsequent trial, his testimony, joined to other evidence, secured the conviction of the count. Owing to some peculiarity in the criminal laws of Belgium, which in some cases ignore intermediate degrees of guilt, the countess, having been regarded as a coerced, and, to a certain extent, an involuntary accomplice in the crime, was acquitted; though it came out in evidence that she held the cup containing the poison, while her husband forced open the mouth of his victim. The poison was a vegetable "alcaloid," "nicotine," obtained from tobacco, prepared by the count in his own laboratory; it having been proved that he was in the habit of filling up his leisure hours at the chateau in chemical investigations. The trial, which took place in the "Salle des Pas Perdus," at Mons, lasted several days. Everything that legal acumen and eloquence could do was employed to effect an acquittal, but the evidence was conclusive, and the count having been found guilty, was sentenced to capital punishment. All through the trial he maintained a singular air of indifference, which continued after sentence was passed and after being informed that the powerful influence of his friends was vainly employed to obtain a reprieve. Several of the leading clergy had interviews with him, endeavouring in vain to persuade him to make his confession, and use his short remainder of life in preparation for eternity. He spurned their counsels, however, and, in some instances, threatened violence to make them quit his cell.

The scene between him and his wretched mother (my acquaintance of the Rhine) was described in the papers of the day as something truly heartrending. Her pressing entreaties, seconded, as they were, with bitter tears, he also rejected. Respected as she was through life, her unhappy position as the mother of a convicted murderer, made her an object of universal sympathy. In this state of sullen obduracy the wretched criminal continued until the eve of his execution. Mercy was, however, in store for him, though the instrumentality which Providence employed to effect a change of heart was such as could have hardly entered into human calculation. By a coincidence which, under the circumstances, could scarcely be deemed accidental, the Archbishop of Cincinnati, Dr. Purcell, happening to be in Europe, was then travelling in Belgium. Engaged one morning in reading the papers at his hotel, his Grace saw the sad particulars of the trial and conviction of the count, and of his obdurate rejection of all spiritual succour. The thought instantly occurred to the Archbishop that it might be reserved for him to bring the unhappy young man to a sense of the awfulness of his position, and cause him to prepare for eternity. That his great experience, as a practised and veteran missionary, in coming to the aid of fallen humanity in all its phases of degradation, might have suggested to his Grace the probable success of his ministration in this all but hopeless emergency, the reader can readily imagine. The Archbishop had, moreover, the advantage, indispensable on the occasion, of a thorough knowledge of French. Having formed his determination, his Grace altered his travelling arrangements, though at considerable inconvenience, and proceeded forthwith to Mons. Presenting himself at the prison, he was received with a becoming courtesy by the officials, and amongst them the chaplain, to whom he stated the object of his visit, showing at the same time his credentials as Archbishop. Every facility for the fulfilment of his mission of mercy was instantly afforded him; but while being conducted to the prisoner, the chaplain and other officials who accompanied the Archbishop, expressed themselves in terms of despondency as to the result, alleging that all previous attempts had but served to render him more violent and contumacious. On entering his cell, the Archbishop explained to him in a few words the object of his visit; when the count, seeing the strange ecclesiastic, and supposing that he had come from the Court, advanced with

an air of defiance and fury, and demanded, "Qui vous a envoyé, le Roi?" On which the Archbishop calmly replied, "Non, mon pauvre enfant, étranger comme je suis, personne m'a envoyé autre que le bon Dieu, qui veut vous sauver; et dans ce moment solennel vous ne rejeterez pas mes ministrations." The young man seemed for a moment to hesitate, and surveying the Archbishop with a searching look, as if to assure himself that what he heard was true, his countenance suddenly assumed a subdued and sorrowful expression, and prostrating himself at his Grace's feet, he gave vent to his emotion in a flood of tears. From that moment there was a total change of heart in the young man, and he became tractable as a child in the hands of the Archbishop, to whom, with an expression of the deepest compunction, he forthwith made a confession of his whole life. The interval between that and his execution, which took place on the following day, was employed in preparation for the solemn event. The Archbishop attended him on the scaffold, administering consolation up to the last moment. Such were the extraordinary means employed by Providence to secure a happy end to a career of guilt and crime. The family and friends of the count felt acutely the dishonour which he brought on them. His paternal uncle, a member of the House of Peers, resigned his place in the Chamber; but having been universally respected by his compeers, an unanimous call was made on him to revoke his decision, and resume his position in the House. He was accordingly prevailed on to do so, but only on the condition of being allowed to change his name; so that henceforward the name of B——e became extinct in the peerage of Belgium.

[Having made the Archbishop's acquaintanceship at Rome so far back as 1839, I resolved, should an opportunity present itself, to ascertain all the particulars of this remarkable history from his Grace's own lips. This did not occur till 1854, when Dr. Purcell visited Rome on the occasion of the definition of the "Immaculate Conception." I then received from his Grace the narrative of these facts, as I have now given them.—T. O'D.]